THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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Clarence Budington Kelland — Remsen Crawford — Rebecca West — Frank Condon
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A suggestion to men of mature years in
CHOOSING A SUIT OF CLOTHES

CHARLES DICKENS *said (in effect) that whenever he encountered an old head on young shoulders, or a young head on old shoulders, the temptation in either case was to knock it off.*

In the matter of clothes, the discrepancy is just as irritating. What, for example, could offer a more dire spectacle than a young man in an old man's suit?—except, of course, a mature man affecting the styles of extreme youth. A college man simply looks commonplace in a suit planned for a banker, while the banker would appear ridiculous in clothes planned for the atmosphere of the campus.

Men who remain genuinely youthful even after arriving at full maturity, select their clothes sanely and tastefully. By avoiding the little *ultra* touches of fashion that are perfectly proper in the clothes worn by younger men, by holding to the more conservative (though by no means dull) styles, they subdue the evidence of advancing years.

There is a fine line of distinction between the men who actually are young, and those who have sustained a certain youthfulness of appearance by thoughtful selection of appropriate attire.

And this distinction is almost *solely* a matter of *cut* of the clothes—the correct cut, in conformity with the age of the wearer.

There are no hard and fast rules in this matter of selecting a business suit—personalities differ so widely. A safe plan is, avoid extremes. Exercise care in selecting a more or less conservative model—possibly along the lines of the one illustrated. The 2-button style of semi-fitted cut with notch lapels, rolling gracefully, presents the general characteristics of what the man of mature years should look for in a business suit.

This dignified, yet extremely smart, 2-button model with graceful, rolling, notch lapels designed especially for business men.

The emphasis in the making of Society Brand Clothes has always been centered on the correctness of the cut. And this distinctiveness of Society Brand is quite as universally recognized among those types of business men who traditionally dress well, as on virtually every prominent university campus.

So, in your selection of your fall suit, keep this uppermost in mind. The cut—specifically the Society Brand cut—is the largest factor in ensuring lasting satisfaction—no matter which of the numerous choice Society Brand fabrics you may choose.

A FABRIC SUGGESTION —STURDYMAN—FOR YOUR FALL SUIT

These unusual Worsteds offer a rare contrast of qualities—remarkably soft and rich in appearance and to the touch, yet amazingly resistant to hard usage. They come in an extremely wide range of patterns, in various tones of brown, gray and blue—the popular colors this fall. Sturdyman suits, $65. Other Society Brand Suits, $45 to $95.

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

Society Brand Clothes

ALFRED DECKER & COHN *Makers* CHICAGO · NEW YORK · SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LTD · MONTREAL

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"Doing" hands can keep their bridal loveliness · · this way

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With so many charming things to care for, can her hands *keep* their loveliness? Yes—if they are protected from the roughening and parching caused by strong soaps!

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PROCTER & GAMBLE

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The hands that bathe and dress a baby can *stay smooth and comforting . . . Protect them through* all *soap-and-water tasks with Ivory.*

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George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

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DYNASTY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

AMASA P. WORTHINGTON had not realized the seriousness of the situation or the temper of his striking employes. Had he done so, he would not have driven the dappled grays to the mill that morning, nor would he have worn his silk hat. He would not have made his progress down Main Street, nodding affably to this or that citizen as was his gracious custom, thus flaunting his well-being and his wealth before the eyes of irritated men whose demands for higher wages he had refused curtly.

It was not until he stopped before the door of the office and the crowd gathered that he realized that he—actually he himself—might come into contact with unpleasantness. The mob of workingmen, increasing each moment, pressed about the light carriage. Rough hands gripped the bits of the grays so that they were held motionless, with eyes rolling white; grim, threatening faces turned themselves upward so that hundreds of eyes glared at Amasa P. in a manner disconcertingly lacking in respect. Voices—rather in the background, it must be admitted—allowed themselves the liberty of catcalls and jeers. The fact of the matter is that it needed but some slight overt act, some assumption of leadership, to get Mr. Worthington well jostled about, if nothing worse.

He was not frightened even then, but rather nonplused. It was of his dignity he thought rather than of his physical safety; for he was a very dignified man, as wealthy gentlemen who owned factories and employed large numbers of hands were expected to be in the year 1881. He flushed rather than paled, was offended rather than apprehensive. He even considered how he must appear in this unpleasant situation, and sat very erect, with shoulders back and mouth pursed between the halves of his side whiskers.

He Threatened. He Even Ventured to Say That He Would Publicly Horsewhip Hiram Bond

The fact is he was incapable of understanding how any man or crowd of men could dare to take liberties with him. No one ever had taken a liberty with him. Even his wife, that spare and silent woman, treated him always with polite formality, and his fifteen-year-old son invariably addressed him as sir. Yet he was not what one fairly might term pompous; it simply was that he was conscious of his place in the world, but more especially in the little city of Carthage. In his day, it was the mode for gentlemen in his position to conduct as he conducted. It was expected of them, just as they were expected to live in square red brick houses with iron fences, mansard roofs and octagonal cupolas. He could no more have been other than he was than he could have owned a lawn unshaded by elms and unembellished by cast-iron stags.

Actually, he would have been a rather kindly man if his environment had permitted—not affable or unbending, perhaps, but well-meaning and without smallness of intention. People spoke of him as a smart man in the phrase of the day, but he was not a smart man; indeed, he was rather dull, and perhaps rather ignorant. There were books in his house because it was elegant to have a certain number of uniform editions of standard authors. But he read very little, thought very little to any purpose other than the continuance of the business he had inherited from his father, and was stubborn rather than determined. It must be said of him that he meant well, that his word was as good as his bond, and that he was selfish only because the idea of altruism was dormant in his world.

Now he was nonplused. Facing the first emergency of his life, he did not know what to do—or rather, he did not know how to do it without defacing in some manner his dignity. He considered ordering the men out of the way, but reflected upon how absurd he would appear should they refuse. It was wholly possible he might overawe them with his voice, and that mere habit would compel them to obey a Worthington; and it might have been he would have put the matter to the test, when the initiative was taken out of his hands.

A huge young man, handsome in a gigantic, granite sort of way, stepped from a door in the fence of the mill yard. This young man stood six feet four in his stocking feet, and though he was in his twenty-ninth year only, his brows promised already to beetle over the harsh gray steel of his eyes. As his jaws set, one perceived that with the years his cheeks would become jowls.

But now, hatless, with his mass of stiff blackish hair bristling and his tremendous shoulders stooping a trifle as if with eagerness to resolve into dangerous action, he was imposing. His elbows sent lesser men reeling; the mob might have been children—or even flies—so scornful was he in his ignoring of them; and they opened before him and became silent as he strode to the step of the carriage and said grimly but respectfully, "Good morning, Mr. Worthington."

"Good morning, Hiram," said Amasa P., and drew an invisible, inaudible sigh of relief. At the same time he experienced an odd sensation, for it was the first time in his life he had felt utter dependence upon another—he who had been so self-sufficient. In that instant and in that sensation was born the career of Hiram Bond. Then commenced that dominance over Amasa Worthington, that indispensability, which ceased only with death.

"I will accompany you to the door, sir," said Hiram formally.

"Thank you, Hiram," Mr. Worthington replied; and handing the reins to his man who occupied the seat beside him, he descended and walked through the gap which Bond had forced through the mob. Hiram opened the door for him, allowed him to enter, and then stood, massive, grim, impending upon the step, lionlike, regarding the crowd of silent men until they had opened to permit the grays to be driven away. Then he turned and entered the office, where, according to strict fact, he had no business to be except upon summons, for he was only foreman of a department in the mill.

Mr. Worthington, still very red of cheek, still astounded that mere workingmen who depended upon him for their daily bread should venture discourtesy against his person, marched in his erect way through the outer office and into that carpeted room which was sacred to himself. Hiram Bond followed at his heels and stooped a little as he

entered, for ordinary doors were not made for men of his stature.

"Hiram," he said, as he seated himself in his revolving chair, "this country is coming to a pretty pass. The idea! The ——" He hesitated for a very strong word to express his disapprobation of the era, but a limited vocabulary and the inhibitions which made a gentleman of that day what he was, were too much for him. "The very idea!" he said.

Hiram Bond waited, enormous, young, the incarnation of strength and vigor. It was his custom throughout a long life to wait, to listen, to be ready. The characteristics which were to dominate him already were budding—required but opportunity—the fallow ground of opportunity—to open to full blossom. As he stood now, massive, silent, Amasa Worthington, in his bewilderment, sensed the physical strength of the young man as one overtaken by weakness senses the strength of a pillar upon which he would lean. This physical strength was a symbol; it stood for a spiritual force—a dynamic ability which Worthington lacked and upon which he required to lean. A third person in that room might not have perceived it, but he would nevertheless have been present at the birth of a habit of dependence which from that day was never to be broken. It was not so much that Amasa Worthington was weak; he was merely negative. His requirement was for the positive, and subconsciously he felt that quality to reside in Hiram Bond. It was subconscious now—always remained more or less subconscious. Objectively, he never knew that he was a vine growing upon a strong wall. His position, his wealth as that increased, his power, as it grew with his wealth, made it appear to the world as if the vine covered and hid the wall. But the wall was there. Without it the vine would have been but a sprawling tangle of unbeautiful growth, not climbing to the sun, never rising above the level of the sod.

"Such ingratitude!" he said, and puffed out his cheeks. "Those men owe everything to me—even the clothes upon their backs. I provide work for them, pay them the wages by which they live. I have built up this mill so that it employs hundreds instead of scores. And today they were impudent. They were worse than impudent. I believe I was actually in physical danger from them!"

Still Hiram was silent. Instinct told him the time was not come to speak, and his instinct in such matters was uncanny. He was a man capable of recognizing moments.

"They demand the eight-hour day, with the same wages they now receive for ten hours! I told them plainly the thing was impossible—economically impossible. That should have settled it. Times are not good; they have not been good for years. It is outrageous."

It was not the economic aspects of the matter which outraged Mr. Worthington, but the personal aspects. It was not the attack upon his pocketbook, but upon his dignity. It was their failure to recognize the fact that he, Amasa Worthington, was the man who lived in the square red brick house with the cupola; their deliberate flouting of the iron statuary upon his lawn and his right to wear a silk hat every day of the week. His chief desire now was to rebuke them, to punish them in some manner for their disrespect of himself and of his position. But he did not know how to proceed; he could see no method; he did not know what to do. Suddenly he became aware that he did not know what to do, that no initiative resided in him.

"It is very serious," he said.

"Yes," replied Hiram, speaking for the first time. His voice was not large, but there was decision in his tone.

"I think," said Mr. Worthington, "I shall close down the mills—for an indefinite period. That will teach them a lesson. When they realize there is no work for them at any wages, it will teach them a lesson. They will realize then what these works mean to them." What he meant was that the men would realize what Amasa Worthington was to them. "You agree with me, of course?"

It was his first direct question, his first overt betrayal of his need for something to rest upon. Mr. Worthington did not realize that he actually was discussing a matter of major policy with a minor employe; that he, the autocratic head of a considerable business and a man whose rule it was to let no worker approach him without hat in hand, was in effect asking counsel of a wage earner.

Hiram Bond did not answer immediately. Although Worthington failed to see the importance of the moment, Hiram was well aware of its significance to him—not, indeed, of its full significance, but that here was such an entering wedge as he had long hoped to discover. Therefore he weighed his words, not so much because he did not know what he wished to say, nor because he did not know what he would do if the power were in his hands, but for the purpose of impressing Mr. Worthington.

Hiram Was Thinking How Fresh and Sweet and Gentle She Looked—and How Smart

"I agree with you, sir," he said, "that a shutdown would teach the men a lesson and would bring them to their senses. But I believe, Mr. Worthington, it would be only temporary."

"Ah?" said Mr. Worthington. "Temporary? Ah?"

"In your place, sir, I would take this moment to compel the men to respect me as an employer it is unwise to antagonize." By "respect" Hiram meant "fear." "I would make it impossible for another strike to occur in these mills for a generation. I would show them, sir, that I was not to be intimidated."

"Ah?" said Mr. Worthington again. "Intimidated?" He lingered upon that word. Intimidated, indeed! Amasa P. Worthington to be intimidated by a mob of hired hands who were dependent upon him for the very bread which went into their mouths. Hiram Bond had chosen an efficient word, knowing that his employer might suffer an attack upon his pocketbook, upon anything which was his, but would struggle with all the stubbornness of a mediocre intelligence against any affront to his dignity or his sense of personal importance. He cleared his throat. "You advocate a certain measure of severity?"

Hiram Bond extended his huge hand and slowly closed his fingers. The gesture was expressive; it made clear his meaning, and at the same time seemed to guarantee that there resided in him the ability to carry out his policy. It gave indication of an inexorability, a ruthlessness, in this young man which aroused a vague apprehension in Worthington; for he was at bottom a kindly man, a man of stereotyped virtues and with some ambitions to be regarded rather as a benevolent superior being than as a tyrant. It was his desire, partly conscious, partly unconscious, to deserve the esteem of his fellow townsmen; to occupy by right of virtue as well as by right of wealth the position of foremost citizen.

"I would wish," he said with an appreciable return of self-appreciation, "to act firmly, but never harshly. I would not care to gain the reputation of one who uses his power to grind down his fellow men."

"Mr. Worthington," said Hiram, "I believe this country to be on the verge of a period of great prosperity, especially to the manufacturer. We have not yet recovered wholly from the panic of '73. That panic, it seems to me, was caused principally by a sudden realization of the magnitude of this country, which resulted in a time of insane railroad building. The railroads failed and the business of the country failed with them. Now, and for a few years past, these railroads have been developing in a sane and wise manner. New territory is being opened for settlementand development. Credit has been restored and the confidence of the people in their banks and industries has been renewed. It is because I feel, sir, that you should be in a position fully to take advantage of the times that I venture to suggest a prompt and conclusive handling of the important matter of labor."

Mr. Worthington did not show the astonishment he felt at this evidence of the ability of an underling to think to the point—as he himself never had been able to do. As he had been conscious of Hiram's physical superiority, now he was compelled to give surprised attention to his mental force.

"Very interesting. Very interesting, indeed," he said.

"The success of these mills depends upon an absence of labor troubles. Your mind must be freed from worries of that sort in order to devote itself to expansion."

"Expansion!" exclaimed Mr. Worthington. This was an idea wholly new to him. He had been content. The business was large enough and rendered a sufficient profit to give him the position he delighted to hold. The idea of making it larger never had occurred to him, just as the idea of reducing it never had entered his mind. Vaguely, he had looked forward to going on always as he was. He was a static sort of person.

Hiram abandoned that subject quickly; it should not have been broached at this time.

"I mean, sir," he said, "that before these mills can hope to continue their sound prosperity and take advantage of the improved financial conditions, you must settle once and for all any difficulties which interfere with the actual manufacturing. The mills must run."

Mr. Worthington seized upon that and repeated it. "The mills must run," he said. "That is very true. It is profoundly true."

"To close down now for a month—for two months—for six months—would be to give our competitors an advantage you cannot afford to give, and"—he paused before he uttered what he knew to be the telling argument—"and would be harmful to your prestige."

Prestige! Mr. Worthington thought about his prestige, and suddenly it seemed to him that his prestige was taking

no benefit to be thus bandying words with the mere foreman of a department in his mills. It was unbending too much; it was altogether too democratic.

And yet he was impressed. That curious sense of dependence upon this huge young man remained, physical in its inception, but taking on as he listened a more profound quality. He cleared his throat again and reached for his pen.

"Er—I have been surprised and—ah—gratified, Hiram, by your intelligent grasp of the situation, and if I may say so, by your insight. It may be you are right. How old are you, Hiram?"

"Thirty."

"Ah? For one of your age I may say your ideas are exceptional. One must make allowances for youth and—er—for the experience which you have not had the opportunity to gain in your position. Nevertheless I have been glad to listen to you. As a matter of fact, I am not sure you have not hit the nail on the head."

"Thank you, sir."

"And—ah—that will do, Hiram."

Young Bond inclined his head at this dismissal and shot his final Parthian arrow.

"Considering the temper of the men," he said, "would you care to have me ride home with you when you go?"

There was astuteness in this—a sample of that profound astuteness and understanding of human nature which went far toward making of Hiram Bond the figure in American business life which he was to become. The question served to recall his recent service to Worthington's attention; it recalled the affront to his dignity; re-aroused that sense of dependence which Bond had felt in his employer's attitude—and it made certain further discussion.

"I think," said Mr. Worthington, "it might be wise."

"If you will send for me when you are ready," said Hiram, and he turned the splendid bulk of him and passed out of the room, stooping slightly as he crossed the threshold. Nor was he unaware how Amasa P. Worthington watched him go and was impressed by his necessity of bending his head to go through a normal doorway.

II

MRS. WORTHINGTON was one who frequently put her statements in the form of questions; perhaps this was because she knew by instinct that a question is more irritating. She was sitting at that end of the table nearest the oleograph of the ducks and the fish.

"Wasn't that," she asked, "Hiram Bond that drove up to the house with you?"

"A smart young man," said Mr. Worthington.

"A hoodlum, from all accounts," said his wife in her cold, calm voice. "It would seem to me that a man in your position could find something better to do than uphold a common rough."

"He comes," said Mr. Worthington, "of an excellent family."

"Who have cast him off," she said, without emphasis, but with chill tenacity.

"Perhaps the stories have been exaggerated," he said weakly, knowing well there had been no exaggeration, but feeling some need to defend himself. He realized that Amasa P. Worthington was not a person to be seen publicly driving with a young man whose conduct was a principal theme of conversation among the wives of Carthage.

"Probably," said his wife, "the half has not been told. I, myself, have seen him in liquor. He takes the name of the Lord in vain. Only last Saturday he was in a dreadful barroom fight, and they say he's always driving over to Greenville." Young men drove to Greenville for one purpose only; most of the youths of Carthage went there, but it was by devious routes and secretly. Not so, Hiram Bond. He would rent a rig openly at the livery and announce his destination without shame.

"He's a smart young man," repeated Mr. Worthington.

"Too smart for his own good." She leaned forward a very little and stiffly. "They say," she said, lowering her voice, "that he is an atheist."

Upon this discussed point it may be well to quote briefly from a letter of Hiram Bond's written some months previous to this date. His correspondent was the one man who, in Hiram's brief career at Harvard College, seems to have made an impression upon him and to have stirred his affections—a Professor Witmer, who occupied a chair of history. Until the death of this teacher some thirty years later, Bond wrote to him sporadically, apparently as emergencies arose in his life. For a man whose effort throughout life appeared to the world to be to make himself inscrutable, a sphinx, an enigma, he seems to have been driven by the necessity for self-revelation. It is fortunate that his habitual caution compelled him to retain copies of even those letters which were highly personal in nature, and the so-called Witmer Correspondence is of high value in arriving at the truth upon certain points in his life which have seemed inexplicable.

"I have come to a point," he writes, "where I can no longer accept as truth the supernatural events which are the basis of the Christian religion. I have striven to do so more for the sake of my mother, who would be appalled at my unbelief, than because of any apprehension lest I be wrong in my conclusions and therefore should be damned as an unbeliever. I seem to be curiously indifferent whether I am damned or not. By that I mean to say that if I am right in refusing to credit the existence of the supernatural, then I have no soul to damn. On the contrary, if I am wrong, and a Deity lives, He will be occupied with more important matters of conducting an infinite universe than resenting my honest inability to believe a matter not susceptible of proof."

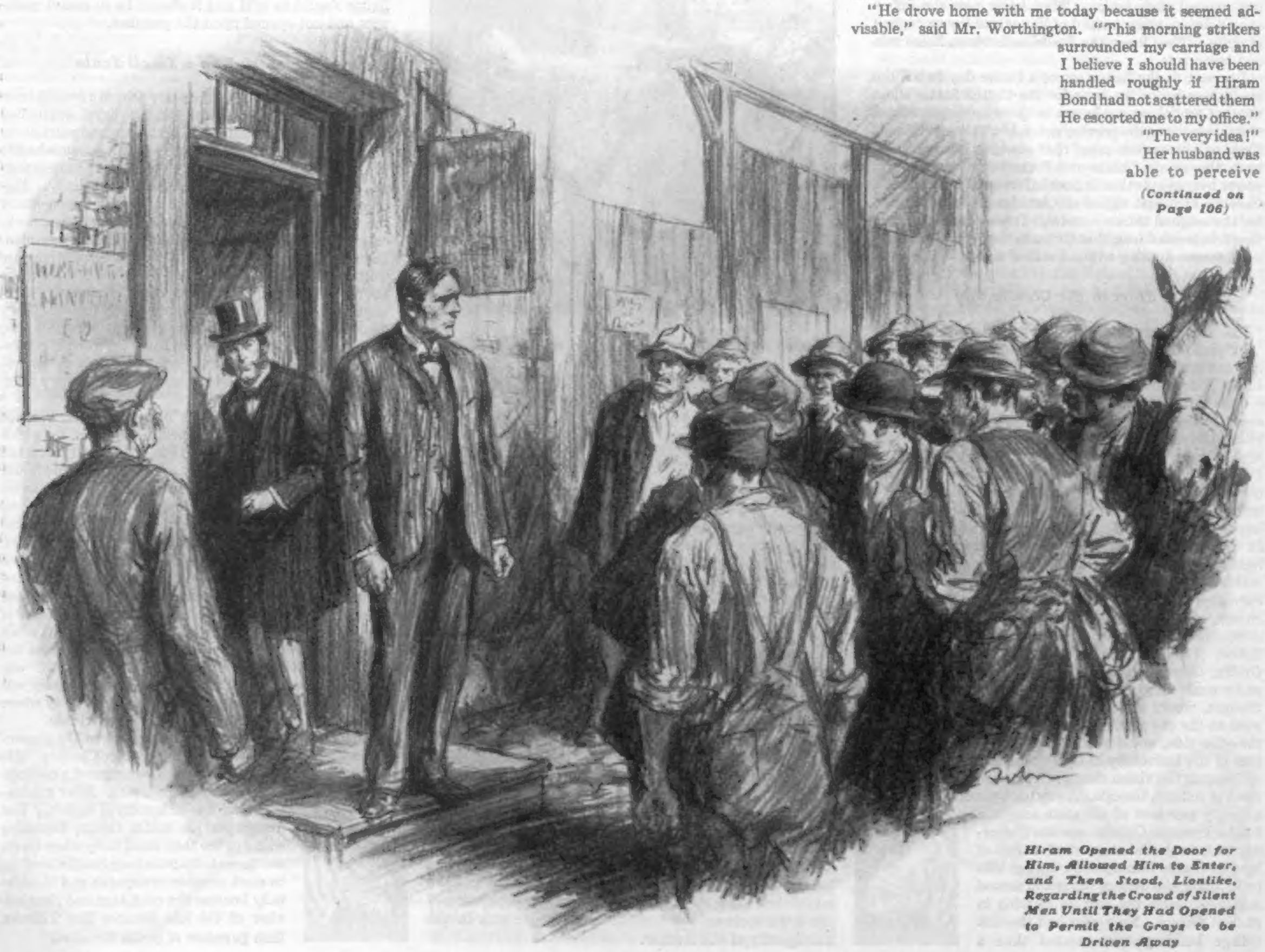
Mrs. Worthington and the gossips of Carthage were correct, then, in their accusations as of this period. And the accusation was a grave one—far graver than mere drunkenness or drives to visit the questionable hostesses of Greenville.

"He was expelled from college," Mrs. Worthington continued—"after his people had saved and sacrificed to make a lawyer of him. He did something disgraceful. None has ever been able to find out what it was."

"He drove home with me today because it seemed advisable," said Mr. Worthington. "This morning strikers surrounded my carriage and I believe I should have been handled roughly if Hiram Bond had not scattered them He escorted me to my office."

"The very idea!" Her husband was able to perceive

(Continued on Page 106)



Hiram Opened the Door for Him, Allowed Him to Enter, and Then Stood, Lionlike, Regarding the Crowd of Silent Men Until They Had Opened to Permit the Grays to be Driven Away

The State Dispensary System

Armed With Shotguns, the Farmers Went to Columbia

By Remsen Crawford

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WHEN the people of South Carolina awoke one Christmas morning some years ago and found out that their legislature had made them, overnight and unawares, stockholders in the most colossal barroom ever established on American soil, they were astonished, many of them abashed by the news from the state capitol at Columbia. But let it be said to the credit of Carolinians, they accepted the situation with all the patriotic fervor of their Gallic blood. If it was going to be an experiment for the preservation of home rule and for the good of South Carolina, they would unite to make it a fair and honest test—and they did.

Fourteen years later, after a long and faithful trial of the Dispensary Act—an embodiment of state control of the liquor traffic unique in temperance jurisprudence—these worthy Carolina people voted it out of existence, with no effort to conceal their shame for the record of graft, riot, bloodshed and all manner of lawlessness which followed in its trail. In the school of experience they had learned their lesson. They know now the difference between state control of liquor and liquor control of state. They know the dead line between home rule and home ruin.

Leave it to the historians of a future day to tell the world how lucky the hour for the United States when South Carolina was selected in the wise dispensations of Providence as the proving ground for this experiment. They will stress the point that nowhere in civilization have the words "home rule" exerted a more magic power over people than in South Carolina. It was South Carolina that first signed the Articles of Confederation for the original thirteen states. It was South Carolina that first seceded from that Union on the claim that statehood meant nothing without states' rights.

A Start in the Classic City

"IN WHAT state, then," these historians will ask, "could a better test of a problem involving home rule and state control have been made than in this distinctively American community called South Carolina?"

This article has to do with the facts, not the sentimental aspects of the case. The writer's life was pitched in such close proximity to the principal figures in the great drama, Downing a Demon by State Control, that he believes he can without prejudice or partisanship chronicle the events which have made this matter one of the most interesting and important chapters in American social and political life. In the first place, the whole thing began in the little college town of Athens, Georgia, now grown to a considerable city. There, in 1891, with a red-hot prohibition campaign in progress, Capt. J. W. Brumby, a respected citizen, made the suggestion that the city itself start a saloon, or dispensary, to vouchsafe the absolute control of liquor. Captain Brumby had heard that the town of Griffin, Georgia, had once taken over the sale of liquor under some temporary and local emergency. The plan, he thought, would serve a double purpose of satisfying the wets on the one side, and, while not satisfying the drys on the other side, would nearly meet their aims for the protection of the University of Georgia, which was in Athens.

To catch the vision clearly, give a thought to this college town of Athens, Georgia. Away back yonder in 1801, when an early governor of the state sought a site for Franklin College, now the University of Georgia, he mapped off a tract of land in Clarke County upon the red hills overlooking the Oconee River and named it Athens, after the seat of learning in ancient Greece. No sooner had the first college building been erected than a settlement began to form. Later on, as the college took on the proportions of a university, many families of the old slave-holding aristocracy began moving to Athens from their plantations in the lowlands for the purpose of educating their children. They built homes of the old Southern Colonial type which gave the town a patrician picturesqueness.

Some of the dwellers were conspicuous figures in American life long before the Civil War. Thus, the University of Georgia grew up in a setting of aristocracy in the true and literal definition of that word—"the rule of the best"—and Athens came to be called the Classic City.

Other schools and colleges were established there—the Lucy Cobb Institute for Young Ladies, named after the daughter of Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb; the Home School for Girls, founded by Madame Sosnowski, of the Polish nobility; the State Agricultural College; the Georgia Normal Institute—making Athens a veritable center of education and culture in the South. But with this social, spiritual development came a corresponding growth of business. Cotton factories, textile and dye works were established along the Oconee River and the population of the town took on the familiar mixture one sees in the average city of the interior.

Thus it came about that the citizenry was very closely divided on the saloon question in 1891. As the campaign advanced, it began to look like a victory for the wets until the dispensary plan was agreed upon. As this was the first time a city had ever sold liquor as a fixed policy in America, and probably in the world, by direct sale—the Gothenburg system was different—and since the matter of home rule—local option, state control—is now again before the public, it may be well to go into particulars.

The city of Athens secured from the state legislature an enlargement of its charter to permit it to engage in the purchase and sale of alcoholic beverages. Three commissioners were appointed, one of them to retire annually and be replaced. There was a manager, appointed by the commissioners and paid a fixed salary, so that he would have nothing to gain by boosting his sales. Any revenue derived should "be simply incident to and not the object" of the dispensary. Not less than half a pint of liquor should be sold and it should be in sealed packages and not opened upon the premises.

Successful on a Small Scale

FINANCIALLY, the dispensary proved a success from the start. A deacon in the Baptist church was named as the first manager and served with piety and patriotism, not at all because he wanted the job, but because he felt it to be his duty to take it. He was a good business man and had the confidence and respect of everybody. Figures have been furnished by friends and opponents of the dispensary to show the records of arrests for drunkenness under licensed saloons and under the new plan. But just how much or how little such calculations are worth in the case of a dispensary where the drinker takes his flask home can be estimated by the reader's guesswork. Expert statisticians are not easily fooled. They figure that if a man gets intoxicated at home his wife puts him to bed and he escapes being recorded in police-court dockets; therefore the official records do not reflect with accuracy the influence of a dispensary upon the morals of a community.

Such was the Athens dispensary. It was not fashioned after the Gothenburg system, by which Sweden, as far back as 1865, attempted to curtail drinking; for by that system no city ever sold liquor outright, only letting the contracts for selling to incorporations or stock companies of certain citizens. Nor was it copied from the Swiss plan of letting the government collect revenues from wholesale traffic in liquors. Nor was it yet of socialistic origin. Socialists don't live in towns like Athens, Georgia—that is, not long at a time. The Athens dispensary was an entirely original idea, adopted as a compromise among the best of people for the best of purposes. It served its purpose from 1891 to 1907, when the state prohibition law was passed. Its success was undoubtedly due to the fact that there was but one unit—one barroom—to be looked after, and this one dispensary was being operated in a comparatively small community where all men are neighbors and all neighbors are friends.

Larry Gantt is credited with having taken the dispensary idea from Athens, Georgia, to South Carolina. He had long been editor of The Athens Banner and a conspicuous publicist in that section of the South. After graduation from the university, I took my first newspaper job under Gantt, becoming editor of the then small daily when Gantt went over to Spartanburg, South Carolina, to start another newspaper and incidentally become the confidant and close adviser of the late Senator Ben Tillman, then governor of South Carolina.

Gantt found the Carolinians greatly aroused and nearly equally divided over the question of prohibition. With the best of intentions, no doubt, Gantt told Tillman of the early success which had marked the operation of the Athens dispensary. But Tillman had already virtually committed himself to a plan of his own. After spending all his early life in obscurity on a farm in Edgefield County, ten miles from a railroad, he had been suddenly swept into the office of governor on the Farmers' Alliance wave in 1890. Politically speaking, Tillman was entirely a product of the farmers' rise to power in South Carolina. He was proud to be called a dirt-farmer governor. He called himself, even when he went as senator to Washington, a cornfield lawyer in mockery of "the citified young lawyers who haven't yet learned that common sense has the call on legal technicalities." He described himself as "a farmer pure and simple, with no collateral occupation."

In his first message to the General Assembly of South Carolina at its regular session in 1891, Governor Tillman showed that he was still imbued with bitterness against the cities—a regrettable result of the strenuous campaign in which the farmers had put him in power. This cropped out in the outline of his first plan to shape anew the excise laws. He wanted to cut off from the cities and towns the profits they were then deriving from the licensing of saloons and give it entirely to the state and counties. This was his logic, quoting from his first message to the General Assembly:

Now, while I do not believe that it is practicable, nor even desirable, to attempt the absolute prohibition of the sale of liquor in this state, no sensible man will deny that over half, or three-quarters, of the crimes committed in the state are traceable directly to the drinking of whisky. In order to punish these crimes, the machinery of the law is set in motion. The courts are supported by general taxation and largely by the country people, and yet the state permits municipal corporations to maintain or license what many men regard as nuisances and breeders of crime, while two-thirds or three-fourths of the money accruing therefrom is retained by the municipal corporations. The anomalous condition is presented then of a community allowing itself to be unjustly taxed as a whole for the suppression of a crime produced by the action of a part—the tax being largely for local benefit while the abuse is general. The people in the country not only pay tribute to those who sell liquor by means of which the towns are beautified and adorned, but they pay tax for the suppression of crime produced by the maintenance of these barrooms. It is unjust and unequal and ought to be stopped.

I therefore strongly recommend that all municipal corporations be prohibited from levying any license at all and that all tax derivable from the sale of whisky shall go into the state and county treasuries, leaving the matter of local option as at present; and if any municipal corporation desires to license the sale of liquor, let it derive no special benefit from it.

A Christmas Gift for Everybody

NO MENTION was made by Tillman of the cost to cities of maintaining police forces. He expressed the belief that some cities would refrain from issuing licenses without pay and this would result in fewer saloons, of which there were 613 in the state at the time, and likewise result in a decrease in crime. It must not have taken Larry Gantt long to rid Tillman's mind of this crude and nebulous theory about liquor control. In a subsequent message he recommended the Athens plan to the consideration of the General Assembly.

As a kind of feeler for public sentiment, there was a special ballot box placed at polling places in the Democratic primary held in August, 1892. The people were to vote purely upon the abstract proposition: Prohibition or no prohibition. Prohibition received 38,890 votes while no prohibition trailed with 29,464, with 20,008 not voting at all.

Naturally many members of the next General Assembly felt that they must pass a prohibition law, taking the result of this voting as instructions from their constituents. Indeed, the House of Representatives did pass a very stringent bill, comprising the main features of the laws of Maine, Kansas and Iowa. It passed the house by a good majority and reached the senate a week before adjournment. After three days of debate the conservative senators straddled the fence and astonished the state by striking out all the house's prohibition bill except the entitling clause—"An act to prohibit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as beverages except as herein provided"—and substituting for the dry provisions the now famous dispensary law which kept South Carolina in the limelight for fourteen stirring years thereafter.

John Gary Evans, later governor, led the fight for the dispensary as a Tillmanite and was challenged at every point by wise and clever men from Charleston who favored the licensed saloon, or others who joined in the suddenly precipitated combat because they were uncompromising prohibitionists.

Tillman controlled the assembly like a Mussolini and knew it well. With a few amendments, the dispensary bill was rushed through the senate and sent to the house in lieu of the latter's bone-dry bill on December twenty-fourth—the very last day of the session and the day before Christmas when all the legislators were eager to get home for the holiday. Having no time to examine or alter the bill, and willing, most of them, to do anything in reason that Tillman wanted done, these homesick members of the house merely went through the ceremony of enactment and handed the dispensary to the people of South Carolina as a Christmas gift in the year 1892.

Pause for a moment and consider the national significance of this thing. The year 1892 was one of the most eventful years in American politics. For the first time in a great many years a third party of serious size had been formed. The Populist Party, later called the People's Party, had met in Omaha and nominated General Weaver for the presidency, and might have swept the solid South with its strong appeal to the farmer vote but for the fact that a force bill hung menacingly at Washington, pointing like an arrow at the heart of that perennial oligarchy in the name of white supremacy. Had it not been for this force bill the Southern Democrats would undoubtedly

The Telegraph Offices Were Closed to All Except Business Messages

have shown greater defection from their candidate, Grover Cleveland, than they had ever shown in previous or have ever shown in subsequent elections. Ben Tillman, Bryan and a host of other leaders hung on to the Democratic Party, though their constituents were largely populistic. Even in the Northern states the force bill was repellent to the conservative voters. The New York Sun fought viciously against a measure which it claimed would have degraded and subjugated one section to the detriment of the whole country.

This had all happened before Ben Tillman came to put over his dispensary law in South Carolina, and there can be little doubt but that he did so in the spirit of compromise between country and city, rather than let a legislature which he controlled widen the breach by passing a stringent prohibition law.

Maybe, after all, it was a sprig of olive which he handed out that Christmas on behalf of his intrenched farmers to the cities of South Carolina. In his later life he showed this spirit of good will toward all men, and his very useful and able service in the United States Senate belied the rôle of bullyragger which he had affected in his early days to the extent of being dubbed Pitchfork Ben.

The State Turns Saloonkeeper

THE Dispensary Act became effective the following July 1, 1893. That is, the people of South Carolina were given six months and a week—Christmas week—to prepare for a drought—or deluge, as the case might be. It also gave Tillman that much time to locate his barrooms and get in his liquor. The institution would be under the general supervision of a state board of control composed of the governor and two other state officials. Directly under them there would be a state dispensary commissioner in active control at Columbia, the state capital. Then there would be in each county where one or more dispensaries, or barrooms, were to be established a county board of control with authority to appoint the dispensers and their assistants. No drinking man could be appointed dispenser, nor one who had ever been in any way associated with the liquor business.

The majority of the electors in any township or county could prevent the establishment of a dispensary. It would require a petition signed by one-fourth the citizens of a county which had previously prohibited liquor to submit the proposition to have a dispensary, and then a majority of the electors to establish it. Not less than a half pint or more than four gallons could be sold to any one person at the same time. The liquor must be in sealed packages and not opened on the premises. Any known drunkard or any person in an intoxicated condition must be refused. Each eligible must file an application stating the quantity and kind of liquor desired and must give his bona-fide name and address. The state would get half the revenue, the county one quarter and the city one quarter.

The revenue could be withdrawn from any town or county which resisted the enforcement of the law. The governor could appoint as many constables as necessary to enforce the law and prevent smuggling, bootlegging or other violations.

Such, in brief, were the provisions of the Carolina dispensary law, and Governor Tillman set himself zealously to the task of organizing the odd thing. The General Assembly had appropriated but $50,000 with which to start the state in the liquor business. It took all this to get equipment for the dispensaries, to establish a huge central warehouse in Columbia, with bottling works, and otherwise get ready for the opening. There was no money left to buy whisky. But Ben Tillman was never lacking in nerve; so he took his commissioner along and went personally to Louisville and to Cincinnati and to Pittsburgh. He would ask for credit personally to get enough booze to open up twenty-nine dispensaries, all ready to start business.

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An Old Sweetheart of Mamma's, and Dimity Gay

By Bertram Atkey

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

IT IS not to be denied that Mr. Gainsborough Gay, the celebrated book publisher, was a man who liked a great deal of money. He liked it for what it could buy and he positively loved it for its own sake. So he always said he didn't; and, naturally enough, nobody believed him except by accident, least of all his charming though slightly subdued wife, Elaine, or those three of his really beautiful daughters whom he had caused to be named Torfrida, Maulfry and Bethoe. The fourth and loveliest of Gainsborough's daughters, little nineteen-year Dimity, never bothered her pretty head about money at all. She was much too absorbed in playing about with a most wonderful and fascinating toy called life which she had recently discovered.

In these circumstances, Mr. Gay, not unnaturally, hugged a conviction that it was his bounden duty to guard his wife and family from the tragedy of acquiring extravagant habits. He was entirely alone in his belief, and was so well aware of his isolated position that he was eternally attempting to defend it.

"Far be it from me to nag about a shilling or two—or, for that matter, a pound or two," he was saying one evening when addressing his family on the subject. "But to one who, like myself, has had literally to ax his way to the fore in the truly cannibal business of book publishing it is abundantly evident that what is needed in this house is more prudent restraint—much more of it—in the matter of expenditure. I may say ——"

But luck was with the ladies, for at that point the parlor maid entered to announce that Mr. Julius Balm was on the telephone urgently desiring to speak to Mr. Gay. So he strode out, and Elaine and daughters sighed a little, smiled a little and forgot about the need for prudent restraint.

Dimity, indeed, was so charmed at the unexpected closure that she promptly declared she would celebrate it by buying mummy a lovely big expensive present. That was usually little Miss Dimity's notion of celebrating an event—to buy mummy one of the many presents which daddy had overlooked buying her.

But that gayly expressed promise served only to intensify the remotely anxious look in Elaine's fine eyes. "Thank you, darling; that is very sweet of you, but I don't think you would be wise to bother about presents for a little while," she demurred gently.

"Oh, it's no trouble, mummy. I love you to have a present, and I think it is time for you to be having another. I shall tell Archie to give me a present for you just to change the monotony of not having any from daddy."

"You certainly must not, child. If Archie chooses to give you a little present, that is quite nice and natural, as you are engaged to him; but it is not to be expected that even so wealthy a boy as the only son of Sir Bessemer Crust will be should continually give me presents."

Dimity's wide eyes went wider. "But if I tell him to, mummy, then it's different."

"But you mustn't tell him to, child!"

"Of course not, you little idiot," said Bethoe crossly. "You seem to think that Archie is just a kind of clockwork man made to go just when you choose and do exactly what you like."

"Well, so he is. He likes it, Beth. He said so—he's always saying so. Besides, I let him kiss me sometimes. He loves kissing me. So, you see, he ought to do what I say," argued Dimity with perfect simplicity.

Torfrida and mummy exchanged glances. They were very like in their outlook on life, and neither could quite understand Dimity.

"But that's not the right way to think of it, Dimity," explained Elaine. "Archie kisses you because he loves you so and wants to make you happy, and you kiss him because you love him and want to make him happy."

"Oh, Don't You Like the Orchards When They are in Full Bloom?" She Asked. "I Detest Them," He Said

But the lovely little soul could not get very thrilled about that, and said so. "Oh, of course, an old kiss now and then makes people happy for a minute or two. I don't mind being kissed sometimes when there's nothing else to do. Though Archie never knew how to kiss until I told him."

"Dimity!"

"Well, mummy darling, wouldn't you then? He used to peck at me, but I had to put a stop to that. He kisses rather nicely now," she added pensively. "So, you see, if you would like a present and I tell him to get one, it will make him happy," she explained airily. "And if you wouldn't like a present from Archie, mummy, then I will give you one."

Mamma declined quite firmly. "No, Dimity, I do not want a present. I don't want anything. And you are not to get into debt for one. It would worry me so, Dimity dear, if you got into debt again after the lucky way you managed to scrape out of it the last time."

"Oh, I expect I shall always scrape out, mummy darling," declared the child, "because I am not afraid of this musty old money that everybody worries so much about—like dear daddy."

She broke off as dear daddy reëntered, his brow knotty with thought, and took a seat on the big settee next to his attractive wife. "By the way, Elaine, do you see or hear much of the Wesleys nowadays?" he inquired presently, in such an extremely casual way that his wife knew instantly that he was keenly interested in something or other connected with the said Wesleys—cousins of Elaine's.

"The Wesleys, Gainsborough? Why, no. Don't you remember that you—er—we quarreled with them years ago and you insisted on my rather dropping them?"

Mr. Gay's eyebrows went up. But Elaine chose not to notice this polite preliminary to contradiction, and continued calmly, with the air of one most anxious to be of assistance: "I remember it quite clearly, Gainsborough. It was when Esmond Wesley decided to leave London and invest the money his father left him in growing apples for making cider on rather a large scale, and to write his books in his spare time. Don't you recollect how you said he would have plenty of spare time while the apples were growing, and that it was a pity he couldn't use it for a better purpose than writing unreadable books? And you didn't like Muriel. You thought her restless, extravagant and dissatisfied, and decided that we had better not develop any very close friendship."

"Oh, come, Elaine, you're rather exaggerating," said Gainsborough a little testily. "I remember Esmond Wesley quite well. Not a bad fellow—not at all a bad fellow. Perhaps a bit of a dreamer, and prone a little to bother me to publish his rather feebly written books."

But Elaine preferred her recollection of the literary cider producer. "I think you have had so much to think of since then that you have forgotten the circumstances, Gainsborough," she suggested. "Don't you remember saying that Esmond Wesley was such a shiftless work shirker that you could perfectly well understand that the form of enterprise to which he was most suited was lying in a hammock in an orchard, quietly watching the apples grow, and when he was not asleep, dictating his literary work to a stenographer?"

"I recall saying nothing of the kind," contradicted Mr. Gay flatly. "I remember the fellow had bothered me a good deal about publishing his rubbish, but it was merely a passing irritation. How did Wesley's cider venture prosper? I suppose you hear occasionally from them?"

"Once in an age Muriel writes. I think the business makes a small profit sometimes, thanks mainly to the devotion of Wats, the old gardener, who seems to be a sort of manager for Esmond."

"H'm—thriftless, shiftless way of going through life," commented Mr. Gay, selecting another cigar. "One would imagine that the fellow would be glad to sell the business and settle quietly down in London to his literary work. Possibly I was a trifle severe. He took it rather too much for granted that because I was a relative—by marriage—I should have to publish his entire output. Still, that's over and forgotten."

Elaine smiled. "Well, if you wish to get in touch with him again, I have no doubt I could motor over one day and persuade him to try you again," she offered.

Gainsborough reflected. "Oh, well, it would be a pleasant run for you. And I might manage to publish a book of his. Life is rather too short for these—um—estrangements. Yes, go, my dear. Take the girls. See what you make of them. We might renew our acquaintance. It would be nice for the girls."

"Very well, Gainsborough."

"And, Elaine, if by any chance you have an opportunity, you might tactfully advise Esmond not to sell his cider orchards—if any—without first consulting me. Tactfully, of course."

The patient lady nodded, without evincing any very intense interest.

"You intend to buy Esmond Wesley's business, Gainsborough, I suppose?"

Dimity Smiled Invitingly. "I Should Think You Must be Colonel Haslar," She Said

But Gainsborough looked bleak. "Oh, hardly that, hardly that, Elaine. I might be disposed to interest myself in—er—putting Wesley—um—on his feet if necessary. Otherwise ——" He shrugged. Gainsborough had long ago learned that a shrug of the shoulders covers a multitude of meanings. "It is, perhaps, so unlikely that it is hardly worth talking about. Decidedly not. So don't talk about it to anyone, Elaine. In fact, don't mention it to a soul. And by the way, Elaine," he said, "I should be really glad if you could make it convenient to motor over to the Wesleys' tomorrow."

Elaine stared a little. "Tomorrow, Gainsborough? But that's impossible. Don't you remember that Colonel Haslar is coming to tea tomorrow afternoon?"

Good Mr. Gay bristled his brows and favored his wife with one of the diamond-drill stares which he usually reserved for use upon authors at the office. "Aren't we seeing rather much of Haslar nowadays, Elaine?" he asked. "Surely it would be no great hardship to postpone him a day."

A faint, rather pretty tinge of pink touched Mrs. Gay's face, and her blue eyes dilated a little, making her look more than ever like Dimity. "Pardon me, Gainsborough, but you are a little inexact," she said rather stiffly. "Lindsay Haslar has called twice—once nobody was at home and the second time I was in bed with a cold. You can hardly describe that as seeing rather much of an old friend upon whom I have not set eyes for twenty years—twenty long years!" Her eyes sparkled.

Gainsborough acknowledged receipt of the emphasized "long" with a look that was 10 per cent wince and 90 per cent scowl. He then proceeded—as husbands will—to make a mistake.

"Oh, as you wish, Elaine," he snapped. "I positively have not the time to—um—bicker. If you prefer to postpone a slight effort to aid me, in a highly complicated stroke of business, in favor of giving your old sweetheart a cup of China tea and showing him off to the girls, pray do so." He turned away, shrugging resignedly.

For a moment mamma looked really angry and startlingly handsome. "Sometimes, Gainsborough, I think you forget how important things that seem quite trivial can be to a woman. Lindsay Haslar and I were boy and girl together. Since then he has done great things and received small rewards. It will be a great pleasure to me to see him again, and the girls are looking forward to knowing him."

"Oh, very well," said Gainsborough sulkily, and turned to greet the portly, almost stately Julius Balm, who, evidently calling as a result of the recent telephone conversation, was announced just then.

II

NEVER given to the extremely feeble habit of underestimating himself, that highly competent business expert and social adviser, Mr. Julius Balm, since his marriage to Mrs. Eleanor Savernake, of Fairmeasure Manor, had seemed subtly to have enlarged in stature and dilated in importance.

Whether this was due to the fact that his marriage had proved domestically successful, or to the hardly less important fact that he was now president of the highly prosperous concern known as the Savernake All-Metal Tankard Manufacturing Co., hardly matters. What, to Gainsborough Gay's mind, really did matter was the knowledge that, like himself, Julius was urbanely but tenaciously determined never to cease enlarging and dilating himself and all that was his until the dawn of that happy day when, because it would no longer be comfortably within the power of the human mind to total his possessions, it would be necessary to install an adding machine or two to achieve the feat.

No man could appreciate so full-sized an ambition more completely than Gainsborough, for it was his own, and both of them knew it. They greeted each other like old friends and allies and the big Mr. Balm got to business at once.

"I was delighted to learn that you were at home, my dear Gay, and I lost no time in motoring over," he began in his deep-voiced, impressive way. "It would have been extremely foolish to lose time in this matter, for, as you are well aware, your stepfather, Mr. Avery Hackett, is not a man prone to sloth when he perceives that rapidity of action is called for. Well, now, as I hinted to you when I telephoned, I am in a position to say—without violating any confidence—that recently old Mr. Hackett has discovered, or had discovered for him, a means of blending some form of his mineral water Sfitz with raw cider and other ingredients in such a way that the—um—resulting blend resembles a light, brilliant, pretty, sparkling and wholesome wine, costing about twopence a pint to make. He is now looking for a regular supply of his main base—raw, hard cider. But this cider, raw, rough and acrid though it is, sells to the rural population at a much higher price retail than old Mr. Hackett can pay for it, if his wine is to retail at a really popular price. Thus he cannot—or would greatly prefer not to—contract with any firm of cider growers for a regular supply. You see that?"

Gainsborough certainly did see that. "Mr. Hackett, who has not cared in this matter to intrust me with his confidence—mistakenly, I venture to believe—will find that no cider firm needs to sell its raw cider. They all prefer to prepare it for popular consumption themselves. I assure you that there are bottled ciders on the market quite creditably like champagne, but they cost a good deal more than old Mr. Hackett's finished product will." Mr. Gay smiled. "My stepfather will require to find his own sources of supply?"

"Quite so," said Julius. "And unless I am seriously in error, he will find that less easy than it may seem."

"He will need to buy his own cider-apple orchards?" pursued Gainsborough.

"Yes, and he will find it extremely difficult. Since the war, the demand—stimulated enormously by good advertising—for a light palatable cider has increased so much that a man with a good cider orchard, and any knowledge of the business, does not need to sell it. And to buy a few small, scattered, straggling orchards, probably with old trees bearing badly, would be wasteful and unprofitable. I should question whether there is a first-class cider orchard for sale in the whole country. And to import his apples would increase his first cost so much that it would wreck his scheme for a really inexpensive—er—wine."

"I see," nodded Gainsborough, and thought for a few moments. When he spoke again, it was to confess frankly to a feeling of sorrow that his stepfather had not seen fit to invite his coöperation in what evidently was going to be a new and difficult but probably profitable venture. "My stepfather is no longer a young man, Balm."

"No; but he is an extraordinarily sharp-edged and capable old man," said Julius.

"Yes, that is so. But one cannot resist a feeling that he would have done wisely—and comradely—to have enlisted the aid and heart-whole coöperation of us both. We are all three directors of the Savernake Tankard Company, and you and I were largely instrumental in assuring my stepfather a seat on the board. Quite obviously, this new venture should be a separate company from the Sfitz Table Water Company, and I feel—I really feel hurt, grieved, even mortified, that apparently I have been left out of my stepfather's plans."

Urbane Mr. Balm nodded. "I share that feeling, Gay. I am very conscious of it," he said deeply.

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"Far be it From Me to Nag About a Shilling or Two—or, for That Matter, a Pound or Two," He Was Saying

SIDEWAYS

By REBECCA WEST

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"I Said 'How Much Do They Want"

RUTH WATERHOUSE was born in Syracuse, and when she got into her teens she stayed out late nights. In relating her life story, in her high, faint voice that is nearly a breath, that threatens to die away altogether if she is not believed, she attributes this to the interesting and undeniable fact that the railroad line from Buffalo to New York runs slick through the main street of Syracuse, and that the expresses shook the frame house, where she lived with her old Jewish grandfather, from floor to ceiling. According to her, when she frequented whatever the Great White Way of that town may be, she was but pacing the floor. She longed for her pillow. But alas, because of the heavy trains, that could not be. Her old grandfather was, however, not such a light sleeper, and showed an entire lack of sympathy with her insomnia. In fact he said he would "learn her," and did. This is the only part of the story I can whole-heartedly believe.

But what Ruth learned was not what he had expected. Instead she learned—what seems to be a most difficult piece of knowledge to acquire—how to insert herself into the chorus of a touring musical show. And later on she learned—what I understand is even more difficult—how to transfer herself from a touring musical show to a musical show in Broadway. And later on she somehow achieved an introduction to Joseph, who is the greatest teacher of dancing that has ever been, and he took her on as his partner. This was extraordinary, for though she had great beauty—her hair was red-gold and her eyes red-brown and mournful like a fallow deer's, and her skin seemed blanched by moonbeams and a special delicate kind of blood within, and her little triangular mouth trembled as if in perpetual control of tears—her feet and legs were the worst things about her. I once asked Joseph why he had done it. And the queer thing was that he couldn't quite say. Finally, thinking it over, he became a little indignant.

"I guess that girl put it over on me!" he said. But it didn't matter. For by that time Ruth had learned to dance like running water, like wind in standing wheat; and she was covered with fame and legend and love—and jewels.

But all the same, it was interestingly characteristic of Ruth. I had adored her ever since I met her in New York, because I had been lucky enough to uncover her most amusing characteristic the very first time I went to her apartment. Sitting at her dressing table, she murmured to me over her shoulder, "Is my hand glass over there?" She knew perfectly well that it was lying on the divan beside me, but she preferred to put her question like that; for one thing, because if she had asked me outright to pass it to her, she would have had to feel grateful to me for the granted favor, and she didn't want to give anything—even gratitude—away; and for another, because she hated outrightness as a thing in itself. It sounds unlovable, but it was not. For one felt that if any really important issue had been turned up, she would have behaved well; and in the meantime she had the charm of being perfectly true to type.

Not once in all our later acquaintance did I know her to employ direct methods, not once did I know her anything but triumphantly acquisitive. Being with her gave one a feeling that life was a game played on a checkerboard, and that one was only allowed to move diagonally, but that one was winning gloriously. I cannot tell you how pervasive of every department of life her indirectness was. If she really wanted to see you, she arranged to be some place where she knew you were going to be. If she asked you to her house, you could be sure that you had been asked for some purpose relating to a third person—to make the young man she had finished with understand that no longer did she desire to be alone with him, to make the young man who was still rather shy and had to be brought on realize that he need not be alarmed; she did not even want to be alone with him. It gave her dancing its fascination. For as this glowing creature floated in the arms of her partner, who was now the exquisite Diego Caldes, so much more like a polished finger nail than a man ought to be, but nevertheless attractive to the mob, it became apparent that she burned only with fairy flames, that she was cold as any ice maiden; he was not really holding her; at any moment she might slip away from him, from the crowd, from the world. That smile she gave the audience had the quality of a farewell—of a farewell before a long journey—from which she would send no news of safe arrival. She was going away—right away.

It gave her her peculiar power over men, too, I understand. Though I knew nothing of her love affairs, except that there was an endless succession of rich and important men whom she seemed to be assuring first that they could never catch her, and later that though they might have thought they had caught her, they hadn't. And in between there was a stage when new jewels arrived. I know nothing more. Nobody does—not definitely.

The way she told me of her marriage was characteristic. I knew there was something afoot from the way she called me up the very morning she saw my name among the new arrivals in the Paris Herald and asked me to come out for luncheon to her new villa at Auteuil. If she had just wanted to see me in the ordinary way, and could have taken her time, she would have turned up somewhere she thought I might be—at my dressmaker's at half-past eleven, at the Ritz for luncheon, at the Ambassadeurs for supper—and then our lives would have softly run side by side for just so long as she pleased. I wondered who it was I was to warn by my presence that his day was over or falsely assure that he might call it a day. I have met some of the most famous men in England and America that way.

But when I got there I could see I was the only guest. Ruth was having her massage very late, which didn't look like a luncheon party. And as I sat in the upstairs sitting room which adjoins Ruth's bedroom and listened to the terrific smacks and punches that were going on on the other side of the door, old Mary, the colored servant who has gone everywhere with Ruth ever since she started on Broadway, brought in a tiny tray with only one cocktail on it. She gave it to me with a queer sly smile in her eyes, as if she knew I was going to hear news and she would give her ears to know what I'd think of them, but was too scared of Ruth to talk to me.

After the six-foot-three Swede had stridden out I went in, and I found Ruth looking as lovely as the dreams you

can't quite remember, wrapped in a glistening gold wrap, with her arms clasped behind her head.

"I hate massage," she murmured.

"It certainly sounds as if it hurt," I said.

"It isn't that," she went on; "but you can't ever tell if it's worth the money, because you don't dare lay off and see if anything happens to you like they say it will if you do."

I shouted with laughter.

She took no notice. "Anyway, I shan't ever have it again—after I've finished my contract at the Casino."

That made me think there must be something up. Every star exhibition dancer has a daily massage. "What do you mean? Ruth, you aren't giving up dancing? You aren't—why, you aren't going to get married!" She shut her eyes and smiled. She might have been smiling in her sleep. I bent down and shook her. "Ruth, be a sport! Tell me who it is!"

She opened her eyes, dug her hand under her pillow for her handkerchief and held it above her lips in a curious furtive gesture, as if even when she wanted to speak out she still liked to keep an atmosphere of secretiveness about her, though it had now no meaning.

"I met him here when he came over after the close of the run of Hollywood Harriet," she said faintly.

My heart began to slow down. He was an actor! I hadn't expected that! I didn't think it was very wise in view of Ruth's enormous ambition, her boundless acquisitiveness—an actor couldn't add much to that collection of jewels.

And then it dawned on me who it must be if he had been acting in Hollywood Harriet. I had seen it just before I left New York, and the juvenile head was the awful, the unbelievable Jay McClaughlin, who has been married three times, whose wives afterward tell such sad stories of having been beaten with vacuum cleaners, radio parts and all sorts of utensils that one would have thought unsuitable as weapons of offense. A handy man about the house in the worst sense of the word.

She continued even more faintly: "But we aren't getting married till he gets back to New York in the fall, because he has it all fixed up for us to be married in a synagogue in Twenty-eighth Street, where his uncle's the rabbi." Her voice died away.

My heart stopped. I knew who it was. But it couldn't be! However, it certainly was. Everybody knew that Issy Breitmann, the low comedian of Hollywood Harriet, was the nephew of the famous Rabbi Goldwesser of the Twenty-eighth Street Synagogue. And he was, at a generous estimate, five feet in height! He was fat! He was funny! He was fussy! He was the most grotesque partner imaginable for lovely, slender, still Ruth, whom one had seen coming into restaurants with grand dukes and cabinet ministers and other creatures who make a profession of dignity.

I began to stammer, and Ruth closed her eyes and smiled—that smile she used to give her audiences—as if she were going to slip away, far away—go on a very long journey. And I perceived that if I made any of a number of maladroit comments on the marriage that were possible, I would never hear any news from her on that journey. The smile was just on the point of becoming a farewell—a very definite farewell.

I choked my exclamations and immediately afterward was smitten with the desire to utter an entirely new set. For I remembered that little Issy Breitmann was one of those show folks who are possessed by a deep and extremely vocal passion for the old-fashioned ideals of the home. Continually, he was announcing to the press by article and by interview that it was possible—though, he modestly intimated, few beside himself had proved it so—to live as clean a life in the theater as in a minister's home. He intimated that he himself, although he longed for the joys of domesticity, had not married because among today's crowd of modern girls who rouge their stockings and roll their lips and powder their cocktails—I may have got this a bit mixed, but one has heard that kind of diatribe so often that one can't keep one's mind on it as one used to he found no one worthy to be his wife.

Frequently he was photographed in company with his mother, the rabbi's sister, his arm usually stretched toward her in a manner suggestive of a signpost, as if indicating to what pattern the lady who wished to be Mrs. Breitmann must conform. That Ruth did not conform to that pattern physically was all to the good. One felt that the strength of Issy's family feeling had led him to exaggerate his æsthetic insensibility. But surely she did not conform to the pattern in other ways that were more important. Not that one definitely knew. But all those jewels——

I looked down at her in wonder and concern. I supposed she had, in her marvelous way, put it over on Issy. But if she had done that by deception, wouldn't he find out? And if she had done it by appealing to his pity and his passion, wouldn't there be a never-ending conflict between his Jewish ideal of womanhood and the compromise she had induced him to make? Mustn't there have been difficulties? Wouldn't there still be difficulties? But Ruth's face forbade me to wonder. The smile had intensified—in another second it might become a farewell. Nobody was even to think of what was happening in the heart of Ruth's life. Her smile became softer, was as sweet a recognition of friendship as I had ever received from her, when I broke into conventional congratulations. That was how she liked life to be conducted—through indirectness, through conventionalities.

But as I went on her smile hardened again. For it had come into my mind that I had often heard that this Issy

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"Darling, How Sweet of You!" It Might Have Been the Tiniest, Frailest Angel Whispering Down to Earth

LEN VITTIE, DESCANSO

By Will Levington Comfort

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

JUST as I turned into the corral toward sundown that afternoon, I saw Kipper Lackey waving on the veranda, as if things weren't quite as usual at the ranch house. He came out of the deep shadows into the light and waved some more, so that I took it he wanted me and left my pony standing.

"Hansom," he says, looking excited and embarrassed, "we got company and you got to tend to her. Bein' a poet, you should ought to know women, and I'm plumb tuckered out. It's Kate Calhoon herself on her way over to Bismarong."

"Not the female bulldogger"?"

"That's her an' all of her. She stopped off, she says, lookin' for the right chunk of a horse."

"But I ain't washed up, Kipper."

"None of us are, an' I'm leavin' you together." A minute later: "This is Herbie Hansom himself, miss," he was saying when we were in the front room.

"Not the Cow Poet?" she said. That wasn't quite all of it, but I let it pass.

Right then I felt her hand. It wasn't large. It didn't linger, but I knew her toughness was natural and not assumed. Here she was close up, and I recalled seeing her at Cohontas early last fall, throwing her steer three afternoons out of four and stepping off the arena peckin' a small lace handkerchief to her bleeding nose.

I was looking level into her black eyes. Five feet eleven, that made her, hard as clockworks, hair cut tight like a man's. She wasn't thick-set, as you'd expect for her kind of work, and she couldn't have been over twenty-four, yet I'd seen and heard of Whipcord Kate Calhoon for easy three years. She could go anywhere men went, it had been told to me; she was immune. She could say what she pleased, in her own way, as I found out.

Though I couldn't understand, it was rumored a lot of fellows fell hard for her, but that it didn't make any difference to Kate. She was one of them who didn't care for men, except as riders and ropers and the like, and had a way of standing up for woman, any woman, any time, against a man who was mistreating her or wasn't square. Also I'd heard she was a money-maker and closefisted about it; that she wasn't risking her life day after day at the rodeos just to hear the crowd roar her name. You wouldn't call her pretty—a bit too much of Kate for that, and too hard—but you'd sure call her handsome in that red silk shirt, fawn-skin vest and smooth black boots, feet showing little, the way all cowboys strive after.

"Little old Descanso must think it's poppin'," she said, "to have a poet an' a buddin' bronc champ on the same ranch."

"Yes, Len is here, too," I acknowledged, Len Vittie being the boy who rode off with peelin' honors at Senhorsen rodeo last June a year ago.

"I see you've got him entered for Bismarong next week."

"Kipper allows he can spare Len long enough for him to repeat."

"Bismarong ain't Senhorsen."

"Horses is easy for our Len."

"I saw they was easy, but Senhorsen is easy company."

"You saw Len ride then?"

"Yes, I saw him ride, and I haven't seen —— Yes, I saw him," she finished queerly.

Sounded to me as if she had started to say she hadn't seen anybody ride like that since. "I didn't see you there," I said.

"I wasn't workin'. Just broke my leg at Los Angeles and was doing a fast job of knittin' to get ready for Cheyenne. That was sure a pretty show your boy pulled off all by himself at Senhorsen. Wasn't it you who wrote the verses?"

"I thought his ridin' good enough to perpetuate."

"Say 'em for me—come on."

"I don't recite," I said. "I aim to make 'em so's the other people will do that, but Kipper keeps a copy of my ranch eggs. I guess there's some on the ledge here on the fireplace."

The Endless Thumping Had Begun. The Mousy One Whipped and Writhed Like a Snake With its Head Pinned Down, Landing on Front and Rear, Every Nerve and Muscle Taut

My idea was to escape to the water trough as I looked over the pages in Eva's—that's Kipper's daughter—in Eva's handwriting, until I came to Just a Lad Our Len Was. The first verse goes:

Oh, Len left home, and, fellers dear,
It was Senhorsen's time of year;
We saw him brush his pants that day
And take his Schoolmom to the fray.

"I had trouble with this one," I told the bulldogger. "It took four of the eleven verses to get Len to Senhorsen."

Her eyes were glued. "Who's Schoolmom?" she wanted to know.

"That's Len's top-string mare. Real personality, Schoolmom is. Thinks she runs the whole of Kipper's business."

"Is he takin' her to Bismarong?"

"Not this year. You see, if there should happen to be any airplanes over there to the rodeo, Schoolmom would break for cover into the nearest open door, even if it was anybody's church. One near lit on her once. She thought it was a horse hawk."

I was no sooner bent in ablutions outside than Len rode in, flushing under the ears, having caught Eva's eye at some window where anyone else would see nothing but sun dazzle or a drawn shade. He had been out with the foothills herd for the past three days and rubbed his chin now as he waited to wash. The light had to be just right to catch that wispy fluff of down under his ears where the razor hadn't ventured more than eight or nine times, but Len was self-conscious about it. No one could miss seeing the upstanding figure of a man he made there now—spare, gray-eyed, laughing at something in the last slant of the sun, every tooth in his head selected as to size and place. The sun seemed following him round that way these days.

I hadn't been with Kipper before Len's riding at Senhorsen. He had been just a kid before that. Since then the fellows all saw him different and looked up when he spoke. But Kipper's daughter Eva—she'd seen Len Vittie for some time previous—from the day, in fact, when he came out of nowhere and showed himself a hand. The Spanish woman Kipper had married in his day lived all over again in Eva—eyes just meant to dally round. She wasn't strong enough to wrestle full-grown beef on the hoof, but she had dreamy old Spain in her eyes, and just being near her you felt like draping a sash over your shoulder and reaching for a guitar. She made it easy for you to lean against a door and watch her make believe to work—that is, she did for Len. Those two paired off from the beginning. I've heard her call "Oh, Le-en! O-hoo!" and seen how it was done.

Supper that night was heavy and wearing. From a little to the side I saw Whipcord Kate's black eyes settle on Len Vittie and I knew right then it wasn't pony she had come to Descanso for. Something tender and something dangerous

in that look of hers; both together, they took the lid off my poetic wheel and set it whirring. Ordinarily I'd have excused myself and gone to my room to fight it out, but things looked too interesting to leave, with Len sitting there unconscious and little Eva's eyes full of what the Scripture meant by a bird in the air and a serpent on the rock. And wasn't she being polite just right now at supper, showing all the breeding she could think of? Meanwhile big Kate had gone mournful.

Eva, Kipper's Daughter

"They'll make a horse for you, kid nobody can run off with the rodeos just like you did in Senhorsen. Somewhere out in the sage a horse is waiting for you or somebody's spoilin' a thoroughbred that will take it out on you."

"I aim to be there," said Len.

"Yes, you'll be there. May not be Bismarong; you may make Cheyenne, but your horse is waiting, and so's my ox—and I don't mean a broken leg either."

Eva looked as if the last couldn't happen quick enough, explaining that the ice cream should have froze a bit more.

"Anyway, Lennie's next step on Bismarong will be over in two weeks," said the Kipper, who's always sincere. Wake him up in the middle of the night and he's the same. "I reckon present company'll mainly be there. Bismarong's chamber of cattlemen don't spare no expense to put on a great annual. It's their one con-centrated advertisement. Our Hansom here wrote a poem which they take a lot of store by."

"I've seen it," said Kate, so I didn't have to bring it out.

That was the poem about Bismarong, the year she took her big jump into class, when Bill Pelty rode three of the baddest horses on three of their worst days and married a little girl off a hot-dog counter without scarcely a break in form. Bill's performance affected me so peculiar that I had to write it down, as the Kipper said. It's called Pelty Gets the Breaks, one of the stanzas that's been rendered a good deal running:

There was blood in the air at Bismarong,
And blood in Bill's eyes, like tears,
And 'fore he got through, as we prayed for the gong,
It was runnin' out of his ears.

It wasn't a gong; it was a whistle, but you couldn't change the name of the town. You can get the rest by writing to Descanso.

"And now in the far chute, gentlemen," boomed old Leather-Lungs, the announcer, that first afternoon in Bismarong—"in the far chute, coming out, we have the frail length of that youthful zipango, Len Vittie. Young and ambitious, Lennie is, in his sore callin', and some reason to be, as you fellers from Senhorsen have the right to know."

A roar from a certain block in the stands answered.

"They like Len over there," said the Kipper.

In the next few seconds Len did it again, and all through the process Kipper's Eva hugged my arm until she was breathless, I never reminding her in the excitement.

"Easy as usual," called the announcer. "Looks as if we'd have to cook up some real spoiled horse meat to stop that feller from Descanso. . . . And now, gentlemen, we've got a feature to put on—one that brings 'em from afar—one that Bismarong digs deep to supply the demand for. Those of you that haven't seen it'll say it can't be done, and those that have seen it—don't see how, the next day. . . . They've caught her steer, men! Hear him rammin' in the chute! They've turned him loose, men! And thar she goes -Whipcord Kate Calhoo-o-oon!"

And there she was, engaging in the toughest game that man has taken up so far—not only essaying to try but doing it.

"The only lady bulldogger," somebody breathed.

"There was one other," said the Kipper, as Kate emerged alive, though limping, from the scrimmage—"Dundee Jessie. But she mostly carried her own steer with her, the same bein' trained to belch out a groan and look violent, though he laid down gentle for her. Anybody would, with one look at Jessie's back—all muscle-corded like a lodgepole pine."

Eva took hold of her father with both hands, but he didn't stop. "She gets a hundred dollars a day here at Bismarong," he divulged, "which ain't just froth o' words, because I saw her contrack right out of her hand bag that first afternoon at the house."

Sort of queer, I thought, for a woman like her to have a hand bag. Also, I was thinking that a lot of strong men around cattle all their lives, like myself included, had never flung themselves off their horse onto a steer's neck.

That second afternoon I was back in the stands instead of with the boys in the arena, so Eva would have something to hold onto when Len rode. And Len did it again and Kate did it again, but the third afternoon ——

"Now, gentlemen and ladies," boomed Leather-Lungs, "I'm not making any promises. We've done our feeblest best so far to no avail. If a boy takes it into his head to bust off and be champion without getting up a sweat, I, who represent Bismarong's proud and determined cattlemen, find it impossible to interfere with Fate and her decrees. Not that we want Len Vittie hurt, friends. It's the game, that's all. It's the game that brings us out. It's the game that gives the thrill—a woman fightin' it out alone there with a steer, a man and a horse fightin' it out for life and no hate about it. The world loves the fighter,

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And There She Was, Engaging in the Toughest Game That Man Has Taken Up So Far—Not Only Essaying to Try But Doing It. "The Only Lady Bulldogger," Somebody Breathed

THE MISTY MAGDALENS

By George Allan England

TWO dollars a day, sir, or seven a week. Them's my rates." Thus quoth hospitable Mrs. Burke, of Grindstone Island, in the misty Magdalens. Swift calculation made me pay a week in advance, wondering that such prices could still exist in this world of H. C. L. A spotless house and bountiful fare—what more could one ask for seven per?

It gives the measure of the Magdalens. Nearly all things still remain as long of yore, in that sickle-shaped Graveyard of the Gulf, dreaded by all mariners. And justly dreaded, too, for its fogs, gales, currents and huge cliffs have wrought destruction indescribable. There reefs ever swathed in foam, scarps against which battering-ram surges eternally thunder, have crushed the flanks of numberless ships. Terror and tragedy have reigned for centuries in those far islands, where Nature at her best can show no better aspect than a fitful smile.

You reach the Magdalens via a thrifty little Scotch steamer, the Lovat, from Pictou, Nova Scotia. One afternoon you sail. Very early next morning you're wakened by a blare of the ship's whistle, and out on deck you see the far gleam of the beacon on Entry Island, whereof the nobly mountainous bulk looms high in pallid moonlight. Ahead, Amherst stretches its dozen treeless miles—Amherst, most southern of the sixteen islands and islets flung like a sixty-mile necklace, with long dunes and sand bars for a string joining most of them. Beyond the gray waters you see outlines of small, vague houses and a church dominated by three conical hills called Les Demoiselles. Then, as the steamer eases up to a long wharf, you realize you're shivering, even though it's August and you've got your heavies on.

"Looks calm enough now, sir," the purser remarks. "But it blows—oh, Lord, how it blows here sometimes! Last November we got caught in a storm and ran across to House Harbor to make a lee. Stayed there twenty-four hours sweatin' the gale out, with engines full ahead, yet all the time draggin' our anchors. That hurricane washed barrels o' lobsters ashore, and scallops too. It dashed no end o' ducks on the cliffs. Killed 'em, sir. Nigh killed us too. Little more and we'd been busted, sure!"

A Submerged Mountain Range

AS YOU ponder all this a jumble of French and English rises from half-seen folk on the wharf of Havre Aubert. Only 3:30 in the morning, yet a crowd has turned out to meet the ship—stirring event! Aromas of salt and cod trouble the sea breeze. Swift motorboats arrive with machine-gun exhausts to bring men eager for the lumber, mackerel barrels, flour, mowing machines, and so on, already being unloaded with a mighty clatter of winches. Quaint little wooden carts, two-wheeled in the French style and innocent of springs, receive the freight.

Stars wink above immense cliffs, with gypsum and sandstone brows afrown. Sea birds mournfully cry, then swoop and splash. A wreck looms beyond the pier. Dust of pink and gold glows behind Entry, as dawn reveals the many-colored houses all shingled up and shutterless. Blood-red shafts of sunrise dart across what seems a mighty lagoon almost landlocked by mountainous islands.

Wiser men than I declare these islands are the peaks of a sunken volcanic mountain chain. How strange a world, "Les Îles de la Madeleine!" Girt with velvet meadows and marvelously tinted cliffs gnawed by the sea, these foggy islands of the cod, the herring and the mackerel lie in a vast curve right across the track of ships plying between the St. Lawrence and Europe. Their giant headlands of brick red, of gray and umber and rich ocher are scarcely more feared than the interminable dunes and shoals to which they sink. Ah, many a tall ship has been smashed to matchwood on those iron-bound crags that leap 400 feet aloft! Many another has been engulfed by bars and quicksands where surfs forever chant dirges for the dead or wash the shattered bones of wrecks. The death toll mounts to thousands. Were all their ghosts to haunt the isles what confusions of race and tongues would reign! How luxuriantly, here and there, the grass still grows above the graves of perished seafarers!

Great Bird Rock, One of the Grim Islands of the Sea, on a Day So Calm as to be Phenomenal

"One o' the worst wracks we ever had was the Miracle, out of Ireland," William Burke will tell you after you get settled at two dollars a day or seven a week. Burke is climbing toward eighty years, but his mind is bell clear and he remembers everything. All you have to do is sit and smoke with him by the kitchen stove and let him talk, while the boom of mighty surf warns you the implacable sea is ever gnawing away the jagged cliffs of Grindstone. Those cliffs are retreating a foot a year. Marvelous caves, dark red and lined with emerald moss in spots, are undercut. Then a tempest brings down tons of sandstone, crashing.

The Wreck of the Miracle

AT THE cliff edge the woods shrink to a mere tangled mat of conifers. Every summer the islanders with spades cut off the overhang.

"So the sheep an' cattle won't graze too near the edge an' fall clean off the island, sir. But one cow did fall off Cap Meule. Come down holus-bolus, 200 foot, an' never hurt her a danged mite. Landed in a snow bank, right side up with care!" But to return to the wreck of the Miracle:

"She got an awful slap, that un. Full-rigged ship she were, comin' out in '47 with 350 emigrants bound for Quebec. Struck on East P'int in a heavy sou'east gale and a blindin' snowstorm, the fourth o' May. . . . Snow in May, sir? Sure, I seen three foot of it, May eleventh. I seen it snow here in June too. Winter's winter in the Magdaleens!

"Well, sir, most o' the passengers had ship fever anyhow, an' was in a bad way. The ship, she listed off. Passengers rushed on deck. Cap'n Elliott, he cut the masts out o' her when she struck, an' they fell on deck an' mowed right through the people. Sailors got most of 'em in boats, though. But crossin' the bar they was mostly all capsized into a gutter o' deep water an' drownded. Some as was saved then died o' the fever. Houses an' barns was full of 'em. They kept dyin' on us till June. Nigh 250 of 'em was buried all into one grave, with a big wooden cross over 'em, an' the grass is full two foot longer there 'n any other place round it. They're still drivin' the grass up good, them old emigrants. That was a time, sir! Bottom o' the old ship's still there in the sand, an' bones was found alongshore, years an' years."

"Same as the walrus bones is at Seacow Path," puts in another crony from Old Harry Point. "Sure, we used to have walrus here—thousands of 'em!" And so, you later find, history reports it. No less a sailorman than Jacques Cartier, who, in 1534, with two little fifty-ton vessels and sixty men from St. Malo, discovered the islands,

This Frenchman Has Turned Out in Style, Both as to Raiment and Conveyance, to Go to Church

American Backs Would Soon Break at This Labor But the Magdaleners Don't Mind It

At Left - The Only Real Town is at Grand Entry. Short Skirts and Bobbed Hair Have Reached There, But Not Yet Silk Stockings

reported at Brion "many great beasts like large oxen, with two teeth in their mouths like elephants, but living in the sea itself." The first settlers—Normans and Acadians—came some twenty years later to hunt seal and walrus, as well as to fish. Lots of walrus still remained when, under George III, the islands passed to English rule and were given to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin for services in the Revolution; though probably they had been much reduced from the great herds out of which Hakluyt reports the killing of 1500 specimens in a single hunt. As late as 1765 nearly 1000 barrels of walrus oil were taken in a single winter

Now every last walrus has been exterminated or driven into the Arctic refuge of the Far North. Gone, too, are the feudal overlords who ruled their 55,000-acre ocean domain. Against them often the islanders rebelled, till finally, in the early years of this present century, a Canadian corporation bought out the last heirs for $100,000.

Grim Fame

THE government helped the inhabitants purchase land and gave them liberty from serfdom. But the walrus have never returned. "They're gone like the American fishin' fleet that used to come here—as many as 200 sail—but never comes no more," the crony informs you. "There's still thousands of walrus skulls an' skilitons, though, on Coffin Island. You can shovel 'em out o' the sand anywhere, an' sometimes ivory tusks." William Burke shows you a mighty tusk for proof of the statement. "Bullets, too, tons of 'em. I picked thirteen bullets, myself, out o' one skull. They was drove right into the bone, solid. That old bull must ha' been a hard cuss to kill, eh? Lots o' bones an' tusks at West P'int, too, nigh Deadman's."

Pleasant name, that—Deadman's Island, or, as the French settlers call it, Le Corps Mort. Cartier noted it, and so did Champlain, who, in 1632, gave the archipelago its present name. One of the harshest rocks in the world, 1000 feet long and perhaps 200 high, it lies, ungraced by any slightest spear of grass, nine miles at sea from Amherst. Gaunt, tempest gnawed and cruel, from a distance it looks exactly like a giant corpse laid out for burial. The islanders view it with superstitious dread. Black, indeed, is its record of shipwreck and death! Tom Moore, the Irish poet, sailed past it late one evening in 1804, and did he not feel moved to write a poem on it? One cheerful verse reads:

To Deadman's Isle in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle she speeds her fast.
By skeleton hands her sails are furled,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Outside the Church, the Men and Women Flock Apart. 'Twould be a Breach of Etiquette for Them to Mingle

The Roads are Black on Sunday Morning, With Sturdy French Families on Their Way to Church

All Hands Turn Out at Grand Entry, to See the Lovat Come In. This Sand-Paved Street is the Only Real One in the Islands

And Coffin Isle is craped with foam.
On Deadman's shore are fearful shapes!

With such a reputation to sustain, no wonder the chill and misty Magdalens abound in wicked sprites and warlocks. Some of these may be souls of pirates that in early days preyed on commerce till the French mercilessly exterminated such "sea-skimmers" and left their bones to mingle with those of seal and walrus on desolate beaches. It's certain that the Old Boy himself plays strange pranks up there. You hear how,

A Share for the Old Un

"ONE time a black man's carcass was found on the beach an' buried in the sand. Wind blew him right out again. We planted him again, an' the wind dug him up that time too. Then somebody said if we buried him upside down, the Old Un couldn't fetch him up again, an' we done that, sir. Planted him face down, an' he stayed put!"

Satan is always messing into people's business on the Magdalens. Islanders will tell you that Jerseymen up there go home to Jersey by his help on Saturday night, and get back in time to go fishing on Monday morning. This, especially if they're at work down Labrador way. Fishermen who can be drawn into talking with the devil can form strange bargains with him. Some who have worked with him all summer make boast of it. And I heard of one who confessed:

"When it come time to divide up shares in the fall, you can bet I was extry careful to give him his full due, an' I was mighty polite in biddin' him good-by!"

But even more dreaded than Satan is the peril of fog and gale and reef, the terror of shipping in those parts for three centuries. In the Church of England cemetery on

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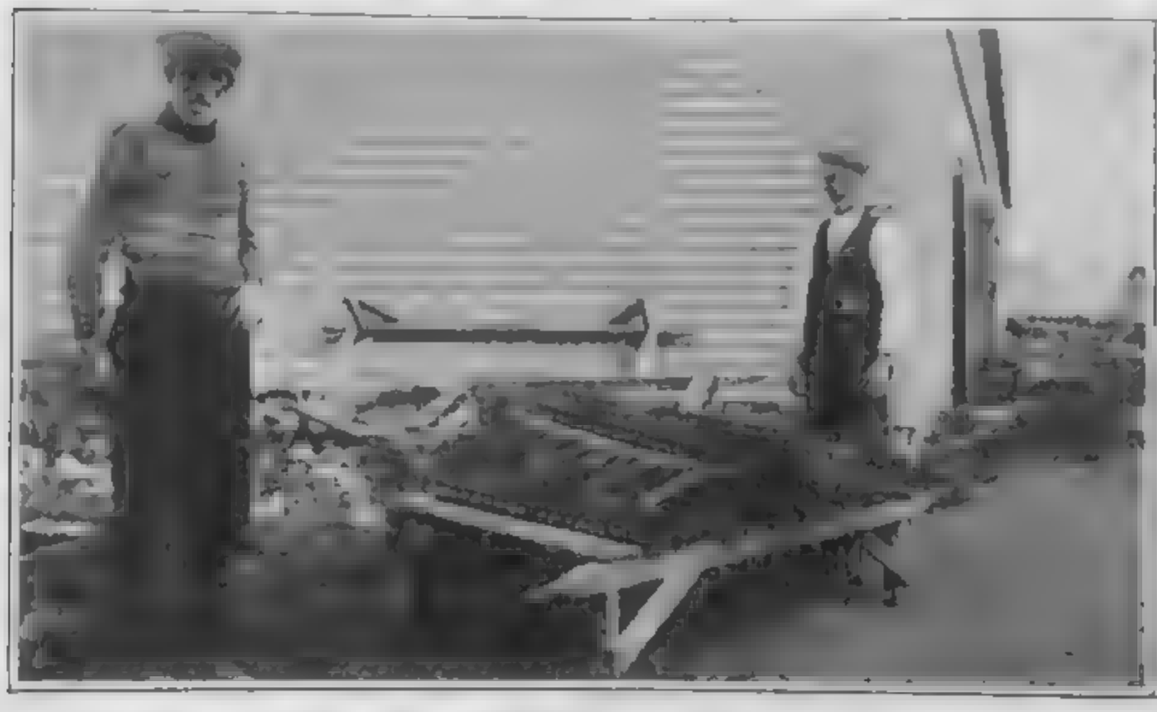
And now that we're getting poetical, Edmund Clarence Stedman also paid the Magdalens a pretty tribute:

Woe, woe to those whom the islands pen!
In vain they shun the double capes.
Cruel are the reefs of Magdalen,
The Wolf's white fangs what prey escapes?
The Grindstone grinds the bones a soure,



If You Were Starving and Wanted a Smoked Herring, These Good-Natured Old Frenchmen Would Have a Few to Spare

In Their Little Shingled-Up Houses, the Magdalen Women Still Carry on the Ancient Arts of Spinning and Weaving

In Oval—Old French Types Still Live on the Magdalens

Will You Walk a Little Faster?

"I Think You're Interesting," She Said. "Won't You Stay Awake and Talk to Me?"

By CHARLES WERTENBAKER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

ON THE morning after Representative Richard Berkeley, of Virginia, came home from Houston with his head full of plans, Dan Berkeley began his day as usual. Some time after half-past nine he was awakened, as usual, by Lou, the cook.

He had been conscious of her shrill nasal voice outside his door for several minutes before his mind registered her saying, "Breakfast'll all be cold if you don't hurry up, Mr. Dan."

"All right," he said, "I'll be up in a minute."

Lou waited exactly a minute, then she said, "You up?"

"Huh?"

"There you go, going back to sleep."

"No, I ain't," he said. "I'm just getting good and awake."

"Gov'nor tole me not to leave till you was up," Lou said.

"Oh, well, all right." He lifted his right foot from the bed and let it fall heavily to the floor. "Go on now."

"Next leg, Mr. Dan."

"Lord, you're a nuisance!" He followed the foot with the other one and sat up on the edge of the bed. He yawned noisily. "What you got for breakfast?"

"Chicken hash and batter bread and fried apples."

"Well —— Turn on the water, will you, Lou?"

"Thought that'd git you," Lou said. Dan heard water running in the tub and then Lou was back. "Ain't gone back to bed, is you?"

"Not exactly." He still had both feet on the floor, but he had let his body fall back on the bed. With a great effort he stood on his feet, opened the door and showed himself to Lou. "Satisfied?"

"Reckon so," Lou said. "Better git in that water quick, though." She turned and thumped heavily down the stairs.

Dan found a cigarette and lit it, took two or three pulls, and then laid it in a charred groove on the window sill. He pulled the shirt of his pajamas over his head and let it fall from his listless fingers to the floor. Then he untied the cord and let the trousers fall. He stepped out of them into his slippers and walked slowly into the bathroom.

He turned the water off and sat down on the edge of the tub and cleaned his teeth. That took about five minutes. When he had finished he fell back into the tub. The water had come from the cold faucet, but it was so warm that it had little effect on his sluggish muscles. He lay in the tub for two or three minutes, rubbing soap on himself lazily, then removed the stopper by jerking the chain with his left great toe, stood up and stepped out into his slippers. Dripping, he walked back into his room.

He stood in front of the window and let the soft warm breeze dry him. He watched the green and yellow leaves of the old trees out in the yard move lazily in the breeze. Nothing else moved. Thick dust lay unstirred in the street, and the grass in the yard was dry and dead. It was the hottest summer he could remember.

He was dry now. He flicked the dead cigarette from the groove in the window sill and lit another. He put on his underclothes, then sat down in the chair and pulled on his socks. He didn't wear any garters; they were too much trouble. He stepped into his shoes, which hadn't been untied since he got them two years ago, and put his legs into his trousers. He took his shirt from the back of the chair and slipped it over his head. He had learned long ago that if he unbuttoned only the top button of his shirt, and put it on and took it off over his head, he could save a lot of buttoning and unbuttoning. His tie was in his collar; he tied it and then stood up and fastened his belt. He parted his thick black hair with one stroke of the comb and combed it with two more; it wouldn't stay combed, so what difference did it make? He put on his coat and walked out, leaving the cigarette burning on the sill.

His father had finished his breakfast and was reading the paper. His mother was lingering over her meal, waiting for him.

He said, "Hi, ole sweet. . . . Hi, governor."

"'Morning, lazybones," said Mrs. Berkeley. "Better tell Lou you're down." Mr. Berkeley grunted.

Dan opened the door to the kitchen and called, "How 'bout some nice hot batter bread, Lou?"

"Yas-suh," Lou said. "Got some just done."

Dan sat down. Mr. Berkeley looked over his glasses and paper and said, "It looks like you've got this household running your way."

"Lou likes to fix things for me," Dan said. "I appreciate her cooking."

"When I'm home I expect to have some order," Mr. Berkeley said. "This is not a hotel. Sarah, I can't understand why you let Daniel impose on you this way. Just because I'm away ——"

"Dan's going on twenty-nine," Mrs. Berkeley said. "When you're away he's head of the house. He's got work to do too."

"He doesn't seem to pay much attention to it." Mr. Berkeley put down his paper and took his glasses off. "When do you expect to start amounting to something, young man?"

Dan said, "Sir?"

"I said when do you expect to start amounting to something?"

"I'm getting on all right."

"I don't see any signs of your taking your work seriously."

"Sure, I take it seriously. I just don't run around hunting for work when people bring me plenty."

"Oh! People think you're pretty good, do they?"

"Yes, sir. I'm considered the best young lawyer in town."

"Well, I consider you the laziest."

"Maybe I am, but if people bring me cases and I win 'em, I don't see why I should run around like a chicken with its head cut off—like Jimmy Ball, for instance."

"Young Ball's a mighty energetic young man," Mr. Berkeley said. "If I weren't still nominally head of the firm, he would be running it."

"Don't fool yourself," Dan said. "Jimmy's a good lawyer, but if I didn't tell him what to do, he'd kill himself working and never get anything done. As it is, people bring me the cases, I tell Jimmy what to do and he digs out the law; if it's a tough one, I go down and talk the jury into giving us the verdict. It's a swell arrangement."

"You're only capitalizing your popularity," Mr. Berkeley said, "and that may not last. If you let Ball argue all but a few cases, it won't be long before people think of him in connection with the firm instead of you." He stood up and put on his oratorical manner. "Remember," he said impressively, "when people pick a man for a big position they don't pick one who looks like he's tired to death all the time. They pick a go-getter. You think that over."

He walked slowly and impressively out of the room. Dan looked at his mother and grinned.

"Picture me as a go-getter!" he said.

Mrs. Berkeley looked coolly amused. She always looked that way. She never got excited, never hurried and never lost her temper; she had a wonderful disposition.

"I'm going to have to stop letting him go off to conventions," she said.

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's getting ambitious again. He's got an idea the Democrats may win and he'll get in the cabinet or something."

"He hasn't got a prayer."

"I told him that, but he won't listen to me, you know."

"He won't listen to anybody when he starts thinking about what a great man he is. He'd never have been

governor if the machine hadn't gone to pieces, and he'd never have got into the House right after his term was up if he hadn't been lucky enough to get Gray elected to succeed him. Gray's got his own machine now."

"I wish he'd get out of politics," Mrs. Berkeley said. "I don't want to live in Washington. I suppose I'd be there now if he didn't look on the House as a temporary parking space until he finds a better one."

"That's one good thing about his lack of modesty. Anyway, you haven't got much to worry about. Both our senators are healthy and he isn't likely to get appointed to anything during a Republican Administration, and it looks like all Administrations are Republican these days."

"Well, he's promised to give up politics altogether if he doesn't get a good place after this election. That's something. But lately he's been talking about how he wishes you would get into politics."

"Good Lord! I've told him a dozen times I wasn't interested. I'm satisfied with what I'm doing and I wouldn't leave here for anything."

"I know," Mrs. Berkeley said. "This is where we belong. That's why I hope he doesn't get a job in Washington."

"Don't worry," Dan said, "he won't."

Mrs. Berkeley got up and went back into the kitchen and Dan strolled out on the front porch. His father was sitting in a rocker with his feet on the railing.

"Going to the office?" Dan said.

"I'll be down after while," Mr. Berkeley said.

Dan went down the walk before his father could see him grinning. He got into the car that had been parked at the curb all night and started off. As the trees in the yard hid the porch, he looked back and saw his father still sitting with his feet on the railing. He would be asleep soon. With all his pretense of being a man of affairs, the governor was just as lazy as he was. Everybody in town was pretty lazy, for that matter, with the possible exception of Jimmy Ball; the only difference was that some people, like the governor, tried to conceal it, while he didn't care who knew it. It wasn't really laziness, anyway; it was just that he appreciated the value of energy and didn't waste it.

He stopped before a dingy-looking two-story shack around the corner from the courthouse. On a window was painted, very poorly: Berkeley, Berkeley & Ball. He climbed over the door of the car, crossed the sidewalk and pushed up the window. Inside, he saw Jimmy Ball and Sal, the stenographer. Jimmy was turning the pages of a law book feverishly. Merely watching him made Dan weary, he was so fidgety.

Dan said, "Hi, you-all."

"Hi," said Sal.

"Oh, Dan," said Jimmy, "the Fox case is up today, you know."

"No, I didn't know," Dan said. "What about it?"

"You'll argue it, won't you?"

"What for? You can do it all right."

"It'll be hard. They've got Henry Field."

"He's easy. All you've got to do is trip him up once or twice and then be sweet to him and he'll admit you're right."

"You can do it better than I can, and I wouldn't like to lose it, with your father just back."

"Oh, is that it?" Dan sighed wearily. "All right, I'll have to do it, I spose. Dig up the dope and I'll go over it with you."

"I've got everything ready now."

"Keep it ready then. I've got to have a drink. I'll be back in a few minutes." He let the window fall with a bang and walked down the street. He didn't feel like spending the day in court; it was too hot. It was too hot to do anything but sleep and swim. He wished he had gone swimming. Between the governor and Jimmy, he didn't get any rest. A voice behind him said:

"'*Will you walk a little faster?*' *said a whiting to a snail.*
'*There's a porpoise close behind us, and he's treading on my tail.*'"

It was Bill Scott. Dan said, "No; but if you'll slow up you can walk with me."

Bill slowed up and they went into a drug store. "Two phosphates," Bill said to the soda jerker. "Let's go swimming."

"Wish I could," Dan said. "I've got a case."

"I had one yesterday that cut me out of a ride to Cape May."

"What'd you want to go up there for?"

"It's a swell place," Bill said.

"Too many Yankees."

"There's a bunch from Richmond there now. I'd have gone with 'em 'cept for the case. Wish I'd gone now; I lost the thing."

"You ought to have gone anyway."

"Want to go now? We'll take your car and I'll buy the gas."

"I oughtn't to," Dan said. He considered it, walking up the street with Bill. At his office he looked through the window and saw Jimmy still thumbing the book acrobatically. Court was a dismal prospect. "All right," he said, "let's get going. You'll have to drive, though."

"That's all right," Bill said. "I don't mind."

Dan raised the window and met Jimmy's active eyes across the room. "Listen," he said, "you can either argue that case or you can get it continued. I'll be back in a week or two." He banged the window down before Jimmy could find his voice.

He dropped Bill at his house and told him he would pick him up in ten minutes. The governor was asleep on the porch when he got home. He packed his things and then told his mother he was going to Cape May for a week or two. The governor was still sleeping when he went out. He didn't wake him up.

The night he arrived in Cape May, Dan met Patricia Martin. Bill had driven so fast that they got there by dark, and the first thing they did was to go in the ocean

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Jimmy Brought the Powder, Hung Around for a Few Minutes, Then Said, "I've Got to Go. How About Swimming Tonight?"

THE FISHHOOK LAWYER

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

ON A METHODICAL desk in a precise office Mr. Scott Pegee laid out the accounts of his garage, scowling at each past-due item. Pegee admitted no extenuation; floods, fire, sudden death—nothing palliated the crime of delayed payment.

"Here, Jimmy," he spoke decisively to a bright-faced barefoot boy. "Hurry out with these bills; and don't fail to collect eighty-seven dollars from Dan Field."

"I'll try, sir. But Mr. Dan's levee busted; he lost so much and ——"

"What of that? Repairs at my garage are cash."

"Yes, sir." Again Jimmy inserted a protest: "I hate to bother Mr. Dan every week. He'll pay. And he helps us scouts, teaching woodcraft, tying knots an' ——"

"Fooling away time with scouts! Huh! Ought to work at something to produce money. Collect that bill today."

If the delinquent under discussion—Mr. Daniel Field—had spent less time with Polly, he might have spent more time with Polly. If Dan had done more conveyancing of land in his law office and less conveying of Polly in his automobile, he could have married Polly Darden.

The first discoverer to figure out this paradox was Polly's hard-headed father, who possessed no flair for paradoxes, but was a mighty hand at figures. Through bad years and good, through high water, drought and holidays, through oil booms and financial collapses, Jephtha Darden sat behind his plate-glass window adding interest to discount, piling pennies on top of dimes, and watching the dollars grow. As sole owner of the Bank of Danfield, he planned that his daughter should marry a solvent person, for solvency and godliness constituted the salvation of mankind—in the order named.

He got sick of seeing Dan around his house. Every morning to brush past him hanging over the gate, gabbling with Polly. At noon dinner, to meet Dan hurrying out, barely in time to allow father and daughter a brief interlude for the meal. At nights Jephtha would skirmish around Dan on the front steps, stumble over Dan in the pantry, or butt against Dan along the gallery—wherever Polly happened to be. Between these two men lay the same antagonism that always separates a conservative from a visionary. Dan was a visionary. So had been his great-great-grandfather, the original Daniel, who generations ago attacked this wilderness with rifle, ax and plow. Pioneer Daniel's eye of vision foresaw the country's future and with faith proceeded to make his dream a reality. A knight-errant of forest romance, his blood yet tingled in young Dan's veins.

On the present site of Danfield, that daring settler laid the log-cabin foundations of a city, gathered fearless spirits around him and formed a civilized community. They fought with Indians and beasts and diseases, defied the Mississippi River, enacted and enforced their own laws. Soon their jungle trails had widened into roads where covered wagons creaked. Schoolhouses sprang up. The law of the leather holster gave place to an orderly system of courts. Sheriffs afforded police protection. The country being made safe, conservatives flocked here and built solid fortunes.

A slight imagination might see that Dan was descended from that roving blond-haired brood which steered their viking prows against the sea, sailing into New World adventures with Lief the Lucky, founding a Sicilian kingdom with Roger, overrunning Normandy with Rollo the Walker, and making themselves masters of England under William.

During the Middle Ages, Sir Daniel of the Field had probably pledged his acres for golden ducats, set the Cross of Christ upon his breast, and with lance on thigh, battled to redeem the Holy Sepulcher; while Jephtha of the Judengasse probably furnished the cash and foreclosed the mortgage.

When the World War broke, obeying the traditional urge of his blood, young Dan took the same visionary view, devoting himself soul and body to the cause. Sometimes he debated such matters with Polly. Polly adored knights-errant, King Arthur, Sir Lancelot, and their questing for distressed damosels. Yet Polly had a streak of

If Jephtha Had Been Half as Shrewd a Judge of Daughters as He Was of Debtors, He Must Have Observed That Polly Was Feverishly Jubilant

caution and knew that somebody must provide rations for the Round Table. "Really, Dan—really, you should stay in your office and build up a practice."

"I know that, but it's tough to sit down and wait. The seat of my chair gets hot. I pace that floor back and forth waiting for clients until my feet get the fidgets, and ramble around here to see you."

The fact is that after the war's upheaval Dan had not quite found himself. Neither could his creditors find him on Saturdays, when their persistent efforts helped drive Dan out of his office. It fretted him to have bills poked under his nose, debts that he was unable to pay, since every cent of cash had gone into a dry hole, drilling for oil that wasn't there. And the spring overflow had wrecked his plantation. Too much water, too little oil, Polly and impatience, all conspired to prevent Dan from drudging along at the law.

Although he felt no premonition, this paradox of Polly entered its crucial stage when he rose from breakfast on that momentous Saturday. First Dan reconnoitered out of the front door, because some enterprising collector might have camped on his steps. Downtown they were thicker than flies, and his training as an artilleryman enabled him to observe that vigilant youngsters had already surrounded the post office with a barrage of bills, which blocked all hope of going for his mail.

So Dan advanced, tentatively, watching little Jimmy Brisco who collected for Scott Pegee—snub-nosed Jimmy, with the eye of an eagle and ambitious to become an Eagle Scout. Other bushwhackers were surely lurking behind telephone poles, raiders ready to dart out from doorways, and snipers behind every fence. Being shot at by machine guns had never troubled Dan very much, but it annoyed him for small boys to be continually popping away with bills. There ought to be some law against trusting such weapons in the hands of a barefoot child, or of grown-up sneaks that wear gum shoes.

At a strategic point Dan cut diagonally across to the Millinery Emporium, where he didn't owe a nickel; thereby avoiding the Bon Ton Haberdashery and a shoe shop. He stalked boldly past Madame Rosalye's Beauty Parlor, but made a detour around the cigar store. Beyond that, his path lay open to Courthouse Square, which seemed practically free from infestation.

Yet even here not everybody was free. In one corner of the courtyard stood a squatty brick jail, and through the bars of a lower window Dan saw a prisoner most intently regarding him. The desperate captive in his dungeon had not selected Dan Field with malice aforethought. Whether Dan were saint or devil, it made no difference to a man tortured by his desires. That fellow would have impartially held up anyone who might possess the riches that he craved.

"Hey, buddie!" his shout came from the jail window. "Hey, buddie, for the love o' Mike gimme a cigarette!"

"Sure." With the smile of a kindred spirit, Dan waded through high weeds and held a cigarette toward the window. Swifter than the strike of a rattlesnake the prisoner's greedy hand darted forth and grabbed it.

"'Scuse me, buddie," he mumbled.

Then the famished addict filled his lungs, deluged his cell, and puffed cirro-cumulous clouds into the outer air.

"Gee, that tastes fine! Hell to be in jail."

"I'd swap places with you"—Dan chuckled—"on Saturdays."

"Swap places? What you mean?"

"You seem to be sitting pretty in there. Locked up from bill collectors."

"Bills don't pester me. Gimme another cigarette."

He was not a bad-looking jailbird, so Dan lounged idly against the wall, chatting with him. They were of about the same age, under thirty. Both blonds. Soap and water would have lightened the complexion of Sawney Ross, done him as much external good as the cigarettes were doing internally. A growth of straw-colored beard looked dead upon his face. But his eyes were thoroughly alive.

"How long have you been in here?" the lawyer asked.

"Ninety-four days. One thousand hours a day."

"What did they jail you for?"

It is orthodox for prisoners to insist that they have done nothing more felonious than attending Sunday school or eating ice cream at the Y. Convicts always claim that the authorities merely jugged them on prejudice.

But this boy's blue eyes twinkled and his lips twisted into a grin as he replied:

"Jest some devilment, buddie, which I hadn't oughter did. Y'onderstand I come from way up the Missouri. My folks is river folks an' I loves water. So I hung around at Farmer's Ferry, watchin' how they put automobiles across on that little scow. After a while, when twarn't nobody on the scow except a buggy, I tackled the ferryman to take me. He said no, I must pay ten cents, an' I never had one cent. So I sot in to outtalk him for a ride, argued that I was 'bleeged to get across that river—'portant business. A lot of country yaps stood around hee-hawin', whilst the ferryman joshed me: 'No, sir-ree. Ef you ain't got nary dime an' can't raise nary dime, it don't make no difference which side o' the river you tarries on.' So he pulled out with the buggy and left all them jakes a snickerin' at me. I got sore, an' when suppertime came the ferryman and his crowd went inside his shack. Never invited me. So I took his ferry and pulled myself across."

Judicially the lawyer considered these facts and inquired, "Was that all you did?"

"Every darn thing."

"Then how do you happen to be here for ninety-four days?"

"This way, buddie: They never held no court since then. My case ain't come up for trial."

That much of his tale was true, for the same floods that crippled Dan's planting property had also disrupted their terms of court. When every man, woman and child is fighting high water, one tramp more or less in the jail house may easily be overlooked.

"Hard luck," Dan laughed, not at the boy but in sympathy with him. "Hard luck, if that's all you did."

"Warn't that a plenty? Got me ninety-four days already, with more comin' on the road."

"No, son; listen. I'm an attorney and can get you out of here. But the biggest fool on earth is the man that lies to his lawyer. One time I defended a chap who told me he hadn't done a thing except stick his hand into an old glove. Didn't tell about the glove being attached to a steering wheel or how he'd thrown out the owner of the car. Never chirped about stealing any money and shooting back at the officers. That bully got twenty years."

"Mister Lawyer, I won't git twenty minutes; 'cause I ain't lyin'."

"So the worst they can charge you with is petty larceny—stealing a ten-cent ride."

"No. They say it's for obstructing the public ferry. When can you git me out?"

"Now, I think. Pronto. Judge Durham has just gone into the courthouse to hear some motions."

"Hear some motions? That judge'll see some motions with my feet if he turns me loose."

"At-a-boy! I'll go and speak to His Honor. You wait here."

"Sure. Can't go no place."

In a professional hurry Dan had started toward the courthouse when the jailbird reminded him, "Mister Lawyer, I ain't able to pay nothin'."

"Neither am I. We're both in the same boat."

Ten minutes later the attorney rushed back, bringing an order from Judge Durham to produce the body of one Sawney Ross for trial. But there was no turnkey to open his prison door. Nick Maddox had gone and Dan knew exactly where to locate him, whittling on the barber-shop bench. Liable to whittle all day. It being unsafe to go himself, or to shout and attract a swarm of collectors, Dan was trying to think of some other stratagem, when help arrived—little Jimmy Brisco, who sauntered aimlessly into Courthouse Square. Jimmy's nonchalant manner failed to deceive. Dan knew that the collector was after him.

Having no defense, he took the offensive and called, "Scout, attention! Come here."

When Jimmy ran up and saluted, Dan solemnly opened the catechism, "Done your good turn today?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"Then help me to rescue a friend Take this paper to Nick Maddox on the quiet. Don't mention my name."

The scout winked craftily and did his good turn.

With a highly delighted scout superintending the job, Nick Maddox clicked the key. A bolt rasped. The door creaked on hinges. Then, side by side, lawyer and accused marched to the courthouse, keeping regular step. At the moment Dan Field did not think of what that meant. To keep step seemed no more than second nature.

Another ten minutes and Sawney Ross found himself discharged. By competent legal advice he pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor and received three months' sentence, which had already been served.

Out from the halls of justice marched an uncaged jailbird and sat down with his attorney on a bench in the yard. Consuming one cigarette after another, just because he couldn't smoke two at a time, Sawney Ross nodded toward the barred window.

"Geerusalam! I feel like Armistice Day, when they yanked me out of the trenches."

Neither of them had previously asked the question, usual between men of military age: "Did you get across?" The question was unnecessary. Their brief hike from jail to courthouse had told them all, had given the shoulder-to-shoulder touch, and sung in their ears once more the saga of muddy roads.

"Ross," Dan inquired casually, "what was your command?"

"Seventh Field Artillery."

"What!" The lawyer stared; then checked an outburst of surprise and tested the statement: "When did you sail?"

"July twenty-seventh, '17. Can't forget that date. Transport Pastores."

Neither could Dan Field forget it, or forget his old regiment. Ineffaceably the picture stood before him, their tramp, tramp, tramp along the gangplank, the tangle of campaign hats on deck, mountainous piles of kit bags, hundreds of eager, boyish eyes that never saw home again.

"Where did you debark?" He pursued the interrogation.

"Funny little burg named St.-Nazaire."

"With the Seventh? You were at Cantigny? At Soissons?"

"Yep. Couple o' hell holes. Never got a scratch until we trailed behind the Twenty-eighth Infantry when they dug in at Hill 297."

Amazing. A lying hobo could not invent these details. He must have been there, must have done a man's part to the end. Yet here he sat, a ragged wanderer, restless like Dan, who had not found himself. Dan could understand the curse of restlessness; and the remark of a famous bishop flashed through his head: "There," said the churchman, pointing to a drunken outcast—"there, but for the Grace of God—there goes the Bishop of Winchester."

Impulsively Dan Field rose and laid a hand upon his comrade's shoulder, saying, "Come along, buddie. Let's go home, have a bath and get deloused."

To get deloused was the ordinary course of events after a term in trench or prison, and while Sawney Ross might follow without a protest, Dan had not a hope of smuggling him upstairs unseen by the glowering eyes of old black Mammy.

From her akimbo position in the rear hall, Aunt Liza grunted, "Ugh! Ugh! Of all de ragtag and bobtail! 'Pears like sumpin' what de cat brought in. Dere now! Gone right smack in de bathroom, an' I jest scoured dat flo'."

Mammy continued to grumble when Dan sidled into her kitchen with a disreputable bundle containing Sawney's pants, shirt, hat—his entire outfit.

"Mammy, please burn these clothes in the back yard."

"'Bleeged to burn 'em, or dis house'll be crawlin' wid things."

At dinner the rehabilitated hobo showed up in the dress of a gentleman. Outraged Mammy saw him stick his feet under Dan's mahogany, while the boss treated that tramp just as nice as if he were Abraham Lincoln.

"People"—she broke loose again in the kitchen—"dat boy done give away his bes' suit an' dat streakity necktie which I aimed to git!"

As a comradely concession, Dan had prevailed upon Mammy not to make her justly celebrated coffee, black, aromatic, delicious, but to serve them each with a quart or so of thin brown slop which the Americans clamored for in France. This gave Sawney the love-you-forever feeling.

"Dan," he considered, "no use o' me hanging around this town, 'cause folks contend that jailbirds lays rotten eggs."

"Keerect! Find a new nest and start with fresh eggs."

"Any money in the fish business? I'm a spry hand with boats and seines. Water kind o' draws me to it."

"No." Dan shook his head. "Let the fish seines alone."

"Then I'll try for a job at the oil fields. Make enough money to pay back what you loaned me."

"Needn't worry about that. Just keep out of trouble."

"Bet your bottom dollar," Sawney grinned. "Had my dose. But if I do tangle up in another lawsuit, I'll sholy send for the best lawyer on earth."

Sawney had been gone about a week when his parting words came back: "I'll send for the best lawyer on earth."

His letter arrived early Friday morning, giving Dan a jolt. The hurriedly written scrawl, excited, urgent:

Come quick. Got another lawsuit. Don't fail me. I'll be waiting in the store at Huntyn Fork, twelve o'clock Friday. Sure. Sure.

"Jail again," Dan thought, rereading the nervously underscored sentences. "Jail again. I'm through." Yet he couldn't bear to think of a Seventh Field artilleryman waiting, waiting, waiting at that isolated store when his last comrade had deserted him. So Dan stepped on the gas.

Miles, miles, miles. Bridges, forests, bayous

(Continued on Page 114)

"Mr. Dodds, What Interest Have You in This Contract? Who is Richard P. Vannell? And Sara Vannell?"

Letters From and to the Farm

By O. H. CHENEY

SUNRISE, IOWA.
MAY 27, 1928.

DEAR O. H.: I have been meaning to answer your letter for the last few weeks, but there have been a lot of things to do, as I guess there always is around here. Besides that, Tillie hasn't been so right during the past two weeks. She complains of the old pain near her heart, and I keep telling the old woman that she hasn't shown any sign of having a heart for the last twenty-five years, so I don't know where that pain could be.

In a Few Years You May Have to Go a Long Way for a View Like This, for Now the Modern Combine, or Reaper-Thresher, Moves Through the Field of Ripe Grain Cutting and Threshing it at One Stroke, Attended by Only Two Men

Perhaps it's really the excitement of getting fixed up to go over to Ames for the boy's commencement. Come to think of it, she talked about the same kind of a pain just before Ruth's wedding and she had it up to the day the girl left for Texas. You remember I wasn't so stuck on the girl hitching up to that Ridder boy, because he had a lot of notions and you couldn't tell him anything, but I got a letter from Ruth last Wednesday and it looks like they are making out pretty well down there in cotton.

I'm not denying that I ain't as excited as Tillie about going over to Ames. I'm not so darned ashamed of that boy myself, to tell you the truth, and I'm not sorry you talked me into letting him go there. He's done mighty well for a boy who takes so much after his mother's side. There's been a fair sprinkling of A marks on Junior's record this year and his professors seem to be specially pleased at his animal husbandry. Although, as old Opie Baker always says, he learned more about hogs from me than he did from all the professors at Ames put together.

But in the last two days all this excitement has been kind of plowed under for me. I'm sore as a hog in a roll of barbed wire, and so is everybody else around here. I don't see how anybody with more than soy-bean oil in his veins can feel different. We've been reading and reading over what our President thinks of the farmers. Gus Wettel says he feels like three tractors with special cleats have been going back and forth over him for a week.

I can't be calm about this and I ain't going to try any more. I've been getting sorer and sorer with these politicians who call themselves the farmer's friends, and this veto is about the last straw—or perhaps I should call it the last ton of poison ivy. I'm going to Kansas City and I'm going to join in anything that I can do there. Maybe you'll be surprised at me, because I admit I've never done anything like that before. I don't go to indignation meetings over a mudhole in the county road or the primary grade teacher being seen smoking. But this is different. I was born on a farm and been there all my life, and so was my father before me, and no man can talk to me like that, not even if he is President. No man can stick a knife into me like that and pour hog-wash into the wound and think I'll feel honored.

I'm going to Kansas City and Tillie and the girl can't stop me. It puts a little kink in their plans, because they are going to take a trip to visit Tillie's brother Charles out in California and they wanted to leave right after Junior's party. I guess they'll have to live a little longer without seeing him, and since they haven't seen him for ten years, a few days more don't matter. I guess that's why Tillie's pain got worse since I said I was going to Kansas City. And Ivy is spending her evenings making speeches about my getting so excited about the veto and telling me I ought to give up the farms if there was so much wrong with farming. Ivy calls herself Yvonne now—she's all of seventeen, and she would be a pretty girl if you could see her face instead of her knees. What's biting her is that she has set her heart on seeing Hollywood and I tell her that the only Uncle Charley she wants to see is Chaplin.

First and Second Cuttings of Alfalfa on the Elk Valley Farm Near Larimore, North Dakota

But I'm not listening to any more reasons why I shouldn't go to the convention, and I'm going—and so are a hundred thousand other farmers. You'll see. Nothing like that has ever happened to the Republicans before. Those politicians have had everything their own way for so long they don't understand that they can't step on fifty million farm people.

And you fellows back East are just as bad. The bankers and business men have been doing a lot of talking about helping the farmer, and I can't see why they can't get it through their heads that we don't want to hear any more words. We're fed up on what Ivy calls banana oil.

Of course, it isn't you in particular I mean. I think you understand a little, because you're a Corn Belt boy yourself, even if you have backslid behind a big desk in the Woolworth Building. And we've known each other long enough for you to know how I feel about you personally. A lot of tenant farmers have plenty to kick about, but I can't from my own experience. You've always seen things straight in the leases and your farm works in nicely with my own, so I have no kick coming on that score.

But what you can't see is that if I find things wrong, even if I'm a whole lot better off than the average, then they must be pretty wrong and they must be terrible for most farmers who aren't so well off. I can't say I've had any real troubles like a lot of my neighbors. Tillie has been a real good wife and I needn't tell you that, and the boy and the girls have come up fine and earned their breakfasts. But I've had to work darn hard for everything I've ever got—not that I'm kicking. But there have been many years when I had less than nothing to show for it, and even in good years now things have been getting harder and harder, and I don't see any end to it.

All this time we've been hearing more and more about our record prosperity and how this is the most wonderful country that ever was, and where would we be if it weren't for the Republicans? You remember you've always said that you and I had nothing to argue about because we are both Republicans. I guess something's wrong now—either I've changed or the Republicans have changed.

Sure, this country is prosperous—if you call what's within a couple of hundred miles of Wall Street this country. For us farmers, this prosperity is about as real as cow's bloat is real marketable meat.

And now comes this veto and shows up what I've been thinking for a long time—how much Washington words are worth. Where did we get the idea about the strong silent man in the White House? If he's so strong and silent, where did he get all those words from? Who taught him words like "repugnant" and "futile sophistries" and "ghastly futility" and "a flagrant case of the employment of all the coercive powers of the Government

for the profit of a small number of specially privileged groups"? How is it that he's never used such words in vetoing any bill which might favor big business? And just to rub it in, we are told we are "specially privileged." That's a good one!

I've always had a lot of respect for Mr. Coolidge, and I've always thought he's been a mighty fine President, except on the most important thing of all, which is the farm question. He's been quiet and safe and cool and all that, and I admit those are good points to have in a President. But being cool is one thing and being cold-blooded is another. Although I guess you can't expect much understanding from a Vermonter. I guess it's too much to expect him to understand the Corn Belt, seeing he was raised in a place where they give the name "farm" to a lot of marble and granite painted green to look like grass. I guess Vermont's in his blood, and his putting on overalls and having his picture taken with a cow doesn't mean any more to the farmers than having his picture taken in a cowboy's hat or in Indian feathers. The thing that riles me is why he thinks that us farmers fall for that stuff and are satisfied he has solved the farm problem when he looks at a cow, or that he gives a darn about the farm problem at all.

Threshing Grain, Old Style, in the Mississippi Valley

We worked for Hoover during the war, all right, and we've been getting our just reward ever since for being such darned fools. He was right—food did win the war, and we made the world safe for God knows what kind of democracy this is. We were heroes, all right, and we've got our medals from Congress—and they're the double cross.

Now everybody else seems to have won the war and our friends stare right through the farmer when they meet him. Shipping won the war too, didn't it? Well, the shipping industry certainly got its share of the spoils. How much did the shipping industry lose in the war? How many billions has Uncle Sam been pouring into the shipping men's pockets in the last ten years? And whose money is it anyway? What did the shipping interests ever do for the farmer? And now, on the same day that Coolidge got so hot about the farmers daring to ask for relief, he signed the Jones-White bill handing the shipping industry the whole country on a silver platter.

It isn't only the shipping crowd that has got away with it. I've never heard of any industry that hasn't got away with anything it wanted. The railroads have the Interstate Commerce Commission with the power to fix minimum rates so that the poor railroads will be able to get a fair living. Do you know of anything the Government is doing to fix minimum prices for farm products so that we can get a fair living? Isn't feeding the nation just as important as transportation? The railroads have always been the farmer's friend—in the picture folders. But isn't it queer how the rates on farm products are way out of line with those on other things? There isn't even one dirt farmer on the commission to remind it that farm products are about the most important things they have to pass on.

Take the power companies and the other public utilities. They have commissions in every state, kept busy all the time fixing rates so as to give the companies a fair return. You haven't heard of many utility companies not being able to pay off the mortgage and being foreclosed, have you? On this Muscle Shoals thing, didn't the President show his friendliness for the farmers by vetoing the bill which would have given the farmers cheaper fertilizer?

And you bankers—I don't know what you poor fellows were doing before the Federal Reserve System was started. I guess you must often have been found starving in the streets. Anyway the Government took pity on you and fixed up the system for you so as to make banking safer. I'm not saying that safe banking isn't a necessity, but you can't deny that the Federal Reserve System isn't special action for a privileged group, can you?

Take almost any business. All any industry has to do is to hire a couple of lawyers and lobbyists and send them to Washington and they can get almost anything they want. Any industry that ever put up a squeal has got tariff protection. About all our protective tariff has ever done for the farmer is to protect him from making a living. Everything we have to buy is protected, everything we have to sell is free. We have to buy at American prices, which are high, and sell at what they call world prices, which are low. We have a flexible tariff, but I don't remember it being bent any for the farmer. About all I can remember hearing about the flexible tariff is that the duties on bobwhite quail have been changed. Junior told me the last time he was home that the tariff on hams, bacon and lard in 1824 was three cents a pound and on pork two cents. One hundred years later, the tariff on fresh pork is three-quarters of a cent, on hams and bacon two cents and on lard one cent.

There seem to be plenty of commissions and boards for special interests in Washington, so I can't see as how it could be so terrible for the farmers to have a special commission to study our problems. The farmers have nobody to protect them from anything, but business men have the Federal Trade Commission to protect them from one another and from themselves.

All this is pretty calm. These are facts and I'm not just calling names. That's the way business and the East have always been the big hogs at the trough while agriculture has always been treated like the runt pig. The farmer has been too darned patient, but he isn't going to stand for any more.

We held a meeting over at the schoolhouse the other night, and take it from me, this letter is honey and custard beside the kind of talk we heard. I've never seen any crowd so hot in all my days. Even a meek fellow like Bim Dodd gets up at the meeting and says that he's going to fight for that equalization fee to the last drop of blood. He says that the farmers are equal to the white-collar Wall Street bankers any day and unless the Government pays us the equalization fee there's going to be a revolution, and he's going to lead it.

We explained to him that the McNary-Haugen bill says that the farmers have to pay the equalization fee to the Government and not the other way around, and he acted like he understood after half an hour, but I don't think he did. But then Bim never did get things straight in his life—not even a ten-foot furrow. In the argument it struck me that maybe some of the others didn't know exactly what this McNary-Haugen bill is all about, and I haven't heard one who could really tell me exactly what the equalization fee is. I wrestled with that bill myself for an hour, but I'll bet my suspenders that not more than one or two of the other fellows around here did.

Well, this meeting agreed unanimously that the farmer must have the equalization fee, and that we were going to send a big delegation to Kansas City to tell the Republican Party what would happen if we didn't get it. We've got to have the equalization fee or the whole plan is about as much use as a tractor with the engine taken out. How can you have any stabilization without money to finance it, and isn't the equalization fee the fairest way to do it? It looks to me like the very fact the politicians don't want us to have the equalization fee proves that it must be the thing that we need.

We're going to fight for it. Governor McMullen of Nebraska is right. He says we must arise as crusaders of old and defend our families, property and freedom. We're going to form that living petition of 100,000 souls like he says, all right. For once we're going to turn plowshares into swords.

Sincerely yours,
JERRY HOWE.

P. S. That new piece of alfalfa on your land is coming fine. I guess it will be a go this time.
J. H.

A Field of Oats Near McCanna, North Dakota. The Estimated Yield is Over 75 Bushels to the Acre

CORNWALL HILL FARM,
PATTERSON, NEW YORK.
JUNE 9, 1928.

DEAR JERRY: Your letter certainly gave me a lot of surprises to

(Continued on Page 46)

THE REPEATER

By FRANK CONDON

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

TWO young men sat upon a wooden bench in a small room and stared at an enormous and voluptuous oil painting opposite them. It was the portrait of a horse, leaping in full cry down the slope of an impossible precipice, a white-and-black horse named simply Major, as indicated upon a silver plate. Major, if you do not know, has earned a cool million dollars for the movie concern that feeds him and has a right to be oil-painted and hung in the waiting room for unfortunates to gaze at.

The young men had been sitting for two hours patiently, and the one with the spats and cane, the one with the fawn-skin gloves and perfectly pressed pants, the one with the raven-black hair and the suède fedora with a bright feather—this one glanced languidly from time to time at the other young man as a relief from looking at the million dollar equine.

Sounds of life, and the only sounds, came occasionally from a small window cut in the wall. Behind this window, which was raised two and one-quarter inches, sat a hard-faced, granitic female with glossy hair the color of nothing in Nature. She chewed gum slowly and made sneering remarks into an unseen telephone.

The other young man, the one without the spats and cane, bore evidence about him of being an outlander, a stranger in Hollywood, almost a visitor you might say, and a person of no great importance anywhere. His garments marked him as a small-town man. His expression was blank, and two hours of gazing at the horse had not enlivened it. Upon his knees he held a small portfolio with clasps, which he pawed from time to time, bending upon it the fond eye of a parent.

In the second hour the one with the spats spoke.

"Got a story there?" he asked. The other looked startled at this breaking up of a majestic silence, but nodded.

"Trying to sell it here?"

The one addressed nodded again and the spats smiled commiseratingly. He tapped his cane as if in thought.

"You a stranger here?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said the satchel holder.

"First story for the movies?"

"Yes, sir."

The spats returned to silent contemplation of Major, the precipice leaper, and the other young man clawed again at his reticule and cleared his throat.

"Pardon me," he said apologetically. "What would you ask them?"

"Ask them?" queried the spats, puzzled. "Ask them about what?"

"I mean how much would you ask them for the story?"

"Oh!"

"I wrote it myself."

The gentleman with the feather in his fedora pondered. "If that's the case," he said gently—"if you actually wrote it yourself, I would ask them five thousand dollars." The reticule holder looked aghast. "They rarely pay less than five thousand, and very often ten thousand," continued the informant placidly. "They are rolling in money, these studios."

"Thank you," said the stranger.

The window in the wall went up with a bang. "Mr. Ballard," said the hard-faced female.

"Yes, ma'am," responded the satchel bearer.

"Step this way. Mr. Warren will see you."

A door latch clicked and Mr. Bayard Ballard, of Alabaster, Kansas, walked into the sacrosanct corridors of the large movie concern to sell the owners a story for the jolly sum of five thousand dollars.

"You are to Have Your Chance. That is What I Think of You, Wyncie, for This Drama is the Apple of My Eye, and Into it I Shall Throw My All"

"Much obliged, mister," he said to the spats in parting.

"Don't mention it," answered the one who knew conditions, and he resumed his solitary vigil with Major, the leaping horse that earns plenty of money. He smiled pityingly.

"The poor sap," he said.

Now, as any sane human being knows, you cannot come from Alabaster, Kansas, or anywhere else, stroll casually into the halls of a movie studio and sell them a story for five thousand dollars. The chances are three hundred and thirteen to one that no matter where you come from, and no matter what you have to purvey, you cannot sell it to the movie people; for they are a flinty lot, a case-hardened citizenry made so by years of bitter experience. They have bought more worthless junk than anyone else and they know it. They have callous spots up and down their spinal columns and are suspicious, incredulous and without enthusiasm.

Mr. Ballard, of Alabaster, knew nothing of this. He was young, with the palpitant, round-eyed optimism of youth, and he had come bounding out of the Middle West to make a name for himself. In preparation for a career of art, he had graduated from the Atlas Film Academy, to which he had paid the sum of one hundred and sixty dollars in easy installments and whose diploma he bore among his precious papers.

The diploma stated that Bayard Ballard was a duly accredited author, ready to start functioning either day or night; and if Bayard required further corroboration, he had it in the leather satchel; for he had written a story, a movie story, and the film academy had informed him by mail that his work was a priceless gem.

"Nothing," they wrote, "but great success can accrue to a man who can turn out a story like The Grim Monster."

So here he was in Hollywood, California, where art is paid at the rate of seventeen dollars an hour, double pay for overtime, all the way from the cornfields of Kansas, bearing the precious thing in his leather bag; and now he was inside the studio, sitting at a desk, facing a sad-eyed man named Warren and offering to tell him, in a brief way, just what the story was about.

"Leave it," said Warren wearily.

"Don't you want to hear it?"

"No," said Warren.

"I can tell it to you in ten minutes."

"No," said Warren.

"The film academy ——" Ballard began eagerly, but Mr. Warren asked him as a personal favor not to say any more about the film academy.

"Your address is on it?"

"Oh, yes," said Bayard.

"All right," said Warren. "Just leave it."

"The price," remarked the author, his mind straying to spats, "is five thousand dollars."

"I'm glad to hear that," returned Warren without glancing up.

Two minutes later the young man was in the sunny street, on his way home to the furnished room which was costing him six dollars a week, and which would house him in moderate comfort until the yellow gold of the movies began to flow. It was a side-street room in the domicile of one Mrs. Watt, who specialized in male lodgers, and it contained a narrow-chested bed and a small table. Being a stranger in a strange land, young Bayard used the table, sitting before it hour after hour, writing letters to persons back in Alabaster; and among those to whom he described the glories of the Western state was Miss Hettie Henderson, assistant cashier of the Alabaster Fidelity Savings Bank. Upon his return from the studio he sat down and sent news. He wrote:

Dearest Hettie: I have made an encouraging start in Hollywood, having just this minute returned from the movie studio, where I was treated with the utmost consideration. People out here seem anxious to help me and give me advice. It seems that they pay five thousand dollars for film stories, which is even more than we thought. The Grim Monster is now under consideration by Mr. Warren, one of the foremost officials in the industry, and I will no doubt have further exciting news for you in a day or so.

I think of you constantly and I miss you so much. The day I long for is the day when I make good and when you can come

out here to enjoy this beautiful land. Then we shall begin life together as we have so often planned and my cup of bliss will be full to overflowing.

There was a great deal more in the same tenor, as Bayard had nothing to do until supper. It was the letter of an ardent young male. Later on, in Alabaster, Hettie read it with a fluttering heart and informed the neighbors that her Bayard was doing splendidly in California, as everyone knew he would. Hettie was a bright-eyed lassie, a slim little creature with her eyes upon the future, engaged, you might say, to Bayard, and now waiting confidently for her swain to distinguish himself and send for her that they might be married. Alabaster is a solid and admirable town, and the Fidelity Savings Bank is a pillar in the nation's financial structure; but Hettie knew she would adore California, with its far-flung orange groves and its quaint people in knickerbockers.

Many moons before he departed from Alabaster, and in fact while he was still directing the large affairs of the Alabaster Dairy, Bayard Ballard had completed The Grim Monster, aided from time to time by kindly suggestions from the Atlas Film Academy. It was a war story, a drama of the great conflict, an epic of blood and thrills, with a powerful note of tragedy coursing through it, and as sweet a love story as ever told.

Bayard, an ardent movie fan, had observed the popularity of war themes, and sitting in the Alabaster Regent-Palace, he had often said to Hettie that he could do a war story, and a far better one than some of the halting things they saw.

"But why not write a play?" Hettie asked in her encouraging way. "Or a novel?"

"No," Bayard rejoined; "I feel that my peculiar gifts fit me for the motion picture. I think instinctively in terms of action, and the photodrama is nothing but action."

In the course of time the hopeful and distant film academy, which taught virtually anyone over the age of fifteen how to write for and sell to the movies, surprised Bayard by substantiating his belief in himself. His was, they said in their restrained way, an ideal intellect for the silent drama. In his lessons, passed back and forth by mail, they perceived almost at once that his was an action mind, a mind that beheld everything in movement. They were not usually given to envy, they stated, but were forced to confess, as man to man, that they envied Bayard the future before him in Hollywood. Not in a dog's age, they wrote, using a more refined phrase, were they privileged to deal with a student whose march to movie triumph was so clearly foreshadowed.

True, if Bayard felt so inclined, he might become a successful novelist and he might even do a play that would set Broadway afire. That was slightly problematical; but he was a natural motion-picture man. Nature had made him so, and he could not avoid it; and little as they liked to indulge in praise of a student, they felt obliged to say that Bayard Ballard was one of the extremely few young men in America today who were ready to step into the realm of the cinema and astound a jaded world. Whereupon Bayard paid up the balance of the one hundred and sixty, finished a final copy of The Grim Monster, tied it with a bit of ribbon, bade Hettie an affecting farewell in the railroad station, and started with a light heart for the town that is gradually making America first-page news.

With regard to war stories, as Bayard had often told Hettie Henderson, war stories, when they are good, are very good indeed and a person has no trouble selling them to the movies. The demand for good war stories in Hollywood is as steady and ceaseless as the demand for good underwear or creamery butter. And Bayard's tale of the world conflict was simple but strong, showing up vividly against the background of red strife. It was about a girl, in a way, and yet it was about a man, too, and for a long time Bayard was unable to decide which was the more striking character, for they were both pretty striking.

The man, of course, was a soldier, a private in the ranks—first a coward and later on one of the bravest men in history. The war brought out the good in him and showed him to be a sterling hero. In other words, it was the revelation of the change in a man's character, and when a movie starts off with a weakling and winds up with the fellow a strong, sturdy man's man, then you have something, as the Atlas Film Academy pointed out along toward the sixth payment.

It began—Bayard's movie—in the small town of Solvang, Rhode Island, with the war fever raging, soldier boys going away on trains, and pretty girls weeping. One of the Solvang young ladies stood pathetically aside, pushed out of the excitement, for she had neither husband nor sweetheart to send over there. Her name was Gladys, and being a sensitive soul she suffered intensely, for the other ladies sneered at her and openly made remarks reflecting upon her patriotism. So Gladys—full name, Gladys Hupp—took to hiding and sneaking down side streets to avoid the patriotic women of Solvang. She was quite pretty, which made it all the worse; and as the days passed and the taunts continued, the suffering girl finally decided upon a course of action. She stole away from her native town. When she returned, she wore upon her marriage finger the solid band of gold with which women advertise to the world that they have taken charge of a male.

"I am married," Gladys said, holding up her hand.

The ladies of Solvang now changed their tune and admitted Gladys to their patriotic circle, and she began making socks and sending cigarettes to the Front. When persons asked for details the heroine informed them that she had met her soldier lad and married him hastily on the day he sailed with his regiment. This was a common custom of the time, as older people will recall, and nothing was thought of it.

But Gladys was telling a falsehood. She had met no soldier boy at all. She was still as unmarried as George Ade. What she had done was to pick up a newspaper containing names of departing soldiers and select a name from the lists.

The name she chose was a modest one—Peter Barnes. Now, back in Solvang, she was outwardly Mrs. Peter Barnes, with a husband in the trenches, and the women of the little town made her secretary of something.

Peter Barnes, according to the story, was at first afraid of everything and declined to go over the top with the boys. Subsequently he became a brave man, and on that day he crawled out of a shell hole, attacked the German Army single-handed, wiped out machine-gun nests, killed dozens of the enemy and returned to the lines with thirty-six captives, and his heroic deed rang around the world upon the wings of the telegraph. Instantly he was the man of the hour and babies were named for him. When the news arrived, Solvang seethed with excitement. Gladys was lifted to the spotlight and photographers came in on every train. Not knowing what to do, she decided to go on being Mrs. Pete Barnes.

(Continued on Page 166)

That Was the Night Bayard Appeared in His First Suit of Evening Clothes, and He Moved With the Conscious Stride of Success. He Felt the Warm Glow of Achievement in His Blood and He Looked About Him in Pride

IN THE HOUSE OF WA LEE

The Man Who Talked

By DOROTHY BLACK

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

WA LEE was giving a garden party in his town house. He no longer lived in the derelict green-tiled palace out by the lakes, because it had begun to tumble about his ears. The previous monsoon, part of the turret had come down, and it was certain now that, given anything of a gale, the remainder of the house of Wa Lee would dissolve in a mass of ruins.

He kept his market garden there. Also certain people still came after nightfall and there would be the sound of feet on the ancient wooden floors and lanterns a-dancing in the windows. All Wa Lee's businesses, both official and unofficial, prospered marvelously. Now he was a very rich man.

But ever, in the middle of the most sumptuous feast or the most melodious music, or when the dancing girls whirled before him in gyrations of color and light, there came into the eye of Wa Lee a strange expression. His manner became absent, restless and uneasy. He would look round with blazing eyes here and there among his guests, or wander among them, his hands tucked into the wide sleeves of his Chinese coat, as if he looked for someone—looked for someone who did not come.

Upon the green lawn of Wa Lee's town house many cane chairs were assembled under a galaxy of colored fairy lamps. Presently they would be lit up, yellow and green and blue. There was a band playing English music and another band playing Chinese music. The European community was well represented and the Commissioner and Lady Paravane were expected at any moment.

It was the Chinese New Year. Other Chinamen let crackers and bombs off by the dozen to celebrate the feast, but Wa Lee, being a rich man, let them off by the barrel. Night, all around the town house of Wa Lee, was hideous and jubilant with noise.

Within, the house was furnished in the good taste of about fourteen different periods, from Ming to late Prince of Wales. But Wa Lee had little pleasure in all this splendor. His wife was dead and both his children had left him. He was a lonely man, for all there lived with him his two great friends, Vital Das, failed B.A., and Simon, who was an outcast. They, too, had fallen on good times. They wore smart clothes and European shoes, and possessed watch chains.

In their eyes, too, there was ever that strange uneasy expression, as if they went in terror of one who did not come, but one day would come.

Before the party commenced, Wa Lee spoke to Vital Das in his own tongue, saying, "Remember to watch for him."

"Am I the one to forget?" said Vital Das with gloom.

"It is on an occasion like this he would be most likely to return."

"I know him and his ways well, the braggart."

"Search well the face of every stranger. That one is past master in the art of disguise."

"I would not miss him, for is he not taller than men of his kind and has also a fine nose like a bird's beak? Have no fear, he shall not pass me, Chinaman."

"If you spot him, tell me at once and we will take him. Quietly, if possible, but at all costs. For I will have vengeance of that one who killed my daughter before I die."

Vital Das said, "He will come and we shall get him, without a doubt. And he will come on a night like this. Of that I am quite sure, knowing him." This he said merely to cheer the Chinaman. In his own heart Vital Das had never in his life been sure of anything.

Wa Lee went off to meet the commissioner, who arrived at that moment. Vital Das stared after him, his mind for the most part a complete blank.

The Commissioner and Lady Paravane shook hands with Wa Lee and were escorted to a raised dais in the middle of the party, for Wa Lee was now a wealthy man who gave large sums to charity and was liked and respected by all. Many Europeans and high-placed officials came to his parties and discussed politics with him, and the sad state of affairs in China, and the ruinous effect this had had on trade, and the trouble the opium runners gave to the police.

Wa Lee listened gravely, his hands in the sleeves of his wide Chinese coat. He spoke little, but whatever he said was of sound portent, and such advice as he gave on these subjects was usually taken.

Vital Das remained on the outskirts of the party, alone. He was never at home with the people they now mixed with and all he wanted was peace. But Simon took to the social life. Now that he had good clothes, European boots and a watch chain, he knew that he was as good as everyone else, if not rather better, and his manners, bad and tinged with insolence, made him the least liked of the three men.

"You have a beautiful house here, Mr. Wa Lee," said Lady Paravane.

Wa Lee nodded gravely. "But of what use is that to me, because I am all alone?"

"We were deeply shocked to hear of that great tragedy," said Lady Paravane gently. "Your son too. You have been very, very unfortunate. You still hear nothing of him?"

Wa Lee said softly, "I hear nothing of him. I do not think I shall hear of him ever again. Not ever again."

"But one must never abandon hope, must one? Such unlikely things do happen, and people one has given up as lost for years sometimes come back after all."

Wa Lee straightened himself suddenly and his eyes grew round and hard. He looked this way and that way among his guests, swaying in his seat like an eagle in search of its prey. Lady Paravane regarded him uneasily and felt uncomfortable.

"Yes," said Wa Lee, "that is just it—they come back when least one expects them. Often cleverly disguised. They come back." He gave a sudden start, as if pulling himself together with an effort. He turned to her. "I beg your pardon. My mind wanders, you see. I am an old man and have had plenty of sorrows and troubles. And I think of Maung Maung, the one they called Mad Dog, and that one day he will come back."

"But surely," said Her Ladyship gently, "he was hanged, Mr. Wa Lee. He paid the penalty of his dreadful crime."

Wa Lee stared at her, a vacant look in those brown eyes of his. He said slowly, "Yes. I forget. He paid for his crime. I am old man and I forget."

And he said no more, looking here and there among his guests with restless eyes, as if seeking for someone—someone who did not come.

"Really, dear," said Lady Paravane to her husband as they drove away early, after the prerogative of commissioners and those in high places, "that poor old man is almost out of his mind. I cannot tell you the nonsense he talked to me. He appeared to be expecting Maung Maung, who was hanged last year, to come to his party."

"He was very much upset at the loss of his children. After all, that is enough to unhitch a man's mind a little."

"Who are those strange friends of his, the Baboo gentleman and that other man?"

"I don't really know. Vital Das comes from Bengal, I suppose. And the other fellow from the Lord knows where. But they are good chaps, I believe. Influential in the town. They want Vital Das to stand for the legislative council. He has a large number of supporters."

Lady Paravane said suddenly, "I can't bear any of them."

"My dear girl, why do you make an extraordinary statement like that about our most prominent citizens?"

"Because it's true. I can't. They all three give me the creeps."

"You women," laughed the commissioner, "with your creeps and your what nots. It's a good thing you don't govern the land!"

Meanwhile, in the garden of Wa Lee's town house the party progressed gayly. The dancing girls twirled and screeched under the fairy lamps, the two bands played with never-ceasing conscientiousness. There were refreshments of every kind and description, also a whisky-and-soda bar, and champagne for the European guests. Simon had not tasted champagne before, and he discovered that he liked it. It gave him a good, warm, brave feeling. He walked about, important, his chest puffed out. Was he not as good as anyone there present, if not better? He had some more champagne. The fairy lights swam together beautifully, in a dream of a rainbow.

Wa Lee, watching from afar, said to Vital Das, "That one has been drinking, and when he drinks he talks. Have him watched."

Then he went away, his hands in his wide Chinese sleeves.

The commissioner's place on the dais was occupied by Alec Jones, the young policeman from the district. He sat there alone, smoking a cigarette and wishing with all his might that he knew just what went on behind the face of Wa Lee—the still, expressionless face of Wa Lee that was like a piece of carved ivory. Alec Jones had had his suspicions for years about Wa Lee, but suspicions without evidence are, to a policeman, as much use as a motor car without wheels. That there was something behind the disappearance of David Wa Lee, Alec Jones was pretty certain. He had laid trap after trap for the Chinaman, and the Chinaman walked round them delicately, like a cat, and smiled and wrung Alec warmly by the hand and hoped he would come again.

"That Man Has Spoken With the

Yet the young man never quite gave up hope. When he saw Simon coming toward him unsteadily, all ginned up on the European visitors' champagne, he saw a method of approach in a fresh direction.

"Good evening," said Simon, seating himself somewhat unsteadily in Wa Lee's empty seat. "Very fine party, what?"

"Very fine. I am enjoying myself very much."

"That is good—good. You will have some more drink? A cigar? A cigarette?"

"No, I will just have a talk with you." Simon leaned back in his place, flattered. He liked to be seen sitting in raised places, talking with policemen. "Heard any news of David Wa Lee yet?"

Simon shook his head very sadly. "No. No. We never hear anything."

Alec Jones said, "I have always felt that you are the one person who could help me to find out what happened to him."

Simon, gloriously drunk with champagne and vanity, said, "As for that, of course you are right, but you must understand that it is all very difficult."

"I am sure it is very difficult indeed. . . . Here, boy, give this master another drink. Some more champagne."

Simon took the glass unsteadily. The wind was rising. In the garden the fairy lamps swung about like stars reflected in a river, all assisting at the unsteadiness of Simon's state of mind.

A dancing girl appeared from nowhere. She seated herself at the outcast's feet and began to comb out her long black hair, laughing up at him. He did not notice her.

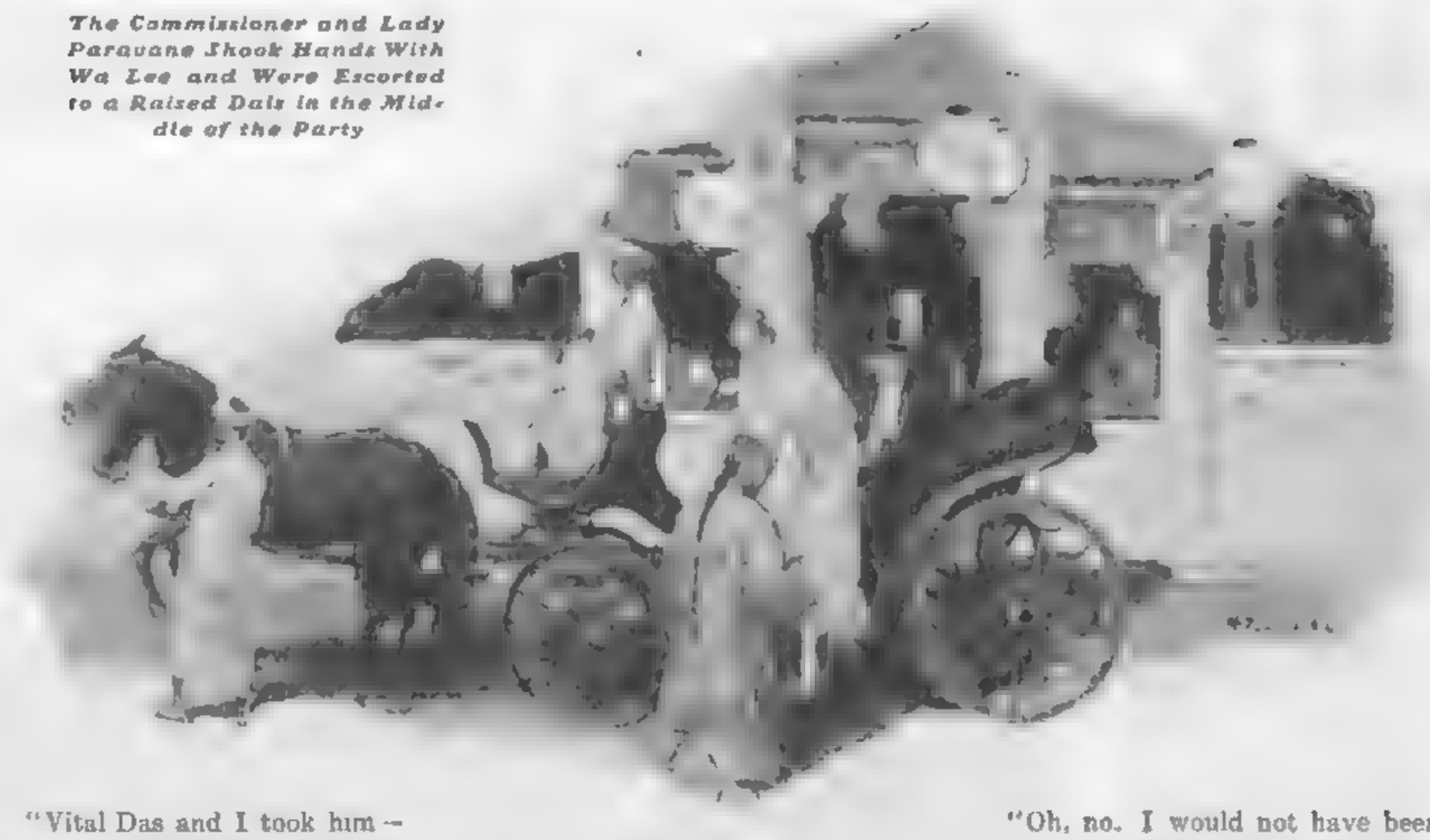
"It is very difficult for me," said Simon, not steadily, "being, you see, partner along with Wa Lee. Otherwise I would have told about it before—long before."

"David was a friend of mine," said the policeman, drawing a bow at venture. "A good boy. I was fond of him. Too young to die."

He watched the outcast closely.

"Too young," said Simon, growing maudlin, "to die."

"You took him to China, didn't you?"



The Commissioner and Lady Paravane Shook Hands With Wa Lee and Were Escorted to a Raised Dais in the Middle of the Party

"Vital Das and I took him—'as far as the islands. That was all. What a sea that is! All full of islands and rocks—thrown about like lumps of cake. And the sharks all over the place. Like pariah dogs, I tell you. Poor David Wa Lee!"

The policeman sat motionless, watching him.

"It cost Wa Lee a pretty penny, that. But, you see, the boy knew too much. That was the trouble. He wouldn't settle down. He talked. Dangerous thing—talk. So Wa Lee sent him to the islands. His friends came off in a sloop. The boy fought like a wild cat. A good boy. A good boy. Poor David!"

"Did they kill him?"

"Oh, no. I would not have been a party to any killing. It is not my custom. When he fought they tied him up in a sack—a gunny bag. They tied it round the neck with a rope—to move him from one boat to another. What happened, you see, was an accident. Only that."

"Tell me what happened. David was a friend of mine."

The outcast's head fell forward. He was bemused and befuddled and half asleep.

"The sack," he said, "fell into the sea. That is a sea! All full of rocks, like lumps of cake. And sharks, like pariah dogs, so numerous are they. But of course it was an accident. And being in a sack, you see, it was difficult."

His voice trailed away. He slept.

The dancing girl arose, swung back her long black hair and disappeared into the crowd. Alec Jones sat very still for a moment. Then he passed his handkerchief over his forehead, which glistened wet by the light of the colored lanterns on the lawn.

"God!" said the policeman under his breath. He got off the dais and went quickly from Wa Lee's garden party, leaving by the front gate. As he left, a motor car started up behind the house. The wind swept the garden again, setting the fairy lamps dancing and swinging, like stars reflected in a river.

Wa Lee came to Vital Das and spoke to him in his own language.

"We must act very quickly," he said, and his thin lips shook. "That man has spoken with the policeman when drunk. There came one who told me of it. And he has said certain things to the policeman, you understand?"

Vital Das stared at him, growing slightly liver-colored. "What sort of things has this one said?"

"Never mind. You must act at once. I have always feared that one. A man of no tradition. You are my one good friend."

"I will take hand at no killing, mind. I have myself to think of, and must keep the cat in the bag at all costs."

"There is no talk of killing. Take him and tie him and leave him tonight in the palace. Look, the wind rises even now. Given a storm, we may have nothing more to do. But supposing the palace stands, then I will go there myself in the morning, and it will be nothing to you."

"But what of this policeman? If he has been told things, will he not use that as evidence against us, unless you can nip it in the bud?"

Wa Lee said, "The policeman has been nipped in the bud. Go, and waste no more time."

It was not difficult to remove Simon in the motor car. Vital Das bound him in an upper room of the derelict palace out beside the little lakes. The wind was howling now and the trees threw themselves about, heralding the storm. The crazy walls and tumble-down buildings of the palace rocked and creaked in a manner that made Vital Das very glad to be out of it. He wondered whether Wa Lee had removed his valuables from the strong room under the floor. He must ask him.

Vital Das did not return to the party. He was tired. He went to a lodging house he knew of in China Street and spent the night there.

(Continued on Page 131)

Policeman When Drunk. There Came One Who Told Me of It"

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

IX

By Eddie Cantor

As Told to David Freedman

IT WAS surely no well-formed plan that urged me on to the stage. I simply followed my nose, and I had a substantial one to follow. Nowadays, with all this higher cultivation that our eyes and ears get through radio and phonofilms, we don't appreciate our noses enough. We imagine all they're good for is hay fever. Some of us think our noses are only ornaments and try to remodel them. But for sensing the general direction of life, give me a good old reliable sniffer every time. If you're lost in a thick black forest with a thousand tangled trails, a telescope and field glasses are about as useful as a bathing suit on the Sahara or a ton of bricks on a parachute, but the old Indian pathfinder with nostrils like an English pointer never goes wrong.

And at this stage of the struggle I was tangled up in a lot of trails. The ancient prophets were fortune tellers compared with the prophets of Henry Street. According to them I was engaged to Sodom and married to Gomorrah and the least they expected of me was to become a train robber. If I went on the stage I'd be lost. If I didn't sell neckties I'd be lost. In fact, if I didn't do a thing I'd be lost.

Eddie Cantor and Clara Bow, Who Appeared Together in the Picture Version of "Kid Boots"

The thought that I would have to pursue my career in secret made it the more enjoyable. David Tobias' ultimatum still echoed through my mind: "Either forget about acting, or Ida will forget about you." That made the stakes very high. I promptly forgot the warning and set to work. There was a People's Vaudeville Company in those days, with a chain of four third-rate houses distributed evenly on both sides of the Jersey ferry—the Lyric in Hoboken, the New Lyceum in Elizabeth, the Royal and the Lyric in Brooklyn. The company also ran a Sunday concert show each week at the West End Theater in New York. It was a modest, struggling amusement circuit organized by a former furrier called Adolph Zukor, another furrier known as Marcus Loew, who had previously conducted a penny arcade with David Warfield, and two ex-drug clerks, Joseph Schenck and his brother, Nicholas Schenck. These four partners, newly recruited to show business, had little money and less experience, and were mainly backed by enthusiasm. Still, they managed to get on in the world.

Eddie and Mrs. Cantor in 1914

The last I heard of them, Marcus Loew was still in the vaudeville business until his untimely death a year ago, and according to reports he had not done so badly. His enterprises had run into many tens of millions. The Schenck brothers had developed into the astutest showmen of America. One of them had married Norma Talmadge and headed the United Artists, while Adolph Zukor was making a fair living as the president of Famous Players. In fact, in 1926 when I met him again, he thought nothing of paying me a hundred and fourteen thousand dollars for eight weeks, or nearly fifteen thousand dollars a week for my part in the filming of Special Delivery. But in 1909 the four of them thought it a pretty big investment when they signed me up for four weeks at twenty dollars a week and they were careful to stipulate that the contract was effective only if my first performance at the Lyric in Hoboken met with their approval. Joseph Schenck came over expressly to watch me on the opening night, and fortunately he was so impressed that I played a full week at each of the four houses and was permitted to play the circuit again provided I could change my act.

"It's a limited circuit," Schenck explained, "and we never book the same act twice in one season, but if you'll get up an entirely new line of patter and gags, we'll let you on again."

"That's fine!" I said eagerly; but it wasn't fine at all. From the time my impersonations had scored in Miner's burlesque, I had painstakingly added bits to my act until now I saw no way of changing a single word of it. On the other hand, I could not surrender this rare opportunity to play the circuit again. It meant another four weeks' pay. I went to the dressing room that I shared with a couple of acrobats and a bird whistler and stared glumly at my image in the glass. I saw my opportunity slipping and myself back on the fateful corner of Henry Street, out of a job once more.

Ann Pennington, in 1918

It would be hopeless to change my act. It would mean the gathering of new material, selecting and perfecting it, spending weeks, maybe months. All the jokes and smart lines I used had been borrowed from headliners of the first-class houses. If I borrowed new stuff it might not be so good. I had already helped myself to the best. There was only one chance—if I changed my make-up. A mere facial disguise might disguise everything. With a different make-up and a different delivery, even the same lines would sound different. Great idea!

But unfortunately I knew little about the art of make-up. It was easy enough to smear a healthy tan over my face and flourish an eyebrow pencil, but to make a beard look like a natural growth instead of a horse's tail, or to draw skillful lines and create fine facial effects like a Hamlet or Othello—that was out of the question. Besides, it would kill my act. I sat in a blue gloom, toying with a piece of burnt cork that I'd picked out of a charcoal can on the make-up shelf. I tried a few dark lines around the mouth and they only made me look haggard. I tried to wipe off the marks and they spread. My eyes fairly popped out of my head. I had it! Quickly I rubbed the cork over my cheeks, my brow, my neck, my ears, leaving an oblong of white skin around the lips to exaggerate their thickness. I was covered completely with burnt cork, as shiny as a lump of coal. Black-face!

My eyes glistened, my teeth gleamed, and because I feared to get the cork dust into my eyes, I amateurishly left large circles around them; but out of this blunder was born a new idea. I decided to cover the fault with a pair of white-rimmed spectacles. The spectacles gave me a look of intelligence without straining my face. Unwittingly I had added an intellectual touch to the old-fashioned darky of the minstrel shows. By putting on glasses the sooty spirit of the cotton fields was brought up to twentieth century.

At first I dressed in a battered high hat, a loose-fitting secondhand Prince Albert and huge pancake shoes, but later I brought my negro friend up North and tailored him nattily in a wasp-waisted coat, white socks and patent leathers. There was just a trace of cotton fluff in his ears, but the night-club rhythm danced in his eyes. I leaped with both feet into the new creation.

Hiding behind a black mask, I got the booking for another four weeks on the same circuit. That was easy. And the audience, like Schenck, accepted the same act in black-face as a new sensation. Afterward I dressed as a Dutchman and finally as a Hebrew comedian, and each time my booking was renewed, though the act was identical and every line unchanged. I played the circuit so long that the audiences began to learn my jokes by heart. But Old Black-Face, caught in a moment of perplexity and soon discarded, returned to serve me and lead me on.

I had worked steadily now for sixteen weeks at twenty per. This news reached home. The big city, cosmopolitan as a whole, is provincial in every part. Henry Street was like Squeedunk. Becker's candy store on the corner was like Squeedunk's country store. I was making good in my home street. Benny and Jonah and Danny and Ira had heard all about me, and my fame had spread from the West End to the East End.

Of course, I was only a small-timer, but the boys were loyal to home talent and made a big-time fuss. Besides, I wasn't squeamish or bashful about my work and could be called upon to give a performance at any moment—in the candy store, in the hallway, in the middle of the block.

One Sunday Henry Street needed somebody to be proud about. A neighboring but rival village called Jefferson Street was welcoming one of its famous sons. Roy Arthur had achieved greatness as a member of Bedini and Arthur, a team of jugglers and travesty artists that played the top-line theaters, and when he descended to the slums to visit old friends, the haughty Jefferson Streeters paraded their man of renown along the length and breadth of Henry Street.

Henry Street, deeply humiliated, almost buried itself with shame in its own ash cans, for it had no one worthy of comparison. So they trotted me out.

"Go on, Eddie, do your stuff!"

We were on a stone stoop overhung with bedding and the audience jammed the steps, overflowing to the curb. I never took the chance to be asked twice. I cast one swift appraising eye at Arthur and went into my act as if he and the rest of them had paid for admission. The crowd applauded and cheered lustily. It was a triumph for Henry Street.

But I kept my eye on Arthur. What would he say?—the star from a top-line theater. He only nodded, smiling perfunctorily, and talked with his friends of other things as if to say "We'll let that pass." But before he left he turned to me and said casually, "Drop around sometime next week and look me up at Hammerstein's."

"Next week?" I thought. "When is next week? Today is Sunday. Tomorrow will be Monday. That's next week!" I was there promptly Monday afternoon, and during the intermission Roy Arthur introduced me to the redoubtable Bedini.

"How would you like to join our act?" were Bedini's first words. I had to swallow a lump and speak at the same time and nearly choked trying to do both.

"How would I like? Say—well—gee—of course!"

"How would thirty dollars a week strike you?"

"Strike me? It would knock me flat!" I failed to say it, but that was how I felt. Hammerstein's was then the pivot of show business and the thought of stepping on the same stage with all the headliners was too much to believe.

"Well, you're hired," said Bedini briefly.

I didn't ask when I'd start. I was afraid he'd say "Never!" I just stayed there. Bedini and Arthur went on for their turn again and came off, and I still stayed there. I expected to get a part at once. I noticed that Arthur made up in black-face, my favorite color, but that didn't faze me and I still stayed there. Finally Bedini threw some clothes into my hands and I trembled in eager expectation. Soon the magic order would come, "Get into make-up!" But he didn't say that.

He said, "When the tailor comes give him these duds to press. I got to wear them for tomorrow's matinée."

It looked as if the whole thing were a practical joke. It seemed that Arthur had told Bedini "This kid is very clever," and Bedini in recognition of my ability, immediately made me his valet. The whole week I never got beyond the dressing room. My part was all backstage. I brought up sandwiches, helped to unpack trunks, looked after the make-up and costumes. But at the end of the week I got thirty dollars. I figured they wouldn't carry a joke to the point of paying me money. Maybe, after all, I was one of the act.

I watched my acting partners keenly, listened to their careful discussion of every piece of stage business, and while they performed I peeked through the wings and wandered into other dressing rooms. I was getting paid to inhale atmosphere. Stage life seeped in through every pore.

Dressing Room Number 9, famous for its size, was the clubhouse of the theater, and here I got a liberal education. For no matter what rooms the actors dressed in, eventually they all gravitated to this one to be with the regulars. Here I saw dice games with all-star casts. The big electric-light names of two decades ago would all be chanting the old spiritual, "Come seven!" while Bedini sat before the mirror bronzing up his handsome face. DeHaven and Sidney, dancers; Rice and Prevost, comedy acrobats; Stepp, Mellinger and King, the Rathskellar Trio, who sang and played the piano; Ferry the Frog, great contortionist of his time—they were all gathered here when Bedini suddenly suggested to them, "I want you to hear this boy and tell me what you think of him." That was the signal. I plunged into my impersonations as I had done on the stoop in Henry Street, but this was quite a different audience. When I finished it was very quiet—and even chilly—in the room. Those who watched me all knew the originals intimately and turned up their noses at my imitations. I had reached Hammerstein's, but it looked as if I would never see its footlights.

Eddie Cantor in Black-face

More weeks passed and I continued backstage. If they'd only give me a chance I felt I could go out there and knock the audience into the aisles, but I was a prisoner in a theater and all doors to the stage were locked for me. I saw actors go on and come off, excited, exhilarated; I heard the applause they received and watched them return for encores, and there I stood right behind the wings, but as far from sharing their life as if I were sitting in the pit.

But down on Henry Street everyone got the impression that I had reached the crossroads of the world.

"What are you doing now, Eddie?"

"Oh, I'm playing at Hammerstein's," I said carelessly.

The Henry Streeters were awed. "What? Hammerstein's Victoria at Forty-second Street and Seventh Avenue? Why, that's the greatest vaudeville house on earth! You're made!"

"H'm -h'm!" I agreed, as if that were a matter of course. "I'm playing with Bedini and Arthur. Why don't you drop in and see our act?"

"We sure will!"

"Watch for me!" I warned them. And they did. They watched till they were cross-eyed, and when I met them again they scrutinized me suspiciously and whispered to one another, "This guy must be nuts!"

"Say, who are you kidding anyway?" one of them sneered. "Maybe you're washing dishes some place, but you ain't at Hammerstein's!"

"Maybe you couldn't see me from where you were sitting," I tried to explain, "but I'm there."

"Then why ain't your name on the program?"

"Oh, that?" I became earnest and indignant. "Did you notice it? Funny thing! Hammerstein has been complaining about that too. He told them they're keeping my name off too long."

"Haw-haw!"

But I had outwaited my ill luck. The next day Bedini told me:

"I may use you in the act." My heart slurred over half a dozen beats as if I were sliding downstairs. I could see myself already in the center of the stage with the spotlight on me, going through ten minutes of rapid-fire monologue.

"You want me to do my specialty?" I suggested, trying to look calm.

"No. You'll just stand in the wings and at a certain signal you'll bring on a plate, give it to me and go off."

"That's all?"

"That's all." *(Continued on Page 149)*

As the Butler in Gus Edwards' Kid Kabaret, 1913

PHOTO. BY WHITE STUDIO

With Clare Luce in a Romantic Scene From the Follies of 1927

A SON OF ANAK

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

A Rubber-Soled Shoe Lay in the Water in the Bottom of the Cockpit, Swaying Soddenly. Bram Pointed It Out. "That's Thad's," He Said

BRAM, in the dory, pulled out of the snug harborage on the northeast side of the Core, to find that the wind was shifting—coming more out of the east—and he noticed this fact abstractedly, with the instinct born of long familiarity with the sea. Wind from the east or from the northeast, in these waters, presaged rain and storm. Bad weather coming. Already the stars overhead were assuming a pallid hue, as though fine mist scudded high across the sky; but this, he told himself, might be the effect of approaching dawn. There was gray in the east, spreading overhead, though dark still lay thick on the water all about.

He had, he presently remembered, left his blankets and cooking dishes and supplies in disorder on the sand when he set out thus precipitately, but he would not go back for them now. Inaction had tormented him beyond longer enduring. He was by this time full of a sick solicitude, thinking of a thousand things that might have happened to Thad, disposing of each one by the tests of common sense and Thad's abilities. Yet he could not dismiss every possibility, for after all, something had happened to his friend—something definite and decisive. Any minor mishap or mischance Thad must by this time have remedied or overcome. And if a more serious emergency had occurred, Bram knew Thad would have sought first of all to send word of what had happened. Thad had always a capacity for understanding the concern of others and anticipating it, and he would never willingly have left Bram in the torment of uncertainty all the long night through.

Bram told himself stubbornly, as he bent to the oars till they creaked, that Thad was all right, that he could take care of himself. "But something's happened—something's happened," he muttered, and bowed the oars with the heave he gave them. Thad might have struck on a ledge or a sandbar somewhere, but in these frequented waters he must have been seen, and help would have gone to him. He might—and Bram considered this—he might have hit a half-tide ledge so cunningly that the rotten old mast of the sloop was wrenched from its step, or a bit of tackle hurled about, or Thad himself thrown forward. In some such fashion might have hurt himself, struck his head; might be lying now disabled and helpless to send any word or with his wits still wandering from the blow; might have been knocked overboard and drowned, without ever coming back to consciousness again. The boom, swinging as he tacked, might have swept him overboard. These possibilities swirled through Bram's thoughts, and he tugged at the oars till he panted and perspired.

Thad had started for Bottle Harbor to find gas, and that was, or had used to be, Bram remembered, a town of rough men. He himself had not landed there for years, but he remembered tales his father used to tell of the granite workers who dwelt there, and their affrays. It occurred to Bram that Thad might have become involved in a fight there, an altercation, a battle, from which he drew disaster. It would be like Thad, he realized, to meddle in some matter that was not his concern—a damsel in distress or a weakling in a bully's hands, or something of the sort. For Thad's ability to take care of himself in a rough-and-tumble, Bram had no great respect. Thad was valorous and wise and shrewd, but also he was small, and a good big man can always whip a good little man. Bram's muscles cracked at the thought, and he muttered to himself. If anyone had hurt Thad and he came upon that individual it were better for the ruffian if he had never been born. But in the meantime, there was no one to fight, no one to punish, no one to blame. He could only row.

He had set out at first with no formed intention, sure only that he could no longer endure to wait where he was; but once in the dory and moving, he began to consider where to go and what to do. He must find Thad, but the bay was wide, and where a fleet might hide the Bargee would not be conspicuous. Thad must have started for Bottle Harbor, and that way lay the best chance of picking up the trail. But it must be eight or ten miles to Bottle Harbor, and the sea was rough and growing rougher; to make the distance in a dory would be a long business. Bram decided to head instead for the harbor on Split Apple, where he and Thad had stopped two days before. He counted on being able to hire there a lobster fisherman whose boat would furnish transportation; thus save the weary hours.

The wind, quickening with the dawn, roused the seas to a malignant opposition; they flung the little dory to and fro. It lifted and slid and bobbed, making such slight progress that in the half darkness it was hard to be sure he advanced at all. The stars now were all obscured. A little to the west of north and far behind him, the light on Eagle Island showed occasionally when he lifted on a wave; the light at the end of Deer Island Thoroughfare was nearer, east of north. He set his course by these beacons. The wind must be sweeping him westward, and there would be a tide current running strong. But it was only a mile and a half or so to Split Apple, and he would be able to see it with the dawn. He rowed in haste and stoutly, and once a booming warned him in time so that he could avoid the breaking water on the outer Serag ledge.

He could see through the gray dawn the loom of the northern end of Split Apple, and he swung to the east to clear the headland. He passed close under the low promontory which fronted there the battering of the seas, and

rounded a spindle a little way offshore, and so came at last into the harbor where he and Thad had anchored the second day before.

As he did so a motorboat—a long low craft with a dingy cabin forward—passed him, and another was picking up its mooring in the harbor. The lobster fishermen were coming in with their morning haul. By the time Bram came near they were tossing their lobsters into the floating pound, to be kept for shipment to Rockland by and by, and Bram rowed the dory toward them and sat with his oars idly moving to hold his position there while he talked to them. There were three of the men—one who received the lobsters and tallied them; the others delivering their catch. It began to rain in little spitting gusts driven by the wind, and the water had a slick and oily look.

Bram called: "Hullo, there!" And when the men looked toward him he asked steadily: "See anything of a fishing sloop while you were out—the Bargee? Got her name across the stern."

The men looked at one another, and then they shook their heads, keeping steadily at their task. Bram persisted.

"I brought her in here Monday night—anchored here for an hour or two about dark. Any of you see her then?"

One of the men nodded. "I see her," he replied. "I was fixing bait when you come in." He looked at one of his companions. "You see her, Joe."

"That's so," the other agreed.

"I remember you," Bram assured the man. His throat was dry. "Didn't see anything of her this morning, did you?"

The man called Joe—Bram thought he might be that Joe Plaice of whom Mrs. Harmon had spoken—showed faint interest. "Why, where is she? Fellow with you, wan't there?"

Bram urged his dory nearer. "We camped up on the Core," he explained. "I went over mackerel fishing yesterday afternoon, and the fellow with me—Thad Gilson's his name—took her down to Bottle Harbor to get some gas. I looked for him back last night, but he didn't come." He added reluctantly: "He doesn't know the Bay. I'm wondering if he's got lost or something. Thought you might have run across him; or I thought he might have put in here."

They were through with their business; their dories drew around him; their faces were blank, yet their tones were friendly.

"Huh-uh," Joe Plaice repeated, "didn't see him around. Likely he'll be along this morning."

Bram hesitated. "I'll tell you," he explained. "I'd like to get one of you men to carry me over to Bottle Harbor, so I can see what's happened to him. I could row over, but it's a long pull. What say?"

They consulted one another with glances, and Joe, who had assumed the rôle of spokesman, made reply. "Guess we could," he agreed. "But Will Whitten'll be along any time to pick up the lobsters. Due here by six o'clock. You could go back with him." He added: "He's got a good, able boat. Get you there about as quick as we would, the way she's breezing on." And he suggested comfortingly. "Nothing to fret about, is there? Nothing to hurt him. Likely he's gone to see a girl somewhere, or something."

His tone was jocular, but Bram knew the suggestion might have substance. He had not forgotten Captain Goodell's daughter. It was possible that Thad, returning in good season, had run into the other end of the Split in the hope of seeing the girl again. He might have put the Bargee ashore there and been forced to stay the night, or to wait for the tide to lift him off. There would be time to investigate this possibility before Will Whitten arrived. Bram considered for a moment.

"I can row right through the Split, can't I?" he asked.

"Tide runs this way pretty strong. This wind, there'll be a swirl in the narrows. Won't be any fun," Joe Plaice advised him.

"I'll land," Bram decided; and he swung toward the shore, and the other men, with no further word, rowed after him. The dories struck the shingle; the men stepped ashore and dragged their boats out of water. Bram spoke to Plaice again.

"You'll see this Whitten, will you?" he asked. "I'm going to walk over to Cap'n Goodell's, but I'll be back. I may want to go with him."

"You got time enough," Joe assured him. "Better'n an hour till Whitten gets here and loads up and all. I'll tell him to wait for you if you ain't back."

"Will he wait if I'm not here?"

"He ain't ever in any hurry," Joe replied, and grinned. "Will'll wait for anybody."

So Bram set out to follow the road across the island to Captain Goodell's house. He walked slowly for a moment, thinking one of the men might be going in that direction, but they appeared to intend staying where they were, so he went on alone. A little way up the road he saw Mrs. Harmon's neat white house with the sign POST OFFICE above the side door; and he remembered the garrulous woman, with a faint grin, forgetting for a moment his concern on Thad's account. It was not yet six o'clock in the morning, and he was the more astonished when, as he passed the house, Mrs. Harmon opened her door and spoke to him, called:

"You're around early. 'Morning!"

Bram nodded. "You're early yourself," he agreed, pausing for a moment.

"I'm up by daylight, the year round," she assured him. "I never was one to lie abed. My husband always said as how I'd get up and get him out of bed in time to wake the roosters. Guess you're as bad."

She might, he thought, be able to give him some word of Thad. If anyone had seen Thad or heard from him she would be likely to know, and he explained his quest to her.

"You remember," he suggested, "the little chap who was in here with me the other night? He started off by himself yesterday afternoon to go over to Bottle Harbor and hasn't come back. I thought maybe he'd put in here."

She nodded vigorously. "I see him," she replied. "I rowed over and climb up in the sheep pasture to pick some blueberries yest'day right after dinner, and I see the boat go down along. I couldn't see only one of you in it."

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"You'll See This Whitten, Will You?" He Asked. "I'm Going to Walk Over to Cap'n Goodell's, But I'll be Back. I May Want to Go With Him"

THE MORALE ARTIST

By Stewart Edward White

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

JIM FORRESTER, white hunter in the employ of Lancaster, Ltd., had drawn a job that appalled him. It was, quite simply, to take a whole moving-picture company to some locality where they could, as P. A. Tinkler, the director, expressed it, film the heart of the Dark Continent. To this end he had brought with him as leading lady Velda Vollmer, who could break anybody's heart; Roy Capello, the great star of he-man drama; and a cameraman named Keegan, who was thoroughly onto his job and—what was more to the point was distinctly onto all three of his superiors. There was also a valet named Roberts and a Russian wolfhound called Fidelo.

That did not look like a very formidable personnel—not on paper—but Forrester soon learned that these people differed in their demands from even the softest millionaires and that it was going to be necessary to pull in several holes in his belt and give his mind, energy and ingenuity to the matter to an extent never before demanded of him. So he persuaded his brother-in-law, Maclyn Keough, to go as his assistant. As Maclyn had but recently married Forrester's sister, that lady, who was nicknamed Kits, had to go too. This annoyed Forrester very much, but it could not be helped. He had a brotherly distrust of Kits; not of her ability as respects African travel, for she had had plenty of experience, but of her temperamental tendencies, which were lightsome and frivolous. He had misgivings and uttered warnings and laments.

"I don't know what good you will be," he grumbled with brotherly candor.

"I'll be your morale artist," retorted Kits sweetly, "and unless I misread this lot, you are going to need one."

II

THE drama to be filmed, Forrester gathered, required game animals; so, after much cogitation, he decided to trek down to the Mara River. That district was a little remote from the usual tourist hunting fields, but Forrester knew it well, and it had one commanding advantage—it could be reached by light motor cars. There were no roads or trails, to be sure, but Forrester knew a cross-country route. The goods would have to be carried by porters, of course, but the whites could go in flivvers. Forrester could not quite see Velda walking—nor Roy Capello, the he-man, for that matter. Riding animals were out of the question because of an intervening tsetse-fly belt. Not the easiest place in the world to get to. Some of the frequented game fields would have been simpler; but Forrester was a conscientious youth, genuinely desirous of doing his job properly, and he considered this the best.

So, in two flivvers and with a long string of porters, they finally cut off from the road end down near Garnett's Drift.

This was accomplished not without some difficulty. The difficulty had nothing to do with the travel, which up to this point was simple and easy, but sprang from the idiosyncrasies of P. A.—Mr. Tinkler. P. A. was an impressionable and excitable person, his imagination always on the hair trigger; and when, on the plains below Mt. Suswa, he caught sight of the kongonis and zebras and the scattering of Tommies, he went wild. This was the first game he had ever seen in the open and he wanted to stop right there and get busy. Kits, who sat with him, had to restrain him almost by force from halting the expedition.

"But there's nothing here!" she expostulated. "Why, this is week-end game! Every shoe clerk in Nairobi motors out here Sundays to take a shot or so. This is nothing at all. Wait until you get to the Mara, then you'll see something!"

The Glow of P. A.'s Revivification Actually Warmed the Whole Camp

P. A. did not believe it could be better than this, but he let it go. And a hundred times a day Kits had to repeat her dissuasion. P. A. was a good director and he had a picture eye, and there was so much that was picturesque—the game, the landscape, the native villages and herds, a thousand things—Kits felt as though she were dragging a small boy past a sweets shop. "But it will be so much better at the Mara!" became her litany. At first this reiteration annoyed her, but she ended by becoming amused and interested. After all, wasn't she the morale artist? It was part of her job.

Maclyn and Forrester were delighted. They had enough to attend to, and by evening they were tired. Around the camp fires Kits held forth. She described for P. A. the high hills and the low hills and the crags and the bush veldt and the grass veldt and the jungle. She told of the Masai, with their circular villages and their great herds of hump-backed cattle and goats, and their shining spears and painted shields, and their tall women with the bright jewelry, straight and bronze and faintly scornful, as might have looked soldiers of some ancient Pharaoh. She pictured the different sorts of game, and their habits and the places they frequented and their numbers, and some of their personal characteristics.

Kits had a vivid narrative and descriptive style. Her hearers listened attentively. To each these things were interesting, not only because they were soon to become a part of personal experience but more especially from the point of view of picture material. And as they compared ideas, they got Kits interested in this side of it, too, and she began to search her memory for suggestions of possibilities.

"There's the swoop of the vultures," she said suddenly out of a short silence one evening. "Something could be done with that, I should think."

P. A. did not click to this bare statement. Kits leaned forward.

"You can't imagine it until you see it. Listen, suppose you shoot an animal. When he falls there are perhaps two or three black specks floating in the sky—that's all. By the time you reach your beast there are several dozen still high up, but hovering just over it; and if you look up beyond them you can see others volplaning down—hundreds and hundreds of others, some of them so far away that you can just make them out. There are so many of them that the rush of air through their stiffly held wings makes a deep humming that fills all space, like wind through a great many telegraph wires, only more so, or like an organ monotone. It's incredible where they all come from and so quickly."

"It must be interesting," said P. A., but without much interest in his tones. "But it doesn't sound like a picture. Think so, Keegan?"

Keegan removed his pipe and replaced it. This was by way of acknowledgment. He knew no reply was expected.

"But wait," persisted Kits. "While the boys are cutting up the meat, the birds gather closer and closer and in greater and greater numbers. There's a crowded compact circle of them on the ground, hopping and pushing and jostling as close as they dare come; and the near-by trees are as full of them as the branches will hold; and overhead, so close that the air is fanned by their wings, hovers and sails a solid canopy of them, so thick you can hardly see the sky. That ought to make a picture."

P. A.'s eyes were beginning to shine reflectively. He opened his mouth to speak, but Kits swept on:

"You've finished cutting the meat and you and the boys move off. You haven't gone fifty yards before they swoop. The ones on the ground hop forward awkwardly and ridiculously; the hundreds in the canopy overhead simply close their wings and drop plunk; those on the trees volplane like arrows; others, sailing higher overhead, drop straight down. The wind through their pinions is a roar like a waterfall. The whole ground around the carcass is a tumbling, seething, jostling, fighting brown mass. And while you watch, within a minute, they begin to draw off; and you will find the bones picked clean—absolutely clean."

P. A. had caught fire. "Wait! Hold on! Look here!" he cried. "How about this? Suppose it's a man who is down—not dead—hurt, or sick or something—and these birds have come. They wouldn't touch him while he was still alive, would they?"

"No," said Kits.

"But they'd come closer and closer as he got weaker," stated P. A., as though he knew all about it. "Until the

Keegan Also Helped, Except at Those Times When He Took Pictures

circle of them was almost within reach of his hand and the great wings fanned him—Lord, what a sequence! Here's what we'll do: Kill a beast of some sort—long shots of the first birds coming down; then a sequence, from the point of view of the man who's sick, of the birds overhead—bring 'em close with a four or six inch lens; shots from the same point of the circle slowly closing in; cut in other shots from the outside—I can see just how it could be done. Close-ups cut in here and there of Roy down and out—struggles to rise—dull horror of the swooping menace through his delirium. Flash back to the birds. How'd we keep the birds from pouncing on the dead beast when we take our long shots? We want them close around, but not actually pouncing on it. Would they come close enough if we left a man with the carcass?"

"No, I don't believe so," said Kits. "But I tell you what will work. We'll tie a piece of white cloth to it—that'll do it."

They spent that evening planning the details, P. A. rising to greater heights of inspiration. He produced a pad of paper and sketched his continuity. When he had finished he insisted on shaking Kits solemnly by the hand.

"Young woman," he told her, "my instinct is seldom wrong. I have felt from the first that you were going to be very valuable to me. This inspiration alone justifies me."

Glowing with the pride of authorship, Kits gave free rein to her inventive faculty. She had further suggestions to make as to the use of the game, not as game in general, but according to the individual characteristics of different sorts of beasts. P. A. listened greedily, asking many questions, making many notes.

"I'm beginning to see it, to feel it," he told them all; "it's forming itself. I can see now that I was all wrong to imagine I could get what I wanted around here."

Velda, too, listened. She made no comment, however, except that ever and anon her eyes would become far-away and dreamy, and she would murmur softly under her breath:

"My Africa!"

"Though how the devil it ever got to be her Africa is beyond me!" commented Maclyn when the three Africanders had withdrawn from the circle. "Look out you don't arouse too many expectations, Kits."

"I'm not. Am I, Jim?" appealed Kits.

"Oh, the game is there," agreed Jim—"and the vultures."

"And don't you think I'm doing nicely?" persevered Kits.

"Well," conceded Forrester, "I must confess you're doing all right—up to now."

"I'm good for morale," insisted Kits; "you know I am. Why, Velda hasn't even once mentioned the lack of her golden bowls of fruit she was always talking about."

"'Bowls of golden fruit,' darling, if you must quote," said Maclyn.

"You're all right," Forrester admitted again.

"That's nice," said Kits happily. "I do love to be popular—even with my onliest brother."

III

AFTER joining up with the porters at Garnett's Drift, the effect of Kits' morale parties became more apparent. They ran out of game entirely and the care-free bowling along on bona-fide roads ceased. But by now, fortunately, Kits had managed to fix the attention of the party on the end of the journey rather than on its present phase. And, as is well known philosophically, since anything outside the attention is nonexistent, the trials of travel became nonexistent, or nearly so. They were so eager to get there that they forgot to be uncomfortable.

This was lucky. The day's routine had to begin now with a very early start. The motors then crawled at four or five miles an hour across country in the general line of route, making as close to the *safari* trail as the nature of the topography permitted. This was sometimes none too close, since often, in order to cross some steeply eroded donga or to make way through intervening hills, miles of detour were necessary. There was no road of any kind, though occasional faint indications of old wheel tracks marked the fact that, roughly, they followed a known route. The going was pretty bad. They bumped and crashed until it was a wonder the light flivvers held together at all. Rocks and ant-bear holes blinded by bush or grass let them down occasionally with tremendous teeth-rattling jars.

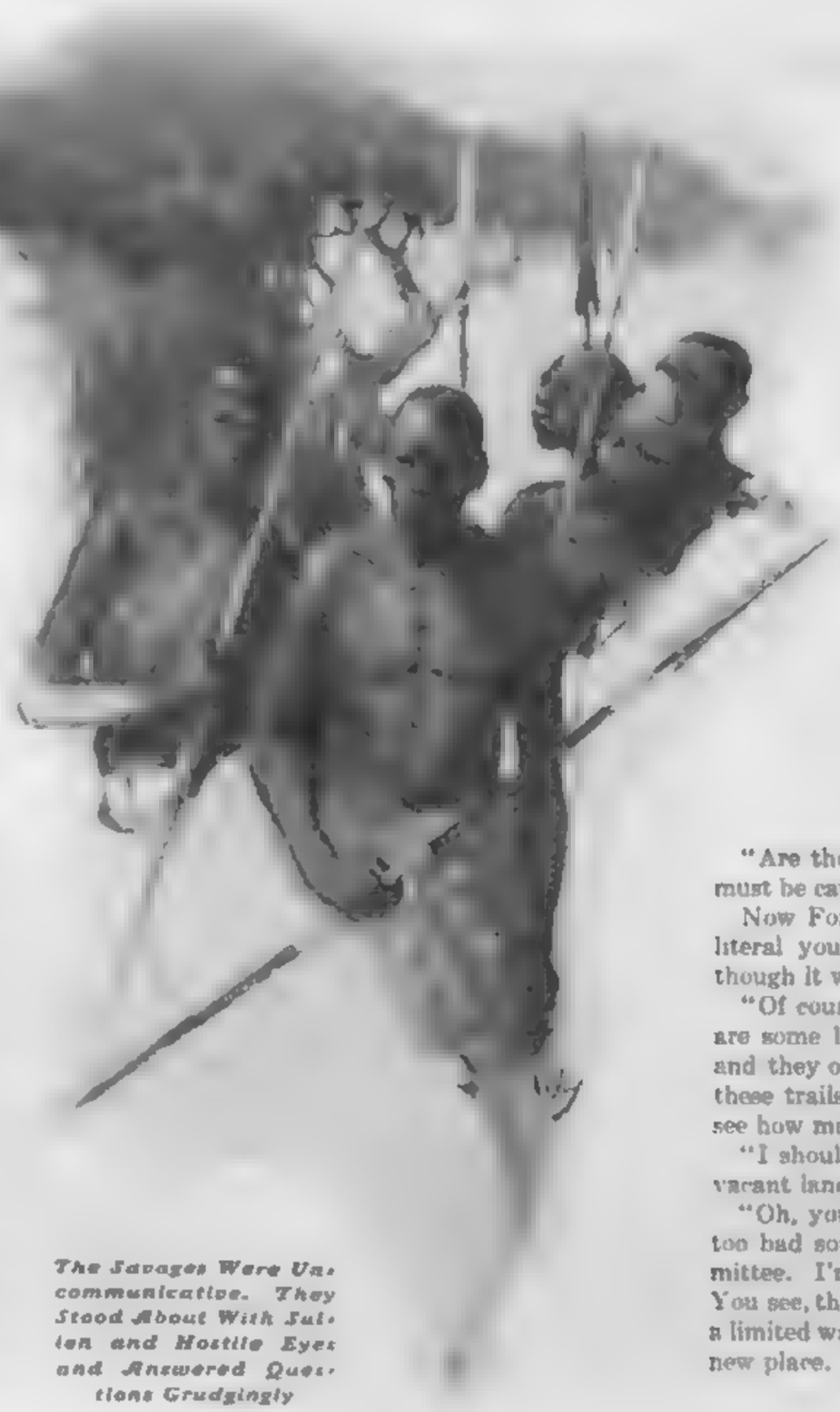
Some of the crossings they made were both fearful and wonderful. It seemed almost incredible that wheeled vehicles could descend so precipitously, and wholly incredible that any human ingenuity could extricate them from the abysses into which they plunged. At such times everybody disembarked except those who drove.

Quite often, even the light personal baggage had to be off-loaded in the bottoms of the dry water courses, and all the white men and the four natives who constituted the crew pushed and heaved mightily to get the cars up to the rim again, one by one. Forrester did not ask them to do so, but P. A. and Roy and Roberts, Roy's valet, turned to heartily. Keegan also helped, except at those times when he took pictures.

IV

ON THE sixth day they emerged from a narrow pass to overlook the Valley of the Mara.

Now in this part of Africa are very few things upon which one can rely. It is a country of the unexpected. But the climate has a certain praiseworthy periodicity. There are at one time of year the Big Rains and at another time of year the Little Rains. Following them, for a period, the veldt is lush and green. Just before them it is parched and brown. Game in any district may be encountered here or there according to these conditions. The herds are migratory, following the best living conditions.



The Savages Were Uncommunicative. They Stood About With Sullen and Hostile Eyes and Answered Questions Grudgingly

Forrester had decided on the Mara because the Little Rains should be comfortably over and the hordes of animals should have invaded the wide valley, returning from wherever they went during the dry season. Forrester did not know where they went then. At that time the Mara itself was known to but few hunters, and beyond the Mara to none at all.

As they topped the pass, Forrester uttered beneath his breath an expression of extreme annoyance. Instead of the anticipated sea of living green, the country lay baked as hard as iron. He looked upon a parched landscape, its open spaces brown among the flat-topped thorn trees, with blue hills to right and left, and a wide fling of space running between them and over the edge of a horizon infinitely remote. At the distance of a few miles, a half-mile strip of jungle twisted and turned like an endless green serpent. That was the only green in sight. Evidently the Little Rains had failed entirely.

The members of the moving-picture company looked a little bewildered. Where was the beautiful Garden of Eden so lavishly promised? Where the ten thousand beasts to be seen at one sweep of the eye?

"Dash it!" muttered Forrester to his assistant. "This is a bit thick! I've been down here at least ten times, and I've never seen it like this at this time of year."

"What are you going to tell them?" inquired Maclyn.

"The truth," replied Forrester briefly.

He told them. The initial statement that this was a dry season was received with gratifying comprehension. These people were from Southern California and understood dry seasons.

"That is the reason the game is not here," he continued. "You can see by the old game trails how many beasts there are when they are using these parts."

P. A. gazed curiously over the side of the vehicle at the deep grooves, like troughs, running across the earth's surface.

"Are those game trails?" he marveled. "I thought they must be cattle paths, or maybe native paths."

Now Forrester was a conscientious and sometimes too literal young man. He made an admission which, slight though it was, later was to have its effect.

"Of course some of them are," he acknowledged. "There are some large Masai *manyattas* scattered in the low hills, and they own a great many cattle and goats. But most of these trails you see are made by wild animals. So you can see how many there must be."

"I should think so," said P. A., gazing out on a wholly vacant landscape.

"Oh, you'll see them," Forrester caught his look. "It's too bad some of the herds are not here as a reception committee. I'm disappointed. I wanted you to get the surprise. You see, these big game herds are more or less migratory in a limited way. They eat off the forage and then edge on to a new place. This lot must work up and down the river. It's

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Velda Had No More Inspirations for the Poems She Habitually Wrote on All Occasions; She Was Uncomfortable and Did Not Care Who Knew It

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Farm Prices and Elections

PRICES in September and October are popularly supposed to make votes in November. Therefore, the fall prices for agricultural products are generally believed to have an influence on elections. That farmers vote according to current prices is, however, too simple an explanation to be impressive.

The fall prices of the present year may serve as illustrations. The price of wheat stands relatively low, due to large crops in the Northern Hemisphere, especially in Canada, and to good early prospects in the Southern Hemisphere. The price of corn stands relatively higher, despite a large crop. The prices of cattle, sheep and hogs stand relatively high—that of hogs having improved substantially in recent months. Thus the Central States have prospects of prices for different products ranging from rather low to rather high.

Farmers are gradually coming to pay less attention to selling prices and more attention to income and to purchasing power. Even a relatively low price for a grain will give a remunerative return per acre if the yield is large. In the aggregate, the gross value of a crop has a more dependable meaning than price per unit of product.

The purchasing power of farm products is now measurable with the use of index numbers based on the retail prices of the things that farmers buy. These comparisons furnish probably the best available indication of the position of producers of a particular crop. What is measured in such numbers is the purchasing power of a stated quantity of farm products. Knowing his yields and his costs per acre, the farmer can measure the return for his efforts.

The purchasing power of farm products in the summer of 1928 was the highest since the collapse of prices in 1920. Based on the average of the five years before the war as 100, the index number of purchasing power was 93, a substantial rise from 85 in 1927. Not merely the changes in buying power for all goods but also for goods of particular classes are measurable in this way. Thus, farmers are able to determine for furniture, clothing, building materials and farm machinery the purchasing power of their particular crops. Naturally, the circumstances will vary somewhat from region to region, but the advantage of such notations is obvious.

Farmers are learning to pay less attention to short-time price fluctuations and more attention to long-term trends. Popular notions to the contrary, we take it that farmers will vote on the basis of long-standing political convictions, and opinions on candidates, rather than on the basis of seasonal prices of particular farm products.

Protectionism at Home and Abroad

BOTH political parties in the United States are now essentially protectionist, the Democratic Party having scrapped, for campaign purposes at least, its historic tariff policy. It seems quite generally taken for granted that tariff rates on agricultural products will be increased when the next tariff bill is passed, and that there will be no party division on this point.

In Great Britain, where the question of tariff protection is now acute, the situation is entirely different. The Liberals stand on the Victorian doctrine of free trade. The Labor Party is inclined to follow a policy of particularism. The Conservatives tend to favor protectionism, called "safeguarding." There is considerable quibbling as to whether safeguarding is identical with protection; the Liberals regard them as identical and we may take their word for it. But the proponents of safeguarding make a sharp distinction between products of farm and of factories.

In a recent pronouncement of the Prime Minister of Great Britain stood the following statements:

> We are pledged, and shall continue to be pledged, not to introduce Protection or impose taxes on food. . . . Safeguarding continues to be our policy. . . . No manufacturing industry will be debarred from presenting its case before the appointed tribunal.

The tribunal referred to is the commission before which industries must make their claim to be classed as entitled to protection under the safeguarding law.

Cheap food seems to be the basis of British industrial policy. The dominions and dependencies of the empire are as a rule producers of surplus foodstuffs. Naturally they appreciate free trade in foodstuffs. Quite naturally, also, there is revolt in agrarian circles in Great Britain. Indeed, the agrarian crisis in Great Britain since the war seems only second to the crisis in coal mining. What stands out with significance is the fact that producers of factory goods may apply for a tariff and argue their case on the narrow merits of the commercial situation of the product and on the broad merits of the policy of the state, while agriculturists are estopped from applying for protection at all.

Slow Progress

SCIENCE, invention and industry have advanced so rapidly of late that the human race is inclined to egotism. A wholesome antidote may be found in pondering upon the fact that the so-called registration area for deaths is only now approaching completion. At last accounts only five states remained outside the area, either for lack of adequate laws or because of unsatisfactory enforcement. Considering that the Federal Government did not establish a registration area until 1900, and then for only a few states, it is apparent that progress has been made. The birth area, however, is as yet by no means complete.

The United States was the first country in the world to establish a regular system of census taking as an organic part of its system of government. Regular decennial censuses of population have been taken, beginning in 1790, as a necessary means of ascertaining the number of inhabitants for purposes of apportionment of representatives in Congress and direct taxes. This is provided in Section 2 of Article I of the Constitution. But the framers did not have the remotest conception of the necessity of gathering vital statistics, other than as local church records. Not until 1850 was any enumeration of deaths attempted.

As time went on, the necessity of obtaining vital statistics for the whole country was realized, but the census method of enumeration, which is a count conducted on a given day or extending through a brief interval of time, is not applicable to births and deaths. Only a system of registration in constant operation, a continuous recording, is of value in this connection. A Federal bureau could hardly attempt such a task directly; it must be done in thousands of places by the local physicians, midwives and undertakers. But in 1900 the Census Bureau began to receive and compile such data from the localities in what it calls the registration area, which is simply those states which themselves provide laws for collecting the statistics in a reasonably satisfactory manner.

The problem of building up efficient machinery which will be fully dependable from the first step of registration—namely, the physician's and midwife's report—through all the successive stages of treatment in local and state offices and in the Census Bureau, is a very arduous one. Indeed, there is no reason to believe that even now records concerning the causes of death even approach perfection. Medical science must make great strides or else autopsies must become far more common than now, before all the reported causes of death are the true ones.

Yet the census vital statistics are the best we have for purposes of archive records. Another Federal bureau, the Public Health Service, tries to gather for more immediate use data not only on death but on morbidity—that is, illness. It has made an intensive study of all illness for three years in one small town in Maryland. A few large industries supply valuable data, and insurance companies are beginning to publish much information concerning the extent of sickness. But as far as we have been informed there is as yet no such thing as completeness in morbidity statistics for the whole country—that is, for its total population. Secrecy of life-insurance records is breaking down, and the practice of periodic health examinations is spreading. Ultimately we should have comprehensive knowledge concerning the statistics of birth, illness and death of the utmost value in the maintenance of human life.

French Substitutes for Gasoline

SOME time ago in these columns mention was made of German methods for hydrogenation of coal. Coal is carbon, and when it is hydrogenated it liquefies into a form of artificial petroleum. This may then be fractionated and a gasoline is secured for use as motor fuel. The development is of importance, partly as a technical achievement, partly because it is aimed to make Germany free of dependence on imported gasoline. Every country not in possession of native petroleum is trying to find a substitute.

Recently, in France, public tests of various substitute fuels have been held. Laboratory success is one thing, road success is another. The French tests were road tests covering more than a thousand miles. The most interesting of the fuels were not fluids but gases.

Producer gas from charcoal was one. On some cars the gas was made in a small converter attached to the car, which made gas from charcoal as needed by the engine. Simple in idea, but complicated in practice. Peat was also used as a source of gas. Other cars used compressed charcoal gas. Producer gas from other sources, such as water gas, was also used in tanks. Common city gas was also used. Several busses worked on compressed marsh gas. These gases were carried in steel bottles or tanks, such as are used to hold carbonic-acid gas in this country, filled to high compression. Just as Americans years ago used to carry compressed acetylene to run the lights, it is now proposed to carry compressed fuel gas to run the engine.

These experiments are not of sufficient importance to make holders of stock in American petroleum companies lie awake nights. But they hold a large significance for the future. There is much divergence of opinion as to how long our petroleum will last. But eventually, when petroleum becomes scarce enough to be expensive, the substitutes will have their day. Naturally, it is the gasoline-importing countries that have the first interest in substitutes. They do the experimenting and will perfect the new fuels for the rest of the world. Alcohols, products of distillation of coal, hydrogenated coal and various combustible gases are included in the list. The situation furnishes a wonderful opportunity for the chemical engineer. If each country were self-sufficient in motor fuel the commercial picture of the world would be substantially changed.

ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS

By Samuel G. Blythe

GOVERNOR AL SMITH usually doesn't fire until he sees the whites of their eyes. That is what his supporters say. They also say that the governor expects the best visibility as to Republican eyes along about this time in October.

Governor Smith has precedent for delaying his hottest fire. His supporters, especially that group of earnest and opulent New Yorkers who support him so earnestly and opulently, point to his campaign against Ogden Mills for the governorship last time. He let Mr. Mills exhort and declaim and view with excessive alarm certain things connected with the administration of New York State, and then, two weeks before election, the governor began firing, with the very satisfactory result of a rather complete demolition of Mr. Mills' defenses and offenses, and his own election as governor. At any rate, the governor's friends claim such was the case and there is warrant for saying the governor thinks so himself.

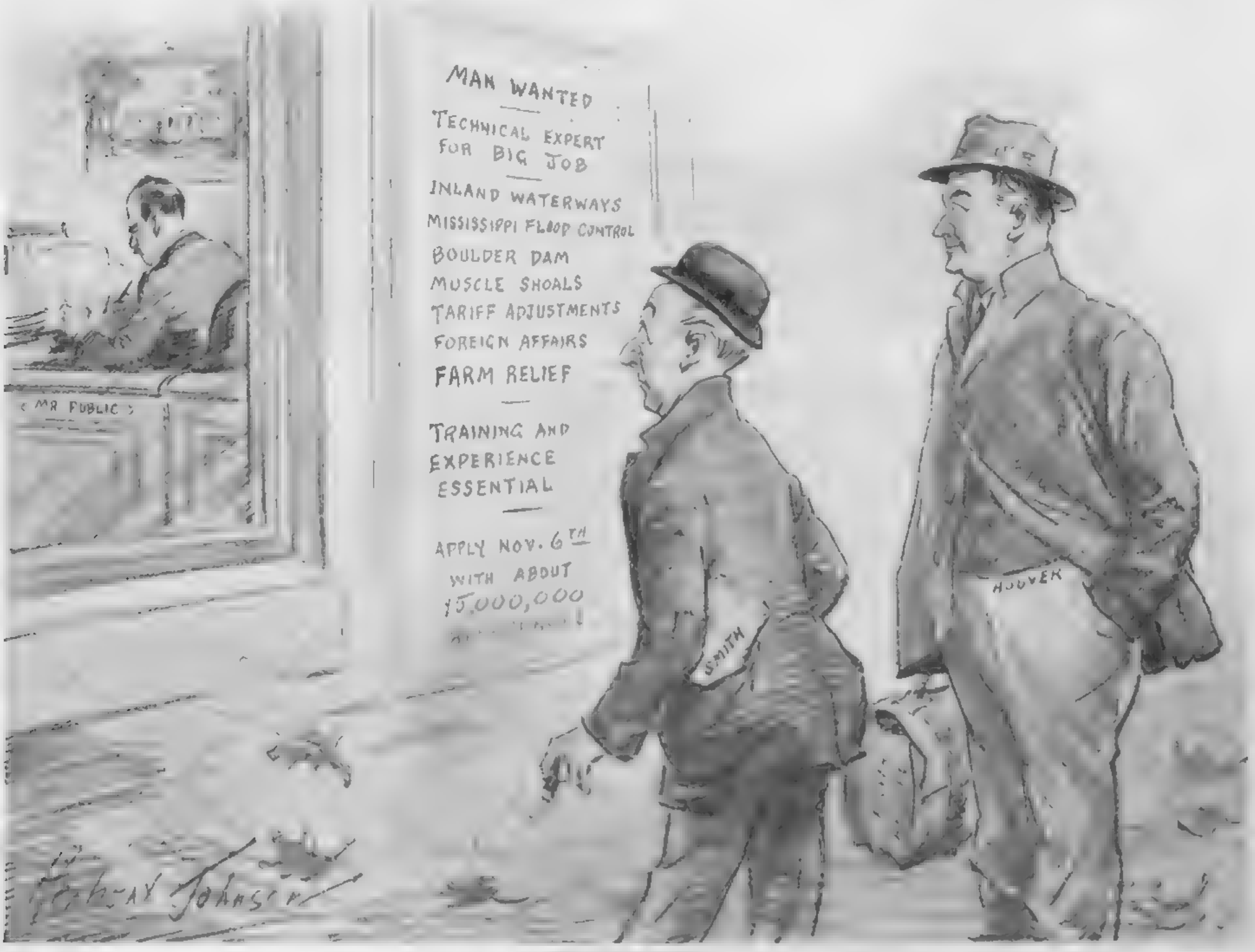
Of course this strategy has heretofore been confined to New York State, and New York State, despite the view of New Yorkers, is but one state in forty-eight—a large and a populous state, to be sure, but only one, at that. In his previous campaigns the governor has extended no farther than Buffalo on the west, for example, and does not know from actual experience how the clamorous climax will work out in Columbus, Ohio, or Indianapolis, Indiana, or Salt Lake City, or Los Angeles. But he has faith. He fervently believes he can put it over.

All these speeches in Nebraska and Montana and Colorado and elsewhere are but preliminaries, though he did cut loose in his Oklahoma speech, and he may decide that the psychological moments come oftener and earlier in a presidential campaign. For Governor Smith isn't running for governor in New York this time, and his opponent is neither Ogden Mills nor young Mr. Roosevelt. It may be—it is just possible—that a biff-bang, soak-him-on-the-snoot, kick-him-in-the-slats finish suitable to a Smith governorship fight in New York will spread out a bit thin when applied to a presidential fight in the United States. Discouraging as it must be, there are so many other states than New York and so many people who are not New Yorkers. Doubtless these speaking trips the governor has been making have enlightened him to some extent on that absurd situation. Mr. Raskob, the genial and affluent conductor of the Smith campaign, has been apprised of it also. He has cut his original estimate of fifty-two states for Smith to forty-eight, and, rumor has it, may come down to forty-seven, now that the returns from Maine have seeped into his headquarters.

The entire managerial, political, official, mechanistic and gimme section of the Democracy has gone entirely cuckoo over the sudden and unwonted affluence of the Smith campaign. What with generous and garnished bankers and such exuding campaign money at every pore, there are fat days ahead for the Democrats, whether they win the election or not.

Small wonder the fellows who have had the meager handouts of the past grow lunatic over the largess of the present Raskob period. They recall the pittances with which the earnest but indigent James K. Jones tried to elect Bryan in 1896 and 1900. They remember the reluctant hundreds of thousands the persistent Tom Taggart sweated out of Belmont and Ryan and Sheehan and a few others in the Parker campaign in 1904, and compare those to the barrel now on tap. They revert to the niggardly sums Norman Mack was able to garner for Bryan in 1908, and to what Billy McCombs and Vance McCormick and George White and Clem Shaver had to worry along with in the succeeding campaigns, and are doped and dazed and delirious over the pleasant prospect. There they sit, up in the big front rooms, Raskob and others, funding and refunding and tri-funding the Smith campaign; and around them and on the floor with them and above and below them sit the boys, with happy grins and eager hands, in rapt contemplation of the dear, delicious dough.

(Continued on Page 181)



THE UNEMPLOYED

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Interesting Facts Concerning Jazz-Age Economics

DO YOU KNOW THAT:

Grandfather's wooden mantel clock, which chose not to run during Cleveland's first administration, has just brought one hundred dollars as a rare antique.

The disreputable 50-cent burlesque show which played one-night stands is now a $6.60 glorification of American girlhood on Broadway.

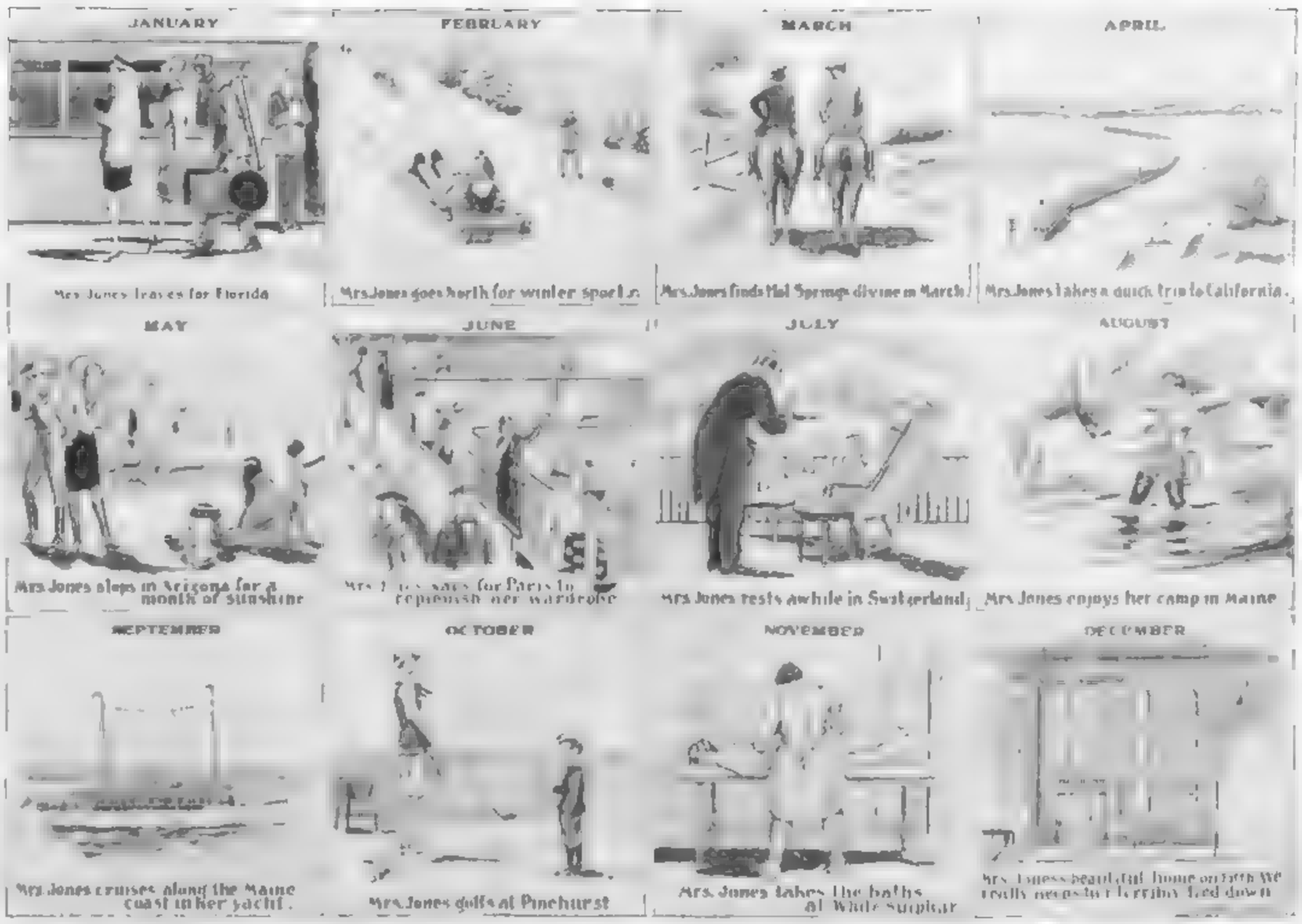
The abandoned livery stable, after a few minor alterations, has become a studio apartment building with a bohemian atmosphere.

The alcohol which was formerly used as fuel for toy locomotives is the principal ingredient of the $1.50 dry Martinis served at night clubs.

The tragedian who left the 10-20-30 cent stock theater to accept a position as a street-car motorman has a son retiring from the movies at the age of seven with a fortune estimated at $1,500,000.

The persons who say "Can a duck swim?" if properly pulverized, would furnish material for a concrete highway from Portland, Oregon, to a point several miles east of Ashtabula, Ohio.

—Otto Freund.


JANUARY
Mrs Jones leaves for Florida
FEBRUARY
Mrs Jones goes north for winter sports
MARCH
Mrs Jones finds Hot Springs divine in March
APRIL
Mrs Jones takes a quick trip to California
MAY
Mrs Jones stops in Arizona for a month of sunshine
JUNE
Mrs Jones sails for Paris to replenish her wardrobe
JULY
Mrs Jones rests awhile in Switzerland
AUGUST
Mrs Jones enjoys her camp in Maine
SEPTEMBER
Mrs Jones cruises along the Maine coast in her yacht
OCTOBER
Mrs Jones golfs at Pinehurst
NOVEMBER
Mrs Jones takes the baths at White Sulphur
DECEMBER

AND SO IT GOES

American Folk Sayings

'TWILL clear if there's blue sky enough to shape
A Dutchman's breeches or an Indian's cape.

When sloops are rowed to port on windless seas,
We call it sailing in a white-ash breeze.

Oak leaf and squirrel's foot should be, we say,
Alike in size upon the tenth of May.

'Tis known from Sandy Hook to Montauk Light
That when the dogwood blooms the weakfish bite.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Country Emulates the City

YES, ma'am, pleased to meet you, I'm sure. So you're one of the new cottagers? You've took the Johnson cottage on the main road this summer, eh? Well, ma'am, make yourself to home here. We aim to please. When it comes to drug stores the city ain't got nothin' on us, whatever. We're up-to-date in ever' particular.

Jest take our soda fountain here—ever'thing on tap, ma'am. Jeststepup. Cold drinks, ice cream, sandwiches.

This here is our circulatin' library. Also we got a nice supply of snappy fiction and magazines, ma'am, suited to the highest or the lowest brow; likewise all the New York papers.

Our flower stand to the right, ma'am—gladioli, one-fifty per dozen, de-livered in a box; other blooms in season.

Yes, ma'am, this here is the kiddies' corner—games, puzzles, balloons and dolls. Ever'thing suitable for a birthday party, ma'am, from the candles to the ice cream.

(Continued on Page 170)

Political-Minded Wife: "Have You Registered?"
Husband: "Say, What's This—a Hotel or a Home?"

BOOM!
BOOM!!
BANG!
THE WHIZ BOYS WILL NOW SING
I CANT HEAR A WORD YOU RE SAYING DEAR!
I SAID WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WOOLFAT BRANDY
Mauzé

The Reason Why the Art of Polite Conversation is Gradually Dying Out!

"It's a meal"
say thousands
of housewives

Vegetable soup as only skilled chefs can make it!

Have you a special soup-chef in your home? A chef whose whole life has been devoted to the blending of fine soups? A chef with the true French art of selecting exactly the right ingredients and then combining them so as to produce the most palatable, appealing and nourishing soups?

The answer is *yes*, you *have*—if you serve Campbell's Soups! For into Campbell's have gone all the experience, all the skill, all the enthusiasm of French chefs famous for their soup-making. Every day they are at your service. Every soup they make proves, by its unique quality and deliciousness, the big advantage of serving soup made by special soup-chefs.

Vegetable Soup is a favorite of yours, no doubt. Well, just taste it as Campbell's make it! They blend fifteen different tempting garden vegetables, broth, cereals, herbs and seasonings, in this one hearty soup. You'll agree it is "different", with a finish and perfection all its own.

Add an equal quantity of water, bring to a boil, simmer for a few minutes. So easy! Yet your family enjoys—and gets the benefit of—as well-made and healthful a soup as could be placed on your table.

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label. 12 cents a can.

Which Campbell's Soups will you get today?

ASPARAGUS
BEAN
BEEF
BOUILLON
CELERY
CHICKEN
CHICKEN-GUMBO (OKRA)
CLAM CHOWDER
CONSOMMÉ
JULIENNE
MOCK TURTLE
MULLIGATAWNY
MUTTON
OX TAIL
PEA
PEPPER POT
PRINTANIER
TOMATO
TOMATO-OKRA
VEGETABLE
VEGETABLE-BEEF

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

WORMS CAN TURN YET

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN A. HARLEN

DELIA PENTZ took her market basket upon her arm and walked through the main street of Yingstown toward the river. She was about to set foot upon the old bridge, when she stopped suddenly and the basket slid the length of her stiffening arm; she ground its handle in her fingers.

Yet the scene upon which her fine eyes stormed seemed peaceful enough. The little valley tipped slightly upward toward the rolling hills like an etching, water colored; thin lines of umber fences were sketched off between wide washes of green fields; here and there were etched sepia roofs and windmills. In the immediate foreground at the farther end of the bridge was a huge oak; huddled comfortably at its base like an aged mushroom was a store building the exact color of the bank from which it grew.

"I am Aged Twenty-Seven," Said Delia Pentz. There It Was; It Was All There if He Could But Have Heard. But He Couldn't; Not Yet, He Couldn't

It was upon a wagon which had halted before the store that Delia Pentz gazed. Its driver lumbered off the seat, lumbered into the store and presently reappeared, his arms laden with parcels. Delia Pentz wheeled decisively then toward the town she had just quit.

At the instant a metallic staccato sound caught her ear. She slowed, hesitated, took a reluctant step toward the river bank. A slight boy was dancing upon the stripped sand beside the stream, a sling shot hugged to his bosom.

"I hitten it a'ready seven, ten, eleven!" he cried, his eyes upon a flattened tin nailed against a tree.

His voice was thin, hollow, with the husk, not the substance of maturity in it; and his elfish face, edged with spritish points of dark hair, had in it also something of maturity unfulfilled.

Delia Pentz stood, brooding upon the boy. She looked well, standing there—a slender blue figure with a fine poise of chin. The locust trees, heavy-sweet with the ecstasy of spring, rained their fragrance upon her; one of their ivory blossoms caught like a carven ornament upon the soft shining severity of her hair. She raised her eyes and they were not so resolute as before; almost she took a step toward the bridge.

The storekeeper was emerging at the moment, one shoulder awry beneath the weight of a sack of flour or some such commodity, which he lumped into the wagon. Delia Pentz made no sound, but her arms rose a little and as slowly fell. If her life and all it held had been a tangible thing and she were sloughing it from her, the falling arms could not have been more expressive. She turned about and went, not with her usual swinging stride but with clipped precision, toward the town.

That evening the storekeeper called. She admitted him through the square room fronting upon the street in which was the meager display of her hats and millinery materials, and they sat down in her small parlor to the rear.

The storekeeper was only slightly taller than she herself; and he seemed, seated, even shorter, for he had not her fine upright carriage.

His eyes were blue and trustfully wide; his hair was fine in texture—one could see him instantly as an infant with loose flaxen curls—his lips were the wide upward-turning lips which speak truth. He seemed always trembling upon the edge of joy.

It was his habit to chirp to her bird when he entered the room, and he had chirped tonight. Delia watched him. He settled always in the green morris chair with a breath of audible satisfaction, and he did so tonight. Delia heard him.

Joel Klarmann straightened slightly, however, so as to withdraw from his pocket a small carton which he extended toward her.

"You feel always for the horehounds," he explained. "This here's a new coughdrop I bought away from such a drummer today."

Delia's hands, stiffly folded, did not move. "I ain't feeling for them tonight."

He replaced the offering in his pocket. "Well, that's all right," he said. His eye still roved pleasantly over Delia's room. He chirped again to the bird. "I come early over a little. For a piece of a visit behind the prayer meeting." That, too, he always said.

"I ain't feeling for prayer meeting tonight," said Delia Pentz.

"Well, that's all right," his lips framed easily again. The full force of her words and of his reply struck him; his head went sidewise a little. "I guess it is anyhow," he compromised with a stern evangelical conscience, and for the first time gazed at her curiously. "Ain't you anything so well or what?"

"Do I ever have sick?" parried Delia.

"But we ain't missed a'ready a prayer meeting this year," his eyes persisted, full upon her.

Nor the year before, he might have added. Delia's hands burst apart like the sudden breaking of a floodgate. She locked them again.

"I bought a pound butter and such cinnamon off Zweiler today," she said.

There was an instant of silence. "Well, that's all right," Joel Klarmann said again, more slowly. "It ain't such a piece-ways for you—Zweiler's."

"I seen Conrad Schuckenburger stopping by your store," Delia went on in the same strained relentlessness.

"Yes. Well?" Klarmann's eyes took alarm now.

"And I would bet you put it onto the books for him again."

Upon such simple statement can the crisis of two lives hang. A red tide of panic leaped upward from Klarmann's heart; his hair looked like silken flax springing from a blood-red field. Formless ghosts of words clapped his lips open and shut soundlessly.

Delia's hands fell apart again; this time she did not lock them. Her entire figure gave way a little.

She spoke now in the ebb tone of finality: "And so ——"

But he could not let her. He whipped suddenly upright. "But you ain't—you couldn't —— Och, Delia, listen on me oncet! Just because Schuckenburger ain't paying me right aways out what he's owing to me, you wouldn't be—you wouldn't be"—his voice trailed miserably—"making so quick about—anything."

"Quick oncet?" The short odd sound which followed her words was a sigh in the husk of a laugh. "Does nine years make quick?"

His troubled eyes left her own; they seemed more occupied for the moment with the room than with her. Was he getting the vague idea that after all this was not Delia Pentz's pleasant parlor, but a—well, a prison in which he had kept her for nine years? At any rate, his eyes for the first time had no joy in them as they rested upon the bird, upon her fluted curtains, upon her bright pictures.

"I am aged twenty-seven," said Delia Pentz.

There it was; it was all there if he could but have heard. But he couldn't; not yet, he couldn't.

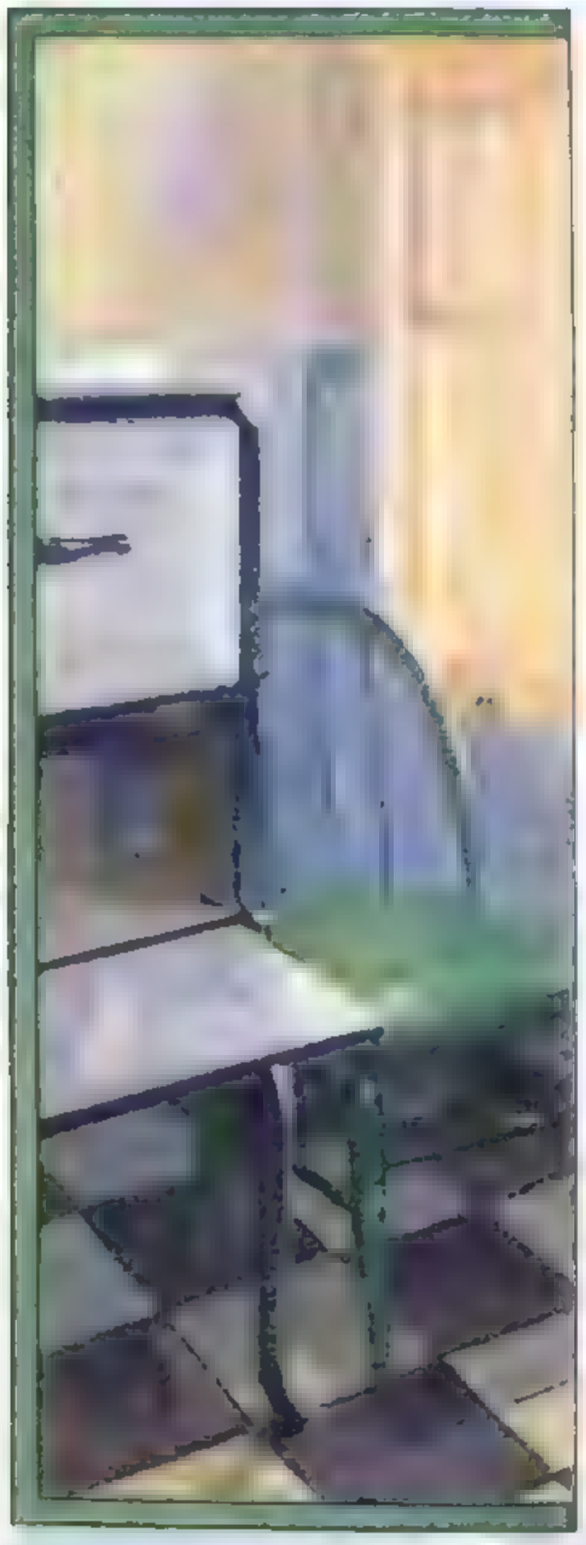
"But Schuckenburger," he stumbled—"he has got oncet again his troubles. His missus went to work and had twins on him again. And Doc he says still he wasn't paid up for the last one, so what could Schuckenburger otherwise do but to pay him out what for cash he could ——"

"And Eli Niggemeyer has got still his floating kidney by him, so he can't pay nothing; and Herman Grubaugh has got to get him a new corn planter or he won't have no crops till harvest; and Israel Klingelhutz, his pigs up and got the thumps for him —— Och, but what does it make to talk? I ain't got no floating kidney nor no pigs—no, nor no"—her voice trembled here—"no twins neither." She hurried on: "It comes to this: You're still a-purfurring to keep half a dozen families on your side of the river in the place of a family of your own, and I ain't a-waiting no longer to be a family I ain't ever going to be."

He could only look at her then; his head moving a little from side to side. She kept her eyes fixed equally on the

(Continued on Page 38)

"Double-action" Sunbrite



Removes Both Stains and Odors

THE stove *will* get dirty. Sticky syrups, heavy greases—everything leaves a stain . . . And almost everything leaves an odor.

Cleaning the stove means, first, scouring the various parts. Second, destroying strong food odors that cling to them. "Double-action" **Sunbrite** will do *both* these things, in just one simple cleansing process.

Scour your gas plates, drip pans and broiler with hot water and **Sunbrite,** rinsing them in clear hot water. Note how fresh and odorless, as well as clean, they are after this treatment. You've accomplished *two* results, with but one effort!

That's the advantage of "double-action." It saves work, time and money. And it does not hurt the hands! Order a supply—today.

Swift & Company

Everything glistening clean in the City of Sunbrite.

QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS FOR LIGHT, FLUFFY BLANKETS

(Continued from Page 36)

bird and on him; her voice was a monotone with no emotional timbre in it. Now that the dam had burst, the waters were pouring out steadily, inexorably. But they would all pour; Delia Pentz was not the sort who could make compromise with life or with herself. These nine years of promise and unfulfillment, so alien to her own strong fabric, had worn at last through the warp of it.

"But it ain't so much Niggemeyer and Schuckenburger and all them others. It's you. It's somepin in you that makes you leave them run you over. I ain't standing up before preacher with any man where can't keep care even of himself. What for a fool I would be anyhow! No, nor I ain't for marrying nobody I can't give my respects to, neither."

His mouth had gone wry as though she had struck him with her open palm. But his voice was as gentle as ever as he pleaded:

"Listen oncet on me, Delia. I guess you have right in faulting me; I guess I am some too soft at the head. And I don't know right why I am that way neither; Pop wasn't—no, nor Grampop. No, I guess they anyhow wasn't, and sometimes I think ——" He hesitated. "It wonders me, anyway, if that wasn't it. I mean—well, that time now when Grampop wouldn't trust old Christian Hutz for the sack of corn meal. I was only nine years aged at the time, and I was standing on the store and I seen the old man's eyes. I seen his eyes a-layin' on the meal. And when Grampop said he had got to have first the thirty-five cents for the meal, it never came a word out of old Hutz. He turned himself around and walked himself out from. And then I seen him a-layin' a week to the day with nothing at the cupboard behind; and I went jumping out from the house and I run myself around and around in such circles and the long grain got me at my feet and tumbled me into heaps and I lay and I couldn't cry nothing. I kept saying, 'For thirty-five cents yet! For thirty-five cents yet!' And I put a deep shame onto my own Grampop for it—yes, if I didn't—and I says that there has got to come out of my blood, I says."

He had risen; he had tramped up and down. He sat down now and his voice fell quiet again: "But I ain't excusing myself nothing. I have suspicioned to myself still that I was too soft at the head. But I ain't going to be no more! I see a plenty now how it makes with you. Listen, Delia. I pass you my promise that I will right away change off my ways. Till the first of the month I will change off to this here stylish paying it and packing it, or what you call it. That is what you want, ain't?"

"What I want ——" mused Delia. "No—yes." Her gray eyes, so clear that as they widened there seemed always a light behind them, looked at him, through him. "No, but it's more. You would be changing off the business just to get me. You wouldn't be changing it off for the reason that somepin in you said it had ought to be changed off. Och!" her arm rocked in impatience. "Don't you see anyhow?"

He saw, for his lips trembled. "I guess it's me." He stared at the carpet. "It's me where wouldn't be changing off any which way, you mean to say." There was a pause. "And yet, Delia, when you was eighteen—that night you said you wouldn't ever be wanting me no different to what I was a'ready. You said you had fond over me because you was thinking I was kind that way."

Her eyes smarted from his then. "A body can be too much anything." And added cryptically: "When I was eighteen I was thinking always I didn't want nothing but the sweets. Now I like sour to my wittles, and plenty of it."

Perhaps he scarcely heard her. He was rushing all his defenses now, as though by mere haste he could override her. "And the boy—you say always you would like to live alongside and help keep care of Osie. And you give me right when I took him off his drunken Pop and adopted him to me. You give me praises them days for being kind. Och, Delia, think oncet the happy we could be, the three of us! That boy is getting that smart you wouldn't believe. He ain't near the loony that folks ——"

"I do believe!" she cut in, and there was pain in her short cry. Her eyes fell to brooding once more, as upon the river bank. Her arms moved in soft restlessness, as though she would draw to her bosom a spritish head.

She got to her feet and stood flatly upon them. "No!" she said to herself rather than to him. "No. I'm going."

"Going?" He sprang wide of his chair then and stood facing her, all of him demanding, all of him commanding. "You don't mean—you couldn't be—leaving away from here? Not leaving?"

Yes, she was going, she told him. For months she had been thinking of it. She could get a position in that factory down the river where they made the fancy dishes. Her millinery? Oh, she was tired of that too. Her cousin Mehitabel had always wanted it; let her step right in and take it. What did it amount to anyway, with half the women in the town turned plain? Let her put a hat in the window with more than a black ribbon upon it and what did she get? Sharp looks and sometimes a stab of the tongue.

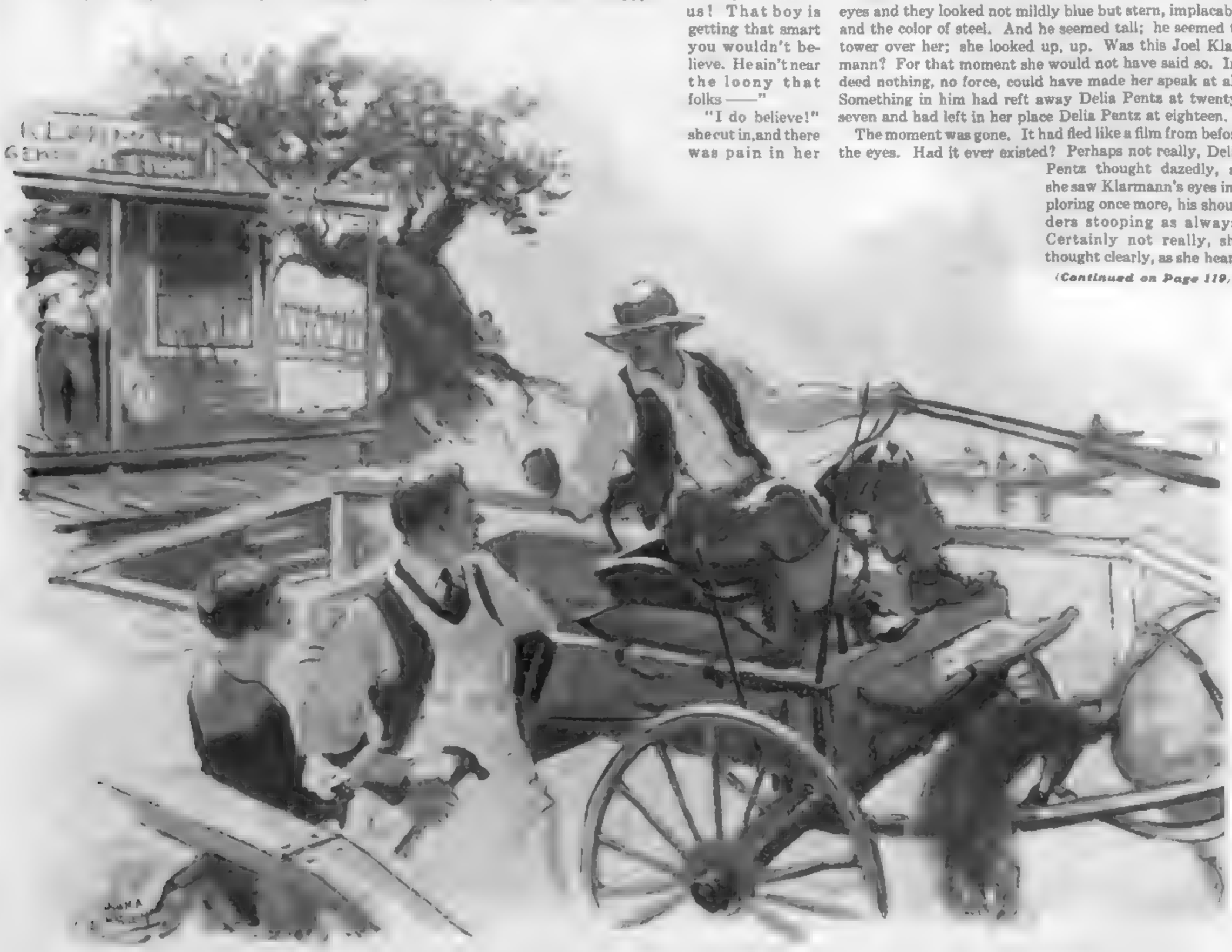
"And two weeks back, when I put out a hat with a blue feather at, what happened me? Three women came together in for to ask me would I take it away, the temptation for the young girls. I want color and I want life oncet!" Delia Pentz swung her arms. "And I am right away going where I can get it. Plenty colors they put at them dishes down there, and I will help for to put them there—all such flowers, all such leaves and houses yet, and trees even."

The color surged upward in her cheeks even as it drained from his; as though in very deed she were drawing the life from him. And indeed it was not far from the truth, for she was his life to him, and his life was going—going! He went quite mad for a moment and seized her by the arm, shook her by the arm, held her as though by physical force to keep to himself that strong, bright spirit which was Delia Pentz.

Only thus for a moment, however; and his eyes were holden so that he did not see what his moment of tempest was doing for her and for himself. For Delia Pentz was for that moment like wax in his hands; she looked into his eyes and they looked not mildly blue but stern, implacable and the color of steel. And he seemed tall; he seemed to tower over her; she looked up, up. Was this Joel Klarmann? For that moment she would not have said so. Indeed nothing, no force, could have made her speak at all. Something in him had reft away Delia Pentz at twenty-seven and had left in her place Delia Pentz at eighteen.

The moment was gone. It had fled like a film from before the eyes. Had it ever existed? Perhaps not really, Delia Pentz thought dazedly, as she saw Klarmann's eyes imploring once more, his shoulders stooping as always. Certainly not really, she thought clearly, as she heard

(Continued on Page 119)



His Face Was Still Red as He Came Abreast Klarmann. "Think You're Some Smart, Ain't You?" He Ground Between His Teeth

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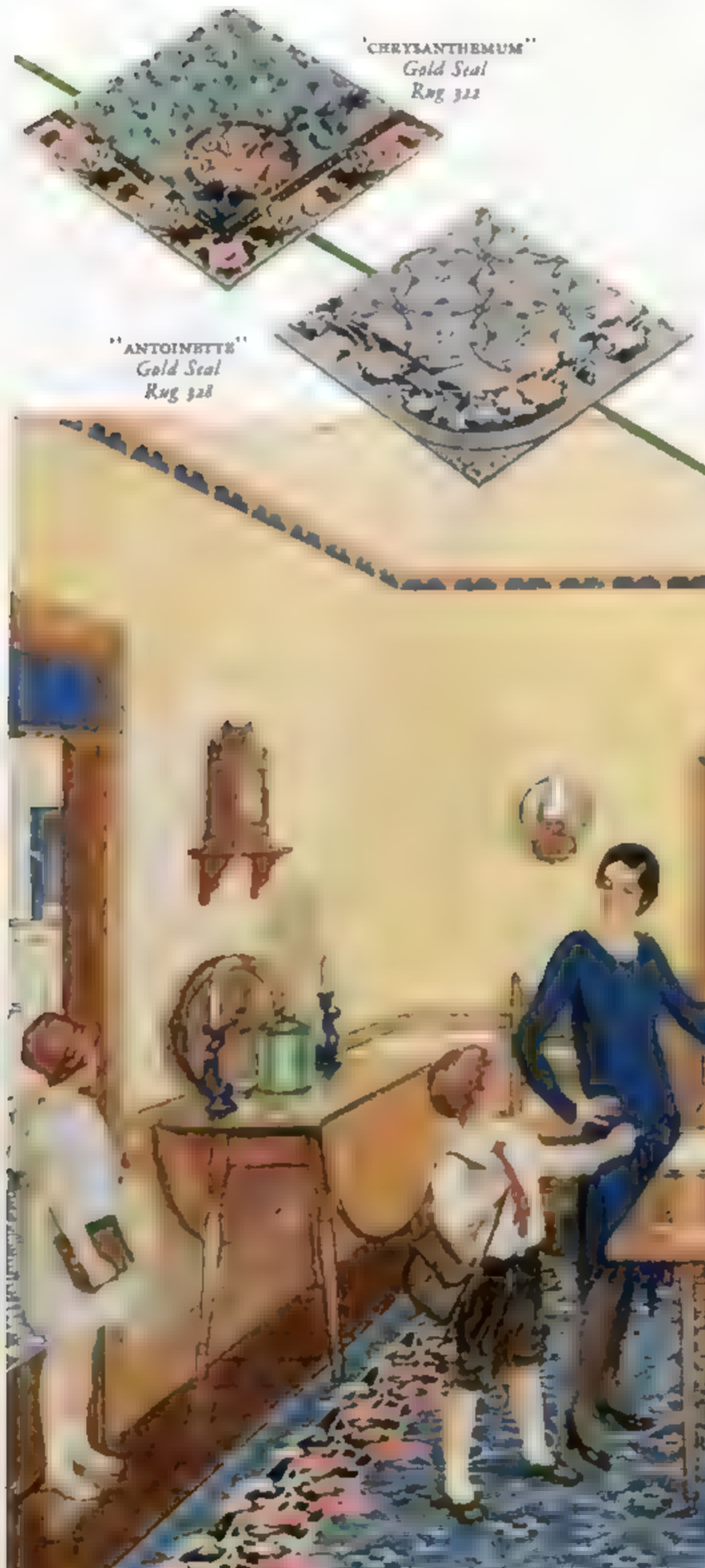

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GREASED PIG

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

"Now for the Rest of Them!" Cried O'Day. "And the Quicker We Find Them the Better"

DONOVAN thrust his lean face forward into the crack of the door, accepted the cablegram and dismissed the night man. Then he sleepily shuffled to the table lamp and tore off the end of the envelope.

"London," he noted, glancing at date line and signature. "Filed early this morning - 7:15. Received earlier still—2:10. London time is six hours earlier than Chicago time, but the message could not wait. Signed Sutherland. What does Sutherland say?"

Sutherland, he was awake enough to remember, was the huge Northumbrian whom he had met in London the year after the war. Donovan had called at New Scotland Yard on behalf of his latest employer, Redelos Indemnity, of Chicago, U.S.A.—a lean, lithe, healthy-looking young Irishman, not much above the average in height, unimpressive in manner, diffident, modest, soft-spoken, but quick-tempered, and possessing rather definite ideas about what he had come to do. Sutherland even then was wearing the star of fame. Donovan was as yet unknown.

"I'm not a detective," he had said, "but I think I'd know our goods if I saw them. If you'd let me look over your parcels of unclaimed diamonds ——"

"Nobody can identify a loose diamond," Sutherland had replied condescendingly.

"Usually that's true, but not always."

"Unless, of course, you can "

"I was speaking of myself," Donovan had not hesitated to say. "I ought to know diamonds, inspector. I was born in Kimberley—born and raised there. My father was a foreman in the mines. I cut my teeth on a Kimberley diamond. The morning sun throws long shadows."

Sutherland had replied to that impudence by drawing himself up to his full six and one-third feet of stature, like a bronze image on a pedestal.

"Born? Born? I was born in Northumberland, and I don't know cheviot from tweed!"

Donovan smiled, remembering the picture, and part of the smile was for his share in it. Long shadows, indeed! Since then much water had flowed under the bridge, as the saying runs. The years had brought him experience, and even a measure of fame. Yet he still found that his early life colored his later.

Meanwhile he had turned to the body of the message. This, though long, consisted essentially of a single question. Expense had not been spared in the asking.

"Will you take it on?" Sutherland inquired.

"He must have forgotten meeting the Irishman from Chicago," Donovan reflected. "He knows me only by name. Not complimentary to the Irishman, but he'll bloom again."

That which Sutherland wished him to take on was explained in the text, but Donovan had already learned of the theft from the newspapers. The brief item cabled from England at the time stated merely that the Cotswold diamonds had been stolen in transit. He had given the matter the scantest attention. The Cotswold diamonds were not his diamonds. Redelos Indemnity had not insured them. Every diamond has to have its thief.

That news was now more than a month old. Had Sutherland run into a brick wall, that he was asking a man he did not know, as he believed, to take over so important a case?

The cablegram had been sent by Sutherland himself, practically in the middle of the night. The diamonds stolen were impressively important. Their owner was a duke of England, no less. The reward offered was not small. Donovan was feeling poor. Yet his immediate response was to reach for his black pipe. He did, indeed, after the tobacco had ascended in smoke, consult a late atlas to verify Sutherland's geography. But when he had snapped shut the atlas he went back to bed.

"Take it on?" he complained to his scorched middle finger. "Me? I'm from Kimberley myself, but at that I know cheviot from tweed. What does he think I am—a geologist?"

But in the morning he found that his interest in Sutherland's question had become sharply quickened.

That which first stirred him into consciousness was not Sutherland's offer, actually, but an odor as of hot grease floating in through his open window. The first effect of the odor was to change the direction of a dream. It was the dream that awakened him. But upon waking he smelled the odor. It came from a neighboring garage.

This odor of hot grease that he smelled seemed vaguely familiar, but he did not just then connect it with the days of his youth. Instead he permitted it to suggest idle pictures out of his later life, as a man will in twilight land. Thus it called up, not very poignantly, the picture of a hot motorbus, and somehow, not very connectedly, the drowsy remembrance of a police inquiry the day before.

A police acquaintance of his, Detective Sergeant Corban, had dropped in at his office to ask what he knew about a small merchant named S. Pripet, on the West Side. Corban had smelled strongly of burned oil.

"I know him as a name," Donovan had replied. "What has Pripet been doing?"

But Corban had refused to say more. Later, after the receipt of the cablegram, Donovan had stumbled upon Pripet's name on a map in the atlas and remembered hearing that Pripet was said to have had a police record in Russia.

"I'll phone and tell him," he had decided. "Before noon will be soon enough."

These musings, sleepy, disconnected, of no visible importance, were followed by an idea that struck him awake as by a blow, and it by others in clouds, in such numbers and of such moment that he rose to look for his pipe. He sat smoking thereafter until the morning sun flooded his room with light.

The conclusion he reached sent the dead pipe into his pocket. He dressed more quickly than usual, went to breakfast earlier, ate more hurriedly. He did not, however, set out upon his usual direct bus route to his office. Instead he called a taxicab.

"I want you to take me to each of these places," he told the driver, giving him a slip of paper. "You're not to stop, but drive slowly past."

As he sank back into the cushions he began reviewing in his mind his acquaintance with the several houses. The first of these, the largest, had an established trade of many years' standing. It was headed by honored names. He was driving past it now to refresh old memories. The second and third, though much smaller and newer, he likewise remembered pleasantly. All were wholesale dealers in what is known in the trade as paste, or strass—that is to say, in imitation gems, as distinguished from reconstructed ones, or from artificial.

It was the fourth of these houses that especially interested him now—the one doing business under the name of S. Pripet, about whom Corban had asked him.

"I want to walk down the alley behind that building," he told his driver, after glancing from behind cover at its basement-like front door. "Not now—the next street. Wait for me around the corner, three blocks back."

He did not expect to learn much from his reconnaissance. The alley gave him a view of the building from behind, but, aside from that, all he saw was a rubbish heap topped by an empty tin pail labeled Striker's Solid Axle Grease. He noted that the pail was still smeared with grease inside.

"That's all," he said, when he had returned to his cab. "Now to my office." And he named the building.

He reached his desk earlier than usual, even now. Sinking back into his swivel chair, he began another weighing of the cable message. Interesting uses for it not connected with its contents had already occurred to him. Still other uses remained to be smoked out of the bowl of his pipe.

He sat back thinking until after nine o'clock. Five minutes later he sought out O'Day, his immediate superior in Redelos Indemnity.

"Chief," he began, "I want to talk a little turkey."

"Go to it," replied O'Day, indicating a chair—"wing, runner or gizzard?"

"This is about myself. I think I ought to have more money for what I'm doing. I don't quarrel with my salary as appraiser of gems—that's fair, I think. Plenty of men could fill those shoes. But I've been doing detective work as well. My salary there isn't in proportion to what I save you "

"No question!" O'Day agreed heartily. "I've been trying for a year to get you some real money."

"Snagged back?"

"Not so much snag as sand bar. I hate to say it, but some of our directors are nothing but stingy old women in some ways. They can't see an expense as a whole."

"If they went outside for help every time a thief came along, you know what they'd have to pay. Six times my salary would be no fee at all for a single job."

"I know it. I've told them so. They solemnly nod their heads and remark that they'd pay the outside fee because they had to, if they had to; but until they do, they won't."

"They think they don't have to pay me more?"

"You've said it all. You're known in the diamond trade—no man better. But you made your name in our company, not outside it. These old-timers figure that if you could earn more money outside, you would."

"Bad logic," said Donovan. "Perhaps I shall."

O'Day looked at him keenly. "Have you something up your sleeve I don't know about, Donovan? Let me in on it. I got you into this work. I feel responsible."

The friendship of the men dated back to their service during the war, when Donovan acted as captain and O'Day as colonel in the same regiment.

"That's what I'd like to talk over. I have a chance at a rather big outside case. It's old, but an idea struck me that looks promising. Know the Cotswold diamonds?"

"Never heard of them."

"They were stolen a month or so ago. Now New Scotland Yard is asking me to take on the job of getting them back. I'm offered a retaining fee, and if I find them, a reward. I suppose the duke is growing nervous."

"Which duke?"

"The Duke of Cotswold. He doesn't enter, really. He's merely the owner."

Continued on Page 43

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 41)

"London," said O'Day - "h'm."

"And this is Chicago. I know. London's a long way off. But this is the point." Donovan thrust the message across the desk. "Read what Sutherland says."

"You're to have a retaining fee and expenses," replied O'Day, glancing over the message. "I get that. The reward—suffering cats! Enough to pay for a house!"

"Twenty-five thousand isn't so much," said Donovan, "by the time the income tax is deducted. It's less than 10 per cent of the value of the stones."

"Wait until I lay this before our directors!"

"The reward is still to be earned," Donovan suggested.

O'Day continued his reading. "The thief was known by the name of Barlock, Jones or Henderson. He is said to have lived in Chicago at one time"

"You and I may have talked with him," said Donovan, "but not under any of those names."

"New Scotland Yard traced him to Paris and then to Prague. He is known to have been met in Prague by a Russian named Pinsk. Neither of them has been seen since. They are thought to have gone on into Russia, diamonds and all, through a back door."

"Just a minute," said Donovan. "What was the name of that man I asked you about yesterday?"

"For Sergeant Corban? Pripet, wasn't it?"

"Pripet is the name of a river in Russia. Pinsk is the name of a city located on that river. See any connection?"

"Yes, I do," replied O'Day thoughtfully.

"What is it?"

"That's harder to say"

"Just so. The hard thing in this job is to prove one's guesses. If I could prove mine every time, I'd be a headliner on the Great White Way—or any other man."

"Expect to go to Russia on this?"

"I shall make a try at the job, if that's what you mean. It may take me into Russia."

"Where do I come in?" asked O'Day.

"I may ask you to help me with my passports or something."

"Anything, anywhere, any time. You can't leave until tomorrow, at the best."

"No."

"How about dinner tonight?"

"Very glad," said Donovan.

"As for your work with Redelos, just drop it where it is. I'll take care of it."

"If I could get a leave of absence ——"

"We'll do better than that. You have a vacation coming. Take it now."

"That's pretty white of you, chief."

"No, it isn't selfish. What we want is to have you back."

Donovan pushed back his chair. "I'll see you at dinner anyhow, and probably earlier." He stopped on his way to the door, as a further idea struck him. "You don't suppose Corban could have heard of the Cotswold loss and connected Pripet with it on his own account?"

"I ask you your own question. How would he connect Pripet with it? You haven't done so yourself very clearly"

"Perhaps he can't be connected," said Donovan, grinning his relief. "I'll know before night."

"See you at dinner," replied O'Day.

"At dinner."

II

THE door had at one time opened from street level, but at present, because of a change of grade, it was descended to by steps. Above the door a small sign announced that S. Pripet within dealt in artificial stones. A second door at one side led to the floors above.

Donovan glanced again at the modest sign, descended the steps and turned S. Pripet's door knob. As he pushed inward upon the panels a bell somewhere began tinkling faintly. So tiny was its voice, it sounded more like the tinkling of water than the vibrations of metal. Very old clocks sometimes speak in such tones, or very timid ladies.

"An old-fashioned wire-pull," he decided appraisingly, as if the matter were important. "Its owner likes to work behind closed doors. My arrival is announced."

His arrival had been announced by the bell, and by the snapping of the door latch behind him. These sounds constituted a summons. They were replied to by a sound as of movement behind a door in the rear, but not at once by anyone to wait upon him. As a result, he was left alone for a moment.

His first impression of the place had reached him through his ears. The tiny bell was a voice. The door latch was a voice. The sounds from the room behind were voices. But his next impression of it came to him through his nostrils. Even as he opened the door an odor of stale hot water swept outward into his face. This odor quickly became mingled with another, equally pungent, that he decided was that of stale hot grease. The first, the odor of stale steam, might have come, had the weather been cold, from a radiator. The second smelled like nothing so much as a hot box on a railway car.

As he stood waiting inside the door he perceived the source of the odors. Against the wall to the right stood a gas range with one burner lighted. Above the flame had been placed a double kettle, or steam cooker, the inner member of which appeared to contain hot grease, the outer, boiling water.

"Striker's Solid Axle Grease," he thought, remembering the empty grease pail on the rubbish heap in the alley. "Now why is that? I think he's wasting his gas."

But he did not allow his curiosity to ensnare his eyes. When the door in the rear opened he was not looking toward the gas range, but toward a glass show case at his left, in which were displayed the various types of imitation jewels S. Pripet was prepared to sell.

The man who advanced to meet him had hostile gray-green eyes and a truculent chin. His round bluish head, except for its greasy locks, might have been cast in a bullet mold. The huge body of the fellow perhaps caused his head to look smaller than in fact it measured. He wore no coat and had rolled his shirt sleeves to the elbows. A stranger, seeing the grease on his hands and forearms, might have taken him for a mechanic in a machine shop, but if he looked at the cunning hostile eyes and leaden features he might just as well have guessed that the man's trade was banditry or murder.

"What you want?" he asked bluntly.

Donovan thickened his Irish voice into a languid inquiry. He wished to know if this was the Pripet place of business.

"I'm him," said the other. "I'm Pripet. What you want?"

Donovan had already glanced past the round head into the farther room, without seeming to do so. A truthful reply to the man's question would have mentioned his wish to see what lay out there, but he could not say that. Or it would have mentioned his wish to know how many pistols Pripet carried, or whether he was as indifferent to his business as he looked.

"Me—I'm a customer. I want to see some strass."

The man advanced to the show case with infinite reluctance. "There's what I've got," he said.

"What is it?" asked Donovan. And he added, naming the city that had given its name to the material: "Strasburg paste?"

The reply was charged with scorn as well as hostility: "Strasburg—no. Gablonz, all of it. What business you in, anyhow? Anybody knows that."

Donovan was not able to see much more of the inner room, but he carried with him the narrow picture of his own view through the door.

The room seemed to be lighted by sixty-watt incandescent lamps, even by day. He judged the power of the lamps by the one in sight. The floor of it seemed to be wet. He thought he saw the end of a sink, and against the wall two or three washboards, but he could not be sure as to this.

"Like a photographer's dark room," he thought, remembering the light-tight door. But aloud he inquired mildly how much stock "in that size at the end" Pripet had on hand.

"You in a business?" repeated Pripet scowlingly.

"I'm asking for a man out of town."

"Who sent you here?" Pripet demanded.

(Continued on Page 60)

He Repeated That He Did Not Have the Diamonds, That He Dealt Only in Paste, That He Was an Honest Man, That Corban Could Look for Himself

If you were very young...and believed in "Magic things"

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ELK STEAKS—By Hal G. Evarts

A Bull Elk

SOME two feet of new snow carpeted the hills. The young trees around the tent were weighted almost to the ground with it as I stepped forth for an early morning survey. My two companions accompanied me for perhaps a mile, then turned off. I held on to the foot of a long ridge that led far up to the right, intent upon topping out upon a lofty timbered plateau.

After the first few hundred yards of ascent the ridge became more open, but the way was so steep that bucking uphill against two feet of soft snow was no sinecure and necessitated frequent halts. Such breathing spells were utilized to scan the white pages of the lower areas on either hand for tracks or game. The lofty rim of the plateau seemed to recede as I advanced, but this was my first real camp hunt for big game and it was up to me to make the most of it. Some deer-hunting incidents of this hunt were related in a previous article.

There was not a track anywhere in sight and it seemed probable that no game would be encountered before topping out on the plateau. Perhaps an hour from the beginning of the ascent, the ridge pitched up at a still sharper angle for a hundred yards or more, and after mounting it my breath was thoroughly pumped out. The ridge flattened out somewhat, flanked on the right by a timbered bench a hundred yards across, while the country dropped away on the left. A scrutiny of those lower areas and of such open expanses as showed higher in the hills failed to reveal a single track.

Two Prize Bulls

TURNING for a casual survey of the heavy timber on the right, and almost on the same level, I froze at attention. There, within forty yards, a great brown body reposed on the snow; an antler moved slightly and my fascinated gaze was riveted on a big bull elk bedded there in the timber. There is a trite expression anent the thrill that comes but once in a lifetime. My hunting experiences have afforded many, no two just alike. This was one.

Lungs still labored heavily from that last stiff climb in deep snow, and, though in a fever of haste to shoot, I found it impossible to center the sights upon that magnificent prize. The barrel of the gun described weird circles in the air in sympathy with labored breathing. Dropping to a sitting position in the snow, knees elevated to support my elbows, I sought to counteract that unsteadiness. Even then the shot might have been fired in too great haste save for the fact that while peering down the wabbling barrel my eye was attracted by a movement some seventy-five yards away in the timber. A few slow steps brought a second bull elk into partial view.

For a seemingly interminable space he was apparently disinclined to make another move, and only his head and rump showed, his vital bodily points being obscured by intervening tree trunks. If the first shot should be fired at the nearer bull, bedded in the snow, a single bound would serve to carry the farther one over the edge of the little timbered bench and out of sight, and I coveted both bulls. My breath had steadied. The bedded animal turned his head in my direction, seeming to look straight at me. The sights veered back to him, but at that psychological moment the farther bull indulged in a couple of slow steps that carried his head out of sight but brought his neck and shoulder into view between the trunks.

The gun was trained on him again and a heavy ball smashed home just behind the break of the shoulder. He went down with the roar of the shot. There could not have been an interval of more than a second between that first shot and the next one. The closer bull was so nearly in line that it was necessary only to depress the barrel a fraction to bring him under the sights, which maneuver was effected so promptly that he was shot through back of the shoulder before he could arise from his bed.

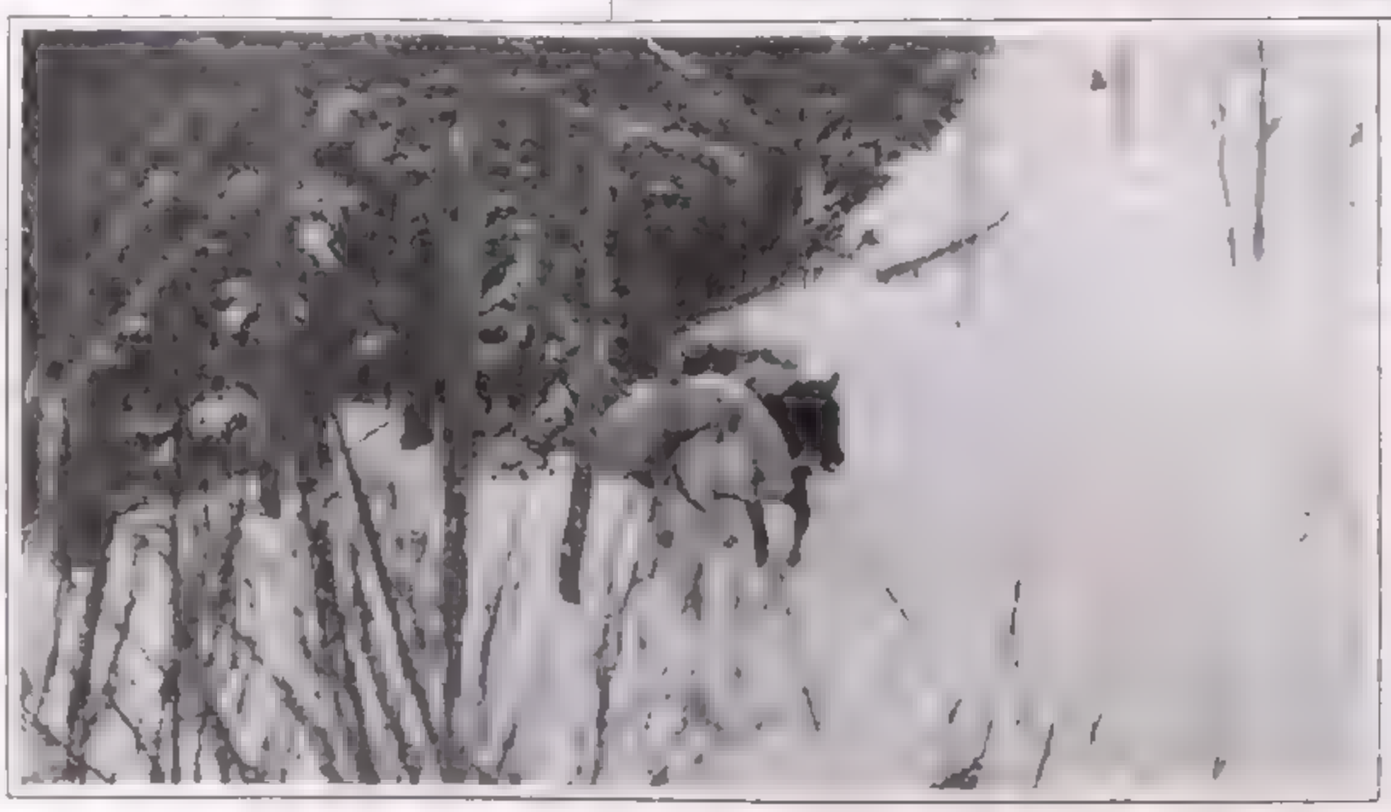
The farther bull lurched to his feet and drew another shot. Down he went again. The nearer bull struggled to his feet, facing me. A shot in the chest right at the sticking place sent him down for the count. The other animal, now almost obscured by tree trunks, attained his feet and a snap shot missed him as he plunged from sight over the far edge of the little bench. Instantly I was in hot pursuit, floundering through the snow at top speed, intent upon securing another shot before he should be swallowed in the down-timbered slope below.

But there was no need for haste. The bull was stretched out quite dead, just beneath the first roll of the bench. For a quarter of an hour I patrolled a beat between these two bulls in the effort to determine which was most to be admired, and had only inserted my knife in one preparatory to dressing it when one of my companions arrived. He had struck the tracks of the two bulls some distance away and was following them up the timbered slope when he heard the bombardment above him.

At the Feet of a Master

A NUMBER of years later that performance was duplicated under somewhat different circumstances. It had been snowing intermittently for some six weeks. Presently a two-day storm topped matters off with another eighteen-inch snowfall. I had done some little hunting, most of it unsuccessful, prior to the storm. The temperature dropped below the zero mark and I repaired to the ranch of a friend who had invited me to hunt with him. He is a professional guide and one of the best-informed men on the habits of fur bearers and game that I have ever known. Every day spent with him is a liberal education along such lines, if one takes the trouble to question him. My stay in those parts had been extended some five or six weeks longer than I had originally intended, but this opportunity was too tempting to resist, so the time of departure was deferred once again.

We hunted intermittently, by spurts, sometimes going afield on several consecutive days, sometimes loitering



Coming In From the Hunt. Above—Packing Elk Meat

round for a similar period without hunting. Two days were spent in putting out a few mink traps. Then came another snow. The following day we rode some six or eight miles up in the hills and left our horses, proceeding two or three miles farther upcountry on foot. It was tough sledding for me, as I was quite soft.

The tracks of a bull elk led us on and we topped out on the edge of an upland basin, open save for scattered patches of trees. Two bulls, both with indifferent sets of antlers, stood some three hundred yards out in the basin. An animal with a larger spread of antlers walked into view beyond them and moved out of sight over the edge of the basin. We circled round

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LETTERS FROM AND TO THE FARM

(Continued from Page 21)

think about. You sound like a kind of new Jeremiah, and judging from the noises coming from the Corn Belt, you're not exactly a lone voice crying in the wilderness.

No matter how long you know a man, you never know everything he is liable to do. Somehow I never pictured you on a soap box or marching in a parade with banners. Perhaps it's because I've always felt you were too hard-headed even to get real mad about anything. You really must be steamed up this time.

Thank you for all the compliments. I have honestly tried to puzzle out this farm problem, and I've even read the McNary-Haugen bill right through, which makes five of us who have done so—Mr. McNary, Mr. Haugen, Mr. Coolidge, yourself and myself—but come to think of it, I'm not so sure about Mr. McNary and Mr. Haugen, because we three don't seem to understand the bill the same way. I really have tried to find the facts and their meaning, because I feel, after all, the farmer's business is my business. I don't depend on farming for a living, but the farms I own do mean something more to me than their value in bonds. I am living on this one for the summer and I can assure you I'm not just an abandoned farmer. The farm in Colorado means everything that a place where a twelve-year-old boy grew up can mean. The farm you rent I needn't tell you about.

No man can run away from the kid he was once; no man who really lived on a farm can ever forget the soil. I know it in myself, and I've seen it pretty closely in a lot of the men around here whose brains are sitting behind marble pillars but whose hearts are back in the barn where they played and did chores. That's why I know that all this talk about Mr. Hoover being the enemy of the farmer is just politics. Mr. Hoover will never be able to run away from the farm kid in West Branch that he was once, and he can't be the farmer's enemy unless he is the enemy of that kid.

But that isn't the only reason why the farm problem means something to me. My business depends on the prosperity of the nation, and no nation can be divided against itself and prosper. Everybody's been saying for years that something must be done. Everybody seems to know what's wrong with the farmer. But perhaps that's the farmer's biggest trouble—too many friends. The farmer broods and wails, the city man grunts and snorts—and as long as the problem is studied in that way the nation will keep on being divided against itself. It would be fatal for the country to bite the hand that feeds it, and I don't believe it has any intention of doing so. Everybody knows that whatever really benefits the farmer in a sound way will also benefit the consumer.

Where are we going to get with all these millions of words about the farm problem? Just because something must be done, it doesn't mean that anything will do. A lot of these big ideas for settling the agricultural problem are like old-fashioned medicines. The Corn Belt's troubles are not going to be ended with corn cures. Judging from all the claims made for the McNary-Haugen bill, if I didn't know it was legislation I'd think it was some of that stuff we used to buy in bottles under a circus tent—it can cure rheumatism, spavin and carbon in the flivver engine or leaks in the barn roof, and can eradicate mosquitoes, ink stains and red rust in wheat.

I don't believe the McNary-Haugen bill, or any other bill, is going to solve the farm problem. The reason is that there is no farm problem. There are at least as many farm problems as there are different farm sections. In fact, I think it would be more accurate to say that there are as many farm problems as there are farmers. Of course there are some common problems which many farmers face at the same time. But then there are also some problems which we all face, being human. You can't sweep all the farmers of the whole country into one sentence—and you can't sweep the remedy to all the farm problems into one bill.

I wish you could sit at the desk for a few days with me and listen to what business men talk about when they talk business. If you closed your eyes you would think you were sitting on the shady side of the courthouse listening to a couple of your neighbors. You would hear:

"Our line is going to the dogs—nobody is making any money. The trouble is overproduction. We always have this surplus hanging over us, so our prices have been going down. I don't see how they can go any further if we're to stay in business. Prices we quote don't mean anything, anyway. When we plan our production we figure out our prices; but when we get to market we're lucky if we can break even. And everything we buy has gone up a couple of hundred per cent. Our biggest cost is selling—every man we take on thinks he's a star salesman—and we have to have all the territory covered just as well as the other fellows. And then there's all this imported stuff—made on the other side with cheap labor. Why, the price they ask is less than we pay for the materials alone!" And so on.

No, the farm problems are not political problems—they are business problems, and they can be worked out only by business methods. Of course the Government has to help; that's what the Government is for—to help all good business men, including farm business men, to help themselves. But the trouble is a great many people seem to consider Uncle Sam a long-lost rich uncle. Everybody wants help—but no interference.

As a matter of fact, in spite of the notions some farmers have, business is not getting away with so much. The Government kept the heavy burden of taxation on business when it had a big surplus in the Treasury. And all the examples you give in your letter about how the Government is helping business against the farmer —— Well, for instance, I don't believe the farmer would like the kind of regulation that the railroads and utilities have—being told how much they may get, where and how they may borrow money, what they may build, and so on. There can be no kind of government aid without some kind of government interference, and there is plenty of machinery for interference without aid.

There are dozens of important industries that could, with just as much logic, ask for relief like that proposed in the McNary-Haugen bill. Take the steel industry, for example, which has always been a symbol of big, strong, profitable business—you ought to sit in at some of the conferences and conventions of steel men. They have surplus capacity and low prices too. In good years they make a little more than savings-bank interest on their investment. And in those industries where the unit is still small conditions are even worse. The farm business is in that class. It is still in the early stages of becoming a business, and those stages are always the most painful. The farmer will have to decide in the near future whether he wants to keep farming on the old basis of a free, independent home craft or on the new basis of a business tied up in all the complicated economics of other businesses. At the present time the farmer is trying to do both.

I've been puzzled a good deal by all this talk about the Government doing nothing for the farmer. It would probably take a year to recite all the work of the Department of Agriculture alone. But take the corn borer as one example—I needn't tell you what the borer has meant and may mean to the Corn Belt. In the spring of last year the Government spent $10,000,000 and used 5000 workers helping the 125,000 farmers fight the borer. Suppose the Department of Commerce, for instance, spent $10,000,000—or even $1,000,000—on one particular problem of one industry, what a howl would be raised! And even so, you know how some of you have kicked about politics being mixed up in the corn-borer campaign; and if politics can mix with the corn borer, think how much it can get mixed with prices and foreign sales and equalization fees. And it isn't easy to do things for the farmer. The Department of Agriculture had a hard time getting the cattlemen interested in wiping out the Texas tick, and you know what that work has meant to the industry. I read the other day that the Bureau of Plant Industry alone has spent $903,704 the last twenty years on "continuing projects" only, and the results of these, it is estimated by Dr. A. F. Woods, the scientific director of the Department of Agriculture, are producing an annual saving to the farmer and to the country of $659,000,000.

No matter how much the Government is spending to help the farmer, I'm not grudging it, and a good deal more could profitably be used; but the record certainly doesn't show that Uncle Sam is doing nothing at all for his farmer nephews.

Nor is anybody denying that the farmer's work is the world's work and that the farmer must be protected because our very lives depend on his efforts. The farmer won the war. That may be true. But I don't know just why he insists on remembering this and reminding us that he was our savior. This rôle of savior is hard to keep up, because the saved, while they express gratitude, might want to continue to be saved. Wouldn't it be much simpler and more sensible if we all decided that the war is over?

It isn't necessary to keep on reminding us about the importance of the farmer's job. It was important long before the war; it was important when Adam had to begin to work for a living. After all, what does the farmer think about when he is planting or reaping or taking his hogs to market? Does he think about saving or serving mankind? Does he have a vision of all the hundreds of men, women and children his produce will keep from starvation? You know better than I do what he thinks about—and those, it seems to me, are the things we should keep in mind in working out these agricultural problems, and not this talk about winning the war. After all, the farmer made a fair profit, and we all know what happened after the Government gave up price protection. And of what use would have been all the patriotic efforts of the farmers in raising crops if there had been no efficient food administration to distribute them?

The work of the food administration was a wartime necessity; the whole nation, the whole world, had to be organized to win the war, and everybody had to be a part of the organization. With the McNary-Haugen plan, the farmers will have to work under a new food administration several times as big and complicated. And there won't be any reason to be patriotic about it, either.

If you want to get a good picture of how wonderful everything will be for the farmer if he gets the McNary-Haugen plan and the equalization fee, think back to all the things you didn't like during the war and multiply them by a hundred—several hundreds. It can't be otherwise. No matter how good a bunch of men the Federal Farm Board might be, not even supermen could make the McNary-Haugen bill work without producing a burdensome mess for the farmer and for the country.

Suppose you, Jerry, were appointed a member of the Federal Farm Board—and I could think of a great many much less qualified—what would you do? You would find out very quickly that there was no way of carrying out the McNary-Haugen bill without price fixing. A lot of politicians who haven't read the bill have said that it isn't price fixing; but it's like measuring the height of the boys the other day—and one of them stood on his toes while I wasn't looking. You can take a carpet sweeper and put on a bin, but it won't be a combine; it will still be a carpet sweeper. How would you know when to hold a commodity for a "fair" price unless you knew what a fair price was? Heaven knows, you'd have plenty of farmers to help you decide! How would you know at what point the producer of any commodity needed relief and at what point he didn't? As a matter of fact, it wouldn't be just price fixing, but always price raising.

Just how would you go about setting a "fair" price on wheat or cotton, or on any other commodity? Would you go over the statistics of past prices and base your fair prices on them, or would you study the costs of production and set the price to give the farmers a fair profit? Do you think that Bim Dodd, who never was much as a farmer, ought to make as much of a profit as you? If you tried to pay him a living for his inefficiency, wouldn't the price have to be pretty high? And would your idea of a fair price for wheat, for instance, agree with that of bread consumers like your brother-in-law, who grows grapes, or of your son-in-law, who raises cotton, or of a machinist in an implement factory in Moline, whose wages have to meet the cost of living—and whose wages have a lot to do with the price of implements?

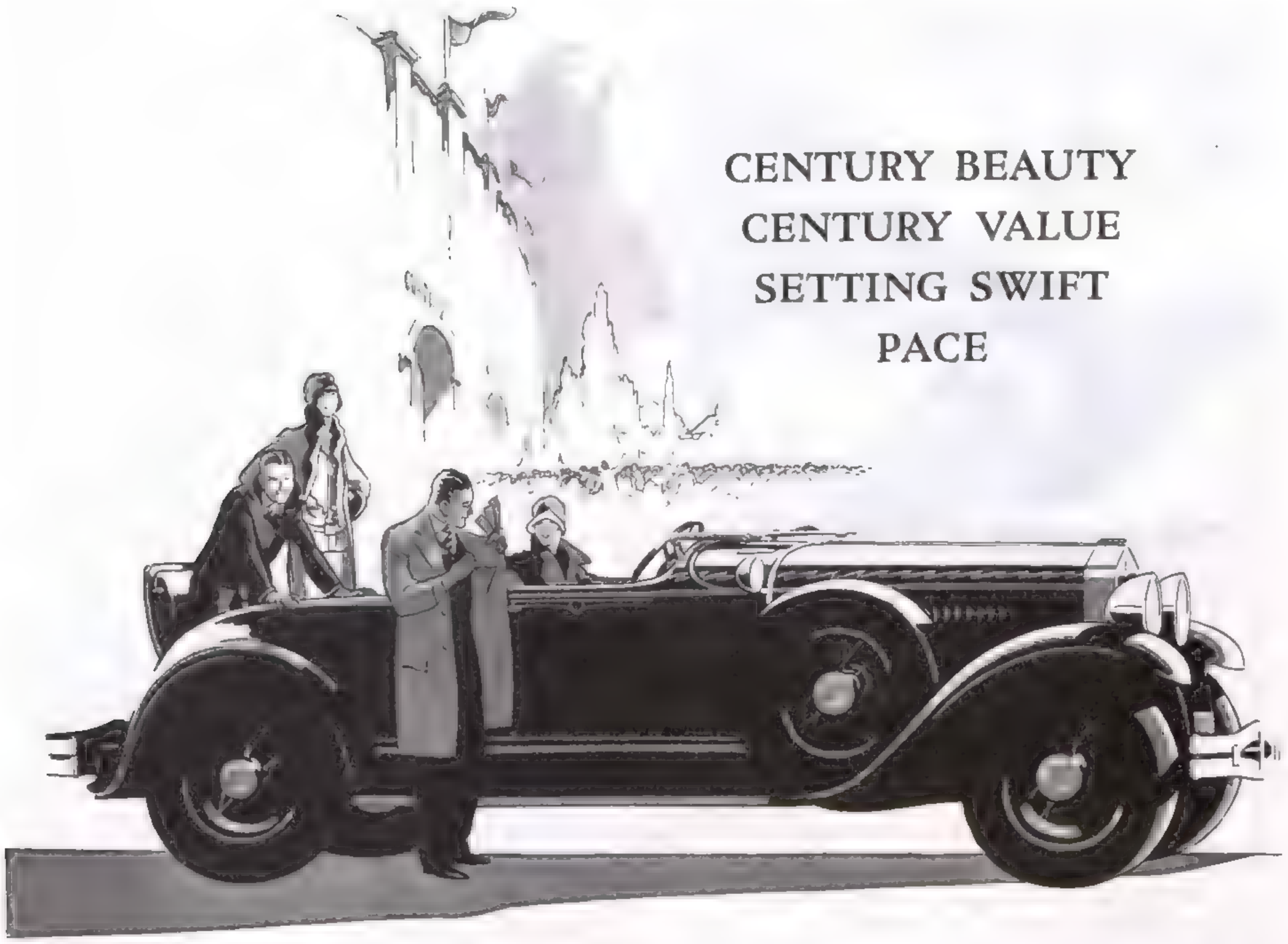
The government fixed prices during the war, and the farmers were certainly crazy about it, weren't they?

Anyway, let's say that by some mysterious magic the price on corn or whatever it is does get fixed. And let us say that the master salesmen of the coöperatives or of the board have succeeded in dumping the surplus on the world markets at as good a price as can be secured, considering—and considering a great many things that nobody can foresee yet. Then, after these simple transactions, the bookkeeping begins; and, believe me, I've seen some big business at close range, but my heart stands still when I think of the size and complications of the coöperatives and the Federal Farm Board's business. If the McNary-Haugen plan really got to working right it would make the war debts look like egg money.

Things would go along fine, because there'd be plenty of money in the Federal Farm Board's treasury. It would come from the best place in the world—the United States Treasury; and you know how nice and easy bookkeeping is when there's plenty of money—somebody else's—in the strong box. And then some day some kill-joy would find that there really wasn't very much of the old funds left and something would have to be done. The board had really known what was coming all the time, but the board, being human, had been putting off trouble. It had been wondering how soon it would have to stop fancy bookkeeping and actually make up the growing deficit. Fortunately there was manna in the wilderness, wasn't there?—and there is the equalization fee—an even greater miracle.

But one thing appears to have escaped the McNary-Haugen eyes—they didn't arrange for the equalization fee

(Continued on Page 48)



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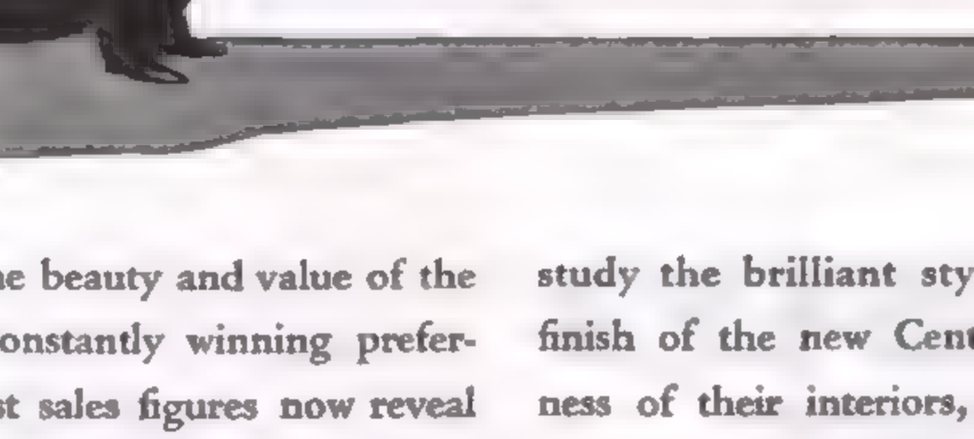

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(Continued from Page 46)

to fall from heaven. It will have to be collected—but from whom? Well, suppose the board put Jerry Howe in charge of collecting the fee—I wouldn't take the job for all the money in the mint. But what would you do, Jerry Howe, director of the Equalization Fee Bureau of the Federal Farm Board?

Who would pay the fee? Being fair-minded, you would naturally decide that the farmer should pay. There would, of course, be great applause all over the Corn Belt and from coast to coast. Perhaps you'd arrange to have the thousands of collectors going around asking each farmer how much he raised and telling him how much he had to pay. The collector would naturally take every farmer's word for it, and leave saying he hoped to get a check in the near future. It would be just like that, wouldn't it?

But perhaps you would decide it would be easier to collect from somebody else, for reasons which you can picture for yourself. The fee on hogs you would collect from the packers, the fee on wheat from the millers, that on cotton from the spinners, and so on. You would have hundreds of clerks sending out blanks and thousands of investigators to check up the answers. How else could you make sure that quantities and grades and prices reported were correct? Would the packers themselves pay the equalization fee on hogs? No, they wouldn't be expected to—they would pass it on. All they would have to do would be to buy hogs and pay the farmer a "fair" price—considered fair by the Farm Board. They could then charge what they pleased for hams, bacon and lard, because they would know that what they couldn't sell, the Farm Board would sell for them abroad. The Government would thus force the packers to commit far more terrible economic crimes than those of which the trust-busting politicians used to accuse them. And who would be paying the equalization fee—the farmer or the packer? No, the consumer. What happens to a hog in a packing plant is simple compared to what would happen to all the sane and honest principles of doing business if they came up against the McNary-Haugen plan.

How would you collect the fee on corn, for instance, when only a little of the, say, 3,000,000,000 bushels is a cash crop? Would you go trailing the hogs, the beef cattle, the dairy cattle, the sheep and the chickens to which most of the corn is fed?

And who would get the benefit? The farmer? Try to figure out how much would be left when all the thousands of new representatives of Uncle Sam got through. It would be a fine self-feeder, this McNary-Haugen organization. Maybe we'd have a paradise like New Zealand, where the farmers have government boards for everything—more than a hundred—and they are being governed to death. They now have a government official for every eighteen people there—I suppose they are trying to reach the ideal where everybody will be one. Their government tried to control dairy-product prices through a board—and it failed with a loud bang.

I've learned from experience that once you start monkeying with economic causes you start off an endless chain of troubles. Economic conditions are tied up to one another just as inexorably as sowing and harvesting. I can't begin to think of all the difficulties that must surely follow the hitching of such a wild contraption as the McNary-Haugen plan to the nation's economic machinery. You don't hitch a big tractor to a cow when you're milking her, do you?

What, for instance, will happen to the hog raisers in Denmark, Germany and other countries, who, I presume, are not exactly your economic friends when you go to market? There's a surplus of corn, for instance, and the Farm Board, according to the plan, must sell it abroad for whatever it can get. It doesn't matter whether you are growing more corn than your herd can use or whether you are growing less—the domestic trouble will be the same—only a little different. The surplus corn will go to your rival hog raisers abroad at a price which will be a joy to the old sock. How are your hogs going to compete in the world market with hogs raised on good American feed bought at prices which might be lower than your production cost? Wouldn't it be better for the American hog raisers if the surplus corn were dumped into the Atlantic instead of being dumped in Europe?

But suppose you were a great success on the Federal Farm Board and everything you wanted worked like a charm—if you have caught any doubts creeping into your mind as you read this, kill them—what would be the result? Suppose the surplus problem vanished as by a miracle and the equalization fee came out just right, and prices for hogs and corn and all the other things American farmers raise went up as high as you want them—which means pretty high, doesn't it?

Suppose that you finally force through the McNary-Haugen bill and force it over the President's veto again—and whoever the President may be, he'll veto it. I wish I could really picture to you what would happen, although you've been through 1918, 1919, 1920 and 1921, and you shouldn't need much imagination. If all goes well, what looks like prosperity may be yours, but how long did the 1918 prosperity last? Where would your prosperity be by, say, 1933? And that gives you a longer spell than you have any right to expect from history. Any artificial prosperity you can create by wartime conditions or price fixing or any other means that are not normal is bound to burst.

Those who are working for the McNary-Haugen bill are working for the panic of 1933. If any equalization-fee plan goes through, the panic will surely come—and it'll make 1921 look like a little mudhole in the road.

Think of the McNary-Haugen panic of 1933 by thinking of 1921 and multiply it many times. Think of all the fool speculation and what it led to. Think of how in 1919 the men who had hung around the pool rooms for years became real-estate agents and remember where they led you.

You know as well as I do that there is nothing so sure as the connection between hog and corn prices and hog and corn production. The trends of high and low prices parallel the trends of high and low production like waves, which is one of the reasons why farmers are so sick of farming. I needn't tell you what has been happening in the Corn Belt in the last few years. You know what you passed through between 1920 and 1924—but did the Corn Belt learn its lesson? No! As soon as the worst was over and prices began to improve after liquidation, herds began to grow, didn't they? And that's been your trouble down to this spring.

But go further back than that. What did the periods of good prices between 1910 and 1920 do? I needn't tell you how improved land that was selling for less than $100 an acre in 1910 jumped in 1920 up to $225 and $250 and sometimes more. Even you got the bug a little and bought and sold on speculation. The value of farms lands and buildings—in the Corn Belt states went up from $18,000,000,000 to $34,000,000,000. You haven't any doubt about Corn Belt land going up again if prices are good, and you wouldn't be sorry either, would you? There'd be a rush again for farms. Those that had to be turned to dairying would turn back to corn and hogs. Some of your friends who had left the farm for the town would go back to the farm instead of just sitting and thinking about it. Everybody who had a little money—or could get a mortgage—would take up more land and bid against one another for it. Any old land would do; everybody would buy land to sell, and to farm if they couldn't sell it. You'd have a new land boom—and a new crop of mortgages—and you'd be happy.

Everybody would want to raise corn. Why not, with a good price guaranteed? Even your worthy friend Bim Dodd would

(Continued on Page 50)

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ÆTNA-IZE

SEE THE ÆTNA-IZER IN YOUR COMMUNITY—HE IS A MAN WORTH KNOWING

Continued from Page 48

look at his bank account and blow out his chest and feel he was a pretty good farmer.

But maybe I'm going too far. Providence and McNary and Haugen have foreseen this and they're not going to allow overproduction. The Farm Board will study the need and tell you in advance what total of corn should be planted, and from that you will be able to figure out how much you should plant. Would you? I know you pretty well, and I know that one reason why you've done better in the last few years is that you've used your head—your own and not your neighbor's. You've been bucking the trend; after a slump, when you knew production would go down, you increased yours, and the other way around. That's good sense. You depended on your neighbors doing certain things, and you knew if all of them did what you did your scheme wouldn't work.

Of course, under the McNary-Haugen plan, you wouldn't do this. You'd do exactly what a lot of white-collar boys in Washington told you to do. They would tell you and everybody else how much to plant and everybody would obey. The Farm Board couldn't prevent Corn Belt people from buying land and growing corn. It couldn't prevent the South from extending the corn-hog program. Of course the farmers would have to get together. If they didn't, the McNary-Haugen plan would be withheld from them, according to the bill.

"Either you do as you're told or we'll take away your protection," Uncle Sam would say.

What would happen to the boom if Uncle Sam carried out his threat? Suppose you obeyed: what would happen to the land that was bought at values anticipating big production at good prices? There'd be the same old howl about the conspiracy of Washington and big business to keep the farmer from getting his just reward. There'd be meetings in the courthouse and there'd be conferences between Corn Belt leaders and Southern leaders, and there'd be government inspectors, and every farmer would become an amateur detective to keep tabs on his neighbors. And did you ever hear of the night-riders of Kentucky?

You know better than I do how you and your neighbors feel about a big coöperative organization with which you would have to make a contract and in which each of you would have a pretty small voice. I'm not knocking coöperation, but that's the essence of it—each individual must give up his independence in exchange for the benefits of the group. Add to this a government board in which each farmer has an even smaller voice, and I leave the rest to your imagination.

So the Government would be spending millions fighting the corn borer to increase production, and more millions supporting statistics borers to decrease production.

Would the Government fix a price on land to keep it from going up? What would you people do if it attempted it? Prices on land, not fixed, would go up until the advantage of high prices for products would be skinned away; but land prices would keep on going as long as speculators could find someone to hold the bag. And then what?

The value of Corn Belt farms went down between 1920 and 1925 from $34,000,000,000 to $23,000,000,000, and you know that that is the real cause of most of the farmers' pocketbook pain. Would you want that to happen again? That's what you're headed for in 1933 if you have your way.

If the McNary-Haugen bill can keep prices up in some commodities, it will bring what looks like prosperity to the producers of those products. But will it bring prosperity to all the farmers? And how long can it last? You've been a farmer all your life—you know what the farmers need. If you could do exactly what you pleased with the Federal Farm Board, would you take the job of running it?

How can the McNary-Haugen idea solve all your problems? Why don't you for once decide just what are your problems? Sit down with your own books and make a list of the important items—what you have to buy and what you get for your products. After all, that's where your real problems are. Why start plowing in the middle of the field—or through a concrete road?

All this takes it for granted that the McNary-Haugen bill would be constitutional—and some pretty good lawyers say it wouldn't. It's a long time since I left the law, but I know that even if it turned out to be constitutional, it would take a good many years to find out; and the farmers would either be getting tangled up or be getting no relief at all in the meantime.

The people who want the McNary-Haugen bill would do a whole lot better if they passed a bill to provide every farmer with a printing press for his barn and a permit to print as many greenbacks as he likes. The result would be the same, only more exciting and quicker.

Your friend,

O. H. CHENEY.

SUNRISE, IOWA.
JUNE 24, 1928.

DEAR O. H.: I was glad to get your long letter, and I can see that you have been thinking a lot about the farmer's troubles. But I've been to Kansas City to see whether anybody else has been doing any thinking. You can bet your last dollar that everything I said about the politicians is right, and, what's more, there is no hope of getting anything from them but words.

You read about it in the papers, but they didn't print it all. You couldn't have any idea how darned hard those politicians fought us, but you can tell by the result how little we got.

Of course there weren't very many of us, but I guess it was too much to expect farmers to come all that way. Farmers always were strong on talk and weak on action. That's why we're where we are today. By the time the convention got started, those of us who were there were sorer at those who had got cold feet and stayed away than we were at the anti-farmer crowd. There are a lot of farmers who don't deserve any relief.

But everybody went home sorer than they came, and, as far as I can see, there's mighty little respect left in the Corn Belt for the politicians. Somehow I felt less mad at the way the doors of the hall were barred to us by police than at the way the politicians barred the doors of their minds. We just had no chance. When Congress was in session we had a lot of noble friends, and we're going to have a lot more just before election, but there were mighty few who stuck to us when the platform was made up.

It's all politics, and all the politicians are alike. They don't really think about any problems—they just lie awake nights thinking how they can dodge them. Platforms don't mean anything anyway, so I guess we didn't miss much. I think they ought to print party platforms on fly paper, because they think that voters can be attracted by sweet words. It's the Democrats' turn to use sweet words now. I guess they'll see it's a good chance to become the farmer's friend now and they'll put in a lot of good fly-paper words for the farmers. Maybe some of them will get caught, but I don't see it. I don't see any sense in a protest vote, and a third party hasn't the chance of a butterfly in a threshing machine.

I guess we've got to keep on working for what we want, and maybe some day we can educate Congress enough so that they'll understand that deals between a lot of half-baked politicians don't solve the farmer's problem.

We're tired of hearing that the McNary-Haugen idea is all wrong. Why doesn't somebody tell us what is right? All we're told is to coöperate. We've known that for a hundred years.

You've told me how wrong the McNary-Haugen plan is, so why don't you tell me

(Continued on Page 52)

THE highest honor the people of this American republic can confer on any motor car has been bestowed on the new Nash "400" —they think it's great. They have given it their *good opinion!*

This car is the blazing, triumphant success of the year—with more Nash cars sold in the months since its introduction than in any similar period of Nash history.

All because other new cars do not measure up to the new "400" standards of excellence. Comparison proves it beyond all question.

This is the car with the new *Twin Ignition, high compression, valve-in-head motor*—the finest power plant ever built for any motor car.

The "400" is the easiest steering car the motor car industry ever has produced.

It is the easiest riding—with longer wheelbases, Houdaille or Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers as standard equipment, and new alloy springs individually designed for each model.

And above all, the new and refreshing note of style originated by the new "400" Salon Body marks it for admiration wherever you drive it. Good words everywhere for the good taste which created it.

The swing to Nash is nation-wide. The country has gone Nash. It has seen and driven the Nash "400." *Have you?*

The car with the Twin Ignition motor

NASH "400"

Leads the World in Motor Car Value (8884)

Notice how exactly the Hesson Guard fits against the bowl. Condensation is prevented. The smoke passage is absolutely clear.

Sweet and dry, *lasting satisfaction* due to the Hesson Guard

(PATENTED 12-23-26)

A CHOICE briar pipe that may be enjoyed even the first time it is filled—already mechanically caked with real tobacco. Smooth and mellow every time you feel the pipe urge . . . the Demuth Milano with the Hesson Guard.

Its fragrant sweetness is dependable. The Hesson Guard—an exclusive Demuth feature—fits tight against the shoulder of the bowl, keeping the shank dry and spotless. There is no obstruction in the shank or stem to condense the steam in the pure tobacco smoke.

Demuth fine pipes are meticulously made. The workmanship is highly expert and the materials are the best. The two pipes illustrated below are Demuth Milano smooth No. 1506 and ripple No. 1604. Wm. Demuth & Co., 230 Fifth Avenue, New York City; 175 West Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.; 216 Pine Street, San Francisco, California. Established 1862.

$3.50

Demuth Milano *with the Hesson Guard*

(Continued from Page 50)

what is the answer to the farmer's questions? You say that the farm problem is a business problem and should be solved in a business way. All right; you're a business man, so tell me how you'd go about it.

I followed your idea in your last letter and sat down to figure out just what is wrong. I went through my books and here's what I found. Junior helped me with the figures, but I guess they're all right.

Here's what we have to spend our money on. I compared the prices we have had to pay during the past year with the prices we paid before the war:

Feed is 25 per cent higher.
Seed is nearly 100 per cent higher.
Machinery is nearly 60 per cent higher.
Fertilizer is nearly 25 per cent higher.
Building materials are more than 60 per cent higher.
Equipment and supplies are over 33 per cent higher.

Taking all the things we have to buy for the farm together, they came out about 45 per cent above the prices before the war—only a little more than in 1921. I admit I was surprised, because I thought it was much higher. Going back to the year 1920, I find that the figure for all the purchases made then ran about 75 per cent higher than before the war. So things do look some better.

But when we come to figuring wages it isn't so good. What's become of the old-fashioned hired man? He's getting scarcer than hen's teeth, and when he does show up he wants more money. This year it does seem to be a little better; some men have come around from the towns because they've been out of jobs. Before the war we could put all the men we wanted on corn husking for two dollars a day with meals, and now most of them want four dollars and more. The only way we've been able to keep down labor costs is by using more machines.

But the biggest rise is in taxes. I guess you know that as well as I do, but do you know that taxes are now two and a half times as high as they were before the war? Junior tells me that the farmers had to pay in taxes in 1926 nearly $900,000,000, while twelve years ago they paid only $350,000,000. So they've gone up some 150 per cent. But, anyway, these millions don't mean so much to me as my own figures. When you figure off all my expenses, out of every dollar I have left I have to pay over thirty cents in taxes. Before the war it was about twelve cents.

Leaving out the rent on your farm and mortgage interest on mine, those are about the most important things I have to buy. Now here are the figures on what I receive. Taking my whole income, I get about 44 per cent of it from hogs, 20 per cent from corn, 5 per cent from oats, 15 per cent from eggs, 10 per cent from poultry, 5 per cent from potatoes, and about 1 per cent from various other things.

The price of hogs means more to my profits than anything else, and Junior made a chart for me. It goes up and down like a flivver on a rutty road. We never know what we're going to get. Prices were much steadier before the war. I don't expect them to go as high as they were in 1917, 1918 or 1919, but I should like to know why they had to drop at the beginning of this year way down to where they were in the bad years of 1923 and 1924. Of course they picked up a bit this spring, but then there are several million hogs less to market. But it's queer that in 1925 and 1927 there was exactly the same hog kill in the whole country, but there was more than two dollars difference on the hundred pounds in the prices we got.

What rubs me the wrong way is when I read an article in the paper like the one I saw a few weeks ago. The writer said the packers had the biggest stocks they ever had and they had bought at the lowest prices in four years. Prices went up two dollars a hundred and he expected them to go up even more, and he said the packers would make $10,000,000 for every cent a pound added.

That's one of the big things wrong with the farmer. He gets seven or eight cents a pound for hogs and the same hogs sell in the city at fifty-five or sixty cents a pound for hams and forty-five or fifty cents for bacon. A cent or two a pound may make all the difference in the world for us, but it means nothing at all compared with the retail price. Who gets the difference? You know, don't you?

I see in the papers how the butter-and-egg men in Chicago have built them a sky-scraper exchange costing millions of dollars, while I'll paint the small barn this year if I get real reckless.

It isn't only the Corn Belt, either. Tillie's brother Charley, out in California, has been writing her pretty blue letters. He went into grapes at the time of the big boom and made big money. But now they are all tearing their hair because there is big overproduction, and they have hired one of the best men in Washington to help pull them out. And you should have read the letters we got from the girl down in Texas last year. Sometimes I think the cotton people have it even worse than the Corn Belt. Some day, I guess, corn and hogs will look so good to the South that they'll go into the business seriously, and then where shall we be?

I do everything I know to get a good yield, and since Junior went to Ames I've tried out a lot of things I never believed in before. My yield is better than those around here and better than it used to be before the war. I usually run nearer fifty than forty bushels to the acre and you know I got forty, even in 1924. I've got my costs down lower than anybody else around here. I have been making money, but it's only by darned hard work.

But as soon as we have a good crop we lose money because prices drop. Where's the sense in trying to increase the yield? I read somewhere that the cotton people in some town down South have put up a statue to the boll weevil. I'm beginning to think if we don't get the McNary-Haugen bill, I'll put up a statue to the corn borer and one to hog cholera. Sincerely yours,

JERRY HOWE.

P. S. Junior is real tickled about getting your letter of congratulations on his graduation. I guess you'll have to write Ivy a letter about something soon. J. H.

CORNWALL HILL FARM,
PATTERSON, NEW YORK,
JULY 29, 1928.

DEAR JERRY: I don't think I'd bother about those statues to hog cholera and the corn borer, if I were you, even though the McNary-Haugen bill is dead. The farmer's problems are nearer solution now than they have ever been in history. You fellows accomplished something in making the people and the politicians think about you, but I don't feel it was really necessary. The whole proposition is now in the hands of a man who doesn't have to be prodded or cussed into thinking his darndest—and acting too.

I can see how you'd be sore at the politicians, and for the life of me I never could understand why you and the other farmers put so much faith in them and expected them to solve your problems with legislation and political interference. Farm problems, like business problems, need trained men—men who by training and experience have learned how to take a problem apart, find out what is really the trouble, decide on a solution and organize a method of carrying out the plan. I think that, at last, the farmers have found just that man.

One of the important qualities of such a man is sticking to the point and patiently hounding down each cause and effect. You yourself, as soon as you forget the McNary-Haugen idea, can work out a pretty good analysis of the farm problems. As a matter of fact, you could go pretty far in planning a solution. The farm problems are not the

(Continued on Page 54)

Sculptured by Ritter, 1895, for Pennsylvania Railroad's Broad Street Station, Philadelphia

A BUSINESS THAT LOOKED UP!

Thirty-five years ago a Pennsylvania Railroad executive saw a vision of passenger cars being transported through the air!

Was he laughed at? . . . You who some time may have faced a hostile board of directors with an untried plan can well imagine it! For it is one thing for a business man to have vision; but it is quite another thing to believe in it so firmly as to have it carved in stone and placed high in the concourse of a great station where millions may see it, to scoff at it . . . or to be inspired by it. Above all, it is a most wonderful thing to witness the sweep of progress finally overtake the vision and transcend it!

The Pennsylvania Railroad is now actively preparing to transport passengers on wings thousands of feet above the earth!

A passenger for Los Angeles will leave New York from the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at night in a Pullman, and sleep soundly until daylight finds him beyond the Alleghanies. . . . At Columbus, Ohio, he will transfer to a giant tri-motored plane, capable of carrying fourteen passengers, with all the comforts and conveniences of a yacht, and the service of a steward. Flying at a hundred miles an hour, he will pass St. Louis and Kansas City, and alight at Wichita, where a commodious Pullman train waits for the night run. . . . Daylight will find him in New Mexico, where another plane is waiting. Before nightfall he is in Los Angeles!

A wonderful achievement? Certainly! Yet the transcontinental Air Mail has been in successful operation since 1920!

Railroads through the Northwest have already in operation passenger planes between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul. . . . The Santa Fe is co-operating with the Pennsylvania. . . . The New York Central is closely surveying air travel in Europe. . . . The Hudson River Day Line is considering the extension of its boat service, via air, from Albany to Montreal. . . . Many Atlantic liners now provide plane service to carry passengers quickly to their land destinations. . . . Commercial air routes are projected to Bermuda, Canada, and across the Gulf of Mexico. . . . And Air Tours and independent passenger Air Lines are starting up almost spontaneously everywhere. . . .

During the past three years 6,600,000 pounds of freight and express and 4,900,000 pounds of mail have been cleared from the Cleveland Municipal Airport, exceeding both Tempelhofer Field, Berlin, and Croydon, England. During the month of June, 1480 planes were cleared. Nine private companies are located on this field, *and six mail lines cross it, with three more in prospect!*

Aviation in America has already reached the proportions of a $100,000,000 industry; and airplane transportation has within two years become a positive factor of industry and commerce. The wonderful record of Ford tri-motored, all-metal planes, designed to carry fourteen passengers, is the best evidence of this fact.

Traveling on regular flights, these planes have transported over six million pounds of freight and mail. The number of passengers carried cannot be accurately stated, for Ford planes have flown in service on this continent under all conditions from Labrador to the high plateaus of Mexico.

They have totaled a million miles of successful commercial flight.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

The Abbey Artlarm, mahogany finish,

$3.50

Other models in smaller and larger sizes with square and Gothic dials at same price

To *match the modern home*— Artlarms by New Haven

Beauty and color have come into the modern home. Today, home furnishings must be decorative as well as dependable. And so New Haven offers "Artlarms"—modern, attractive alarm clocks—replacing the old-fashioned, often ugly alarms at even lower prices!

Artlarms are made in a variety of styles and sizes with many exclusive features. Pictured above is the Abbey. Its graceful Gothic case, mahogany-finished, is worthy in every way of your finest furniture. It has a silver dial, genuine Krack-proof Krystal and a bell that is inconspicuous but effective.

The three Artlarms shown below have octagonal metal cases finished with lustrous, lasting Duco. They come in colors to match the scheme of your bathroom, bedroom, kitchen or breakfast nook. And they, too, are fitted with Krack-proof Krystals, rust-proof back bells and unusually reliable 40-hour movements. Prices slightly higher in Canada.

THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.

Makers of good clocks and watches for more than five generations

$3.00

Tattoo *Artlarm, 4¼" dial. In green Duco only*

$2.50

Tick Tock *Artlarm, 3¼" dial. Red, blue, green and yellow Duco.*

$3.00

Tattoo Junior *Artlarm, 2¾" dial. Red, blue, green and yellow Duco*

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kind that are insoluble; although, just because they are human problems, there are a few factors in them which can never be wiped out. But nothing can be done so long as the farmer believes that there is only one farm problem—the surplus—and that there is only one solution.

The list which you made up from your own books is just as good a start on an analysis as anything else. Boiled down, your problem is to increase what you earn and decrease what you spend, isn't it? And, after all, that is exactly the problem of every business, hog raising as well as banking.

How can you decrease your costs? Your present prices on the things you have to buy for the farm are, you figure, about 45 per cent above prewar levels. I don't see how this can be expected to decrease to any extent in any short time. These prices have been declining steadily since 1921, and this has been one of the strangest conditions in our business history—that prices should hold steady—and even fall off—when there is so much money which could cause inflation. You can praise the Federal Reserve System, or you can praise the new habits of business men in buying carefully and selling in fierce competition, but the fact is there.

The answer is not in waiting for prices to drop violently but in using your purchases wisely. There is no hope, for instance, in reducing costs by cutting down fertilizer or using old machinery; in fact, such penny wisdom has proved pound folly for many farmers. Let the farmer who needs it make sure he knows the right fertilizer and uses enough to keep the soil fertile, and you know as well as I do that the better yield will more than repay the cost.

It's right here on this fertilizer problem that the farmers have been as sleepy as the politicians have on the whole farm situation. The soil, even in the Corn Belt, is being allowed to wear out. Of course you don't need fertilizer so much in your part of the country; and just as the Corn Belt, with its rich virgin soil, replaced New England, so some other region, here or abroad, will replace the Corn Belt. Isn't it strange that Corn Belt folks should be so careless with the possession in which they take the most pride? They haven't really been farmers—they have been miners, treating their land as if it were a mine, from which the main thing—fertility—could be taken out and not replaced. All over the country, not only are the farmers taking out the vital elements of the earth and not replacing them, but they are allowing the soil to be washed away. The man who killed the goose that laid the golden egg was a shrewd and calculating old miser, compared with many American farmers.

The time is not far off when holders of farm mortgages will insist that soil fertility be kept up by fertilizer, good tillage and crop rotation—that the land on which they are putting their money remain valuable. They will demand in their mortgage papers a clause requiring the farmer to present the results of annual soil surveys and to see to it that the results are good. Maybe this sounds wild, but wasn't there a time, before Babcock, when milk was never sold on butterfat test? And the Federal Farm Loan Bank at Houston, Texas, is already requiring its 60,000 borrowers to terrace their land to keep it from being washed away—and this clause is enforced, all right.

When I say that not too much should be expected in the way of reduced prices for the things you buy, I mean those produced here. There can be no economic gain in forcing down these prices too rapidly while increasing farm products' prices; that will simply cut down the farmers' market, which depends on good wages for city workers. Don't try to make the farmer prosperous by making the city worker poorer. But that is different from keeping down prices on such necessities as fertilizers produced abroad. Potash and nitrate have been at the mercy of foreign trusts—which are only human—and so have rubber and steel. The American farmer owes Mr. Hoover everlasting gratitude for keeping these trusts within reasonable bounds.

As for machinery, we've heard a great deal about how machines are replacing men on the farm. But, believe me, we are only at the beginning of the use of machines to cut down farm toil and farm costs. The day of the combine, for instance, is at hand. Look at what Campbell is doing on his 95,000-acre farm in Montana. To him farming is engineering, and Campbell's success is a good example of what the engineer is going to do for the farmer. And in the machine must be the answer to your labor problems. You remember, thirty years ago, the regular wage for the hired man was twenty-six dollars a month, with board—Campbell pays his engine operators six dollars a day. Yet his labor costs per acre of wheat are less than those of the wheat farmer of the last generation. He is plowing an acre with a labor cost of twenty-seven cents, seeding at seven cents, double-disking at ten cents and harvesting and threshing at forty cents!

Or take the South. You ask your Texas son-in-law what the sled is beginning to do for cotton—already enabling a cost for sledding of four dollars a bale instead of the twenty dollars for hand picking; and the machine picker is coming on the way quickly.

You know from your own experience what the machine has done for you, but you also know what it hasn't done for some of your neighbors. Besides machines, there must be management, whether it is in growing corn or cotton or in raising hogs. You ask Junior what they found to be the cost of producing pork, for instance, on Iowa farms. One survey I read about shows that on twenty-one farms the cost ran from $7.20 to $17.66 a hundred pounds. It's the same in everything—you know how Bim Dodd works, for instance. A lot of farmers buy machines—and what do they do with them? They let them run down, misuse them, leave them out in the fields all night. Sometimes I think we ought to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Machines.

The reason for these differences in production costs is that most farmers forget there are more than one kind of machine. We think of machines as something you can touch—can buy on the installment plan. But just as important are the machines you can't touch and you can't buy. They are the machines inside our heads—the machines of management. They have to be developed by study and practice; you can't buy them by signing on the dotted line for some salesman. Management has changed American industry so that it is the marvel of the world. The figures which show how much a worker can produce now compared with twenty-five—even ten or five years ago—are unbelievable. But look at the farm. There's many a farmer still working around the farm after the sun goes down, without lights. He spends years developing complicated habits of finding his way around the barn and doing chores by lantern light. He may bump his shins every night and do things half wrong, but there still are no electric lights on his place. Working in the dark—that's what too many American farmers are doing with their whole lives.

The farmer has always been proud of his horse sense, but in these days that's nothing to be proud of. The day of horse sense is over—we need engine sense on the farm.

Jerry, I wish we could talk this over face to face again sometime in the near future, but I know you won't be offended if I write what I'd say. You're a better farmer than your father, Jerry, and deep down in your heart you're hoping—and fearing, also, perhaps a little—that Junior will be a better farmer than you. He's of the stock from which the new breed of farmers will come. He'll be about as much like the farmer of your father's days as pure-bred Duroc-Jersey is like the old razorback. The scrub farmer we knew thirty years ago is passing out. He may take a long time going, but, like the scrub bull, he's got to go.

You've changed your mind about a lot of things since Junior went to Ames. You kid

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Have you tried it AFTER SHAVING ?

EXHILARATES! COOLS! PROTECTS!

AFTER your next shave, douse Listerine on the face full strength.

What a nice reaction. Cooling! A new sense of vigor and freshness. Amazing stimulation for tired skin. And all the usual smarting and burning gone at once. Also you have the satisfaction of knowing that the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine are enemies of infection.

One trial of Listerine this way will win you. Why not today? Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Have you tried the new Listerine SHAVING CREAM?
Cools your skin while you shave and keeps it cool afterward. An outstanding shaving cream in every respect.

LISTERINE

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Is it stronger? YES!
Is it heavier? NO!
SEE WHY

TRIAL OFFER
"American" Pressed Steel Trucks are "built to wear without repair." Buy one and put it to work. If you are not satisfied that it is saving you money through better service, send it back and we will refund your money.

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THE AMERICAN PULLEY COMPANY, 4200 Wissahickon Ave., Philadelphia, Penna.
Company Warehouses—New York, Boston, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle

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him about what he doesn't know, but you know you don't look on book farming the way you used to. You see that the future of farming belongs to the book farmer and the test-tube farmer and the electrical farmer and you really aren't so sad about it as you pretend to be, are you?

You know very well you could run most of the farms around you better than they are being run, and make more money. That's management. Well, why shouldn't you be running some of the other farms? You know that it would be economical, because you could plan better and work things in better, just as you are doing with your farm and mine. You could get big machines which it wouldn't pay you to buy now. The big economical machine is going to force the bigger farm; we're in for big business in agriculture just as in industry. You don't have to start in buying up land. You can start by coöperative buying of machines and supplies and working into management in which the work is divided up according to ability. And if you see that works out well you could easily organize, as safely as possible, a little corporation to operate the farms. I know you'd make a success and I'd go into it with you.

You know that there are thousands of ways in which farm profits can be increased. You know what you've done with the new hybrid corn. You know how cod-liver oil for chicks is changing the whole poultry industry, taking the season curse out of it, developing entirely new brooding systems and producing a better chick. You know what the ten-litter idea has done for the Corn Belt since it started five or six years ago. I remember your letters were pretty skeptical about it when the idea was first suggested. But now I know what it has meant to your profits. Your litters run nearer ten than the average four or five, don't they? And you know from your own figures that your cost per pig has been cut nearly half. Of course you could tell me a whole lot more than I can tell you about that.

But there are still thousands of things we don't know, although that is not so discouraging as the fact that the thousands of important things we do know are not used. Only this week Junior's friend at Ames, Professor Sweeney, told the chemists at a convention in Chicago that the Corn Belt will revolutionize the industries of the nation through the proper use of corn. He said that there is a waste of 1,000,000,000 tons of unused raw materials, equal to twice the weight of soft coal used. He said that scientists know about 30,000 industrial products which could be made from cornstalks and corncobs and similar waste. Professor Sweeney isn't just talking. There may be some false starts in carrying out such a tremendous program, and some of the schemes may be picked on by get-rich-quick promoters, but the truth is there and it's the biggest truth that the Corn Belt has to face.

If I picked out what seems to me the farmer's one big problem I should say it is due to the fact that the farmer is a food producer. Of course, with the help of the packers, for instance, he produces the raw materials for many industries, but the farmer's big job has been to produce food.

But while he has been striving to make two heads of wheat grow where only one grew before, nobody has discovered a way of making two mouths open where only one opened before. This country seems to be taking to heart, at last, the warning that a man cannot live by bread alone—and bread consumption has gone down, and so has that of meat and other staple foods—but the consumption of fruits and vegetables has gone up. Mrs. Cheney and millions of other women have learned to feed the boys more carrots and spinach and orange juice and milk—more vitamins and less of something else.

All this scientific propaganda has changed the food habits of the nation, but the men who are providing the food have hardly realized what's going on. Just think of the competition between the different things which might be eaten for breakfast, for the simplest meal. Shall we have orange juice or cantaloupe, pie or toast, bacon and eggs, or nothing? On every table in the land, three times a day, there is a great battle—I have called it the war on the table. On the decisions depend whole industries, and if a food becomes unpopular the whole industry which produces it faces ruin. It's exactly the same situation in every industry today—it's what I call the new competition. It's the same as the battle between several industries to decide what kind of roof you are going to have on your barn. Will it be felt or wood or sheet steel or any one of the dozen other materials? That is the same battle that the food producers are fighting—it's farmer against farmer.

Don't think that your neighbor who is raising corn and hogs is your worst competitor; it might be the man who is raising

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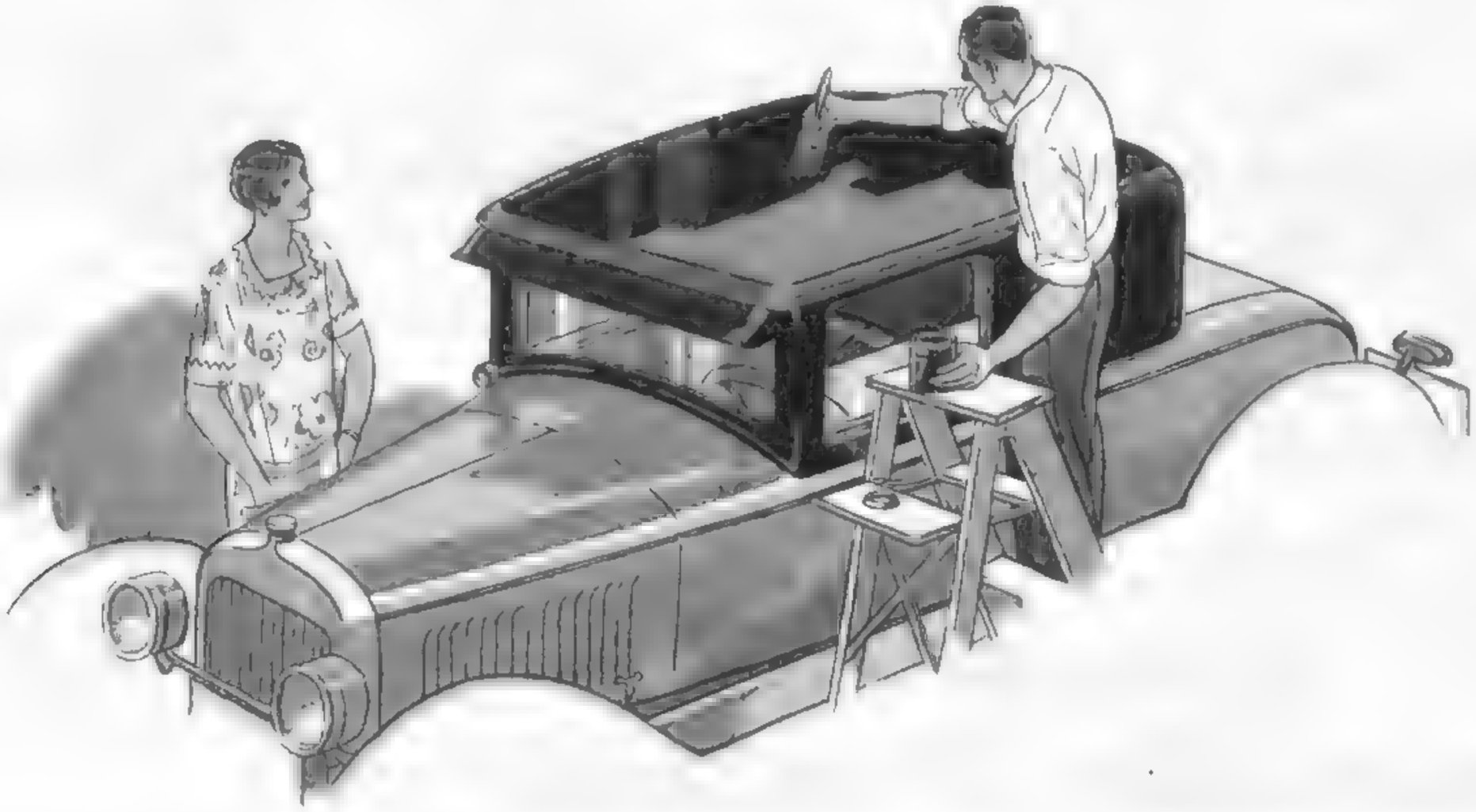
Mount Baring and Gunns Peaks in the Cascade Range, Washington

Bring back the lustre of your top

with a finish which really waterproofs



DAY in and day out, all through the summer, the top of your car has suffered an unmerciful attack from the blazing, burning rays of the sun, the driving rains, the constant vibrations of the wind and road. And now, with winter coming on, your auto top needs attention.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco and the world's leading manufacturers of auto top fabrics It is made to waterproof and protect auto tops, and to restore their original lustre

What has happened to the top of your car?

Not even the most durable auto top materials can stand up for long under the terrific strain to which they are subjected the year 'round.

Eventually tiny cracks, or checks, are formed in the smooth surface of the fabric coating. These cracks gradually grow larger and deeper. If neglected they will in time reach the fabric itself and your top will leak.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish will thoroughly waterproof a leaking top. But why wait until it starts to leak? Brush on a coat of No. 7 Auto Top Finish every six months, and you will keep the top beautiful and in fine condition.

No. 7 Auto Top Finish forms a film of protection over the entire top. It fills in all the tiny cracks and checks. It covers the top with a beautiful jet black finish which is durable, flexible, and thoroughly waterproof.

Protect your top from the fall rains

Buy a can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish now. Protect your top through the long winter months. No. 7 Auto Top Finish is for use on all types of auto tops (open and closed) and for side curtains, trunk covers, and tire covers. You apply it with a brush and it dries hard overnight. If you prefer, ask the garage man to do it for you.

Excellent for your tires

You will find nothing quite so good for your spare tire as No. 7 Auto Top Finish. It dresses it up, and prevents drying and checking of the rubber And if you want to make a really fine job of it, use No. 7 on ALL your tires It will add wonderfully to your car's appearance.

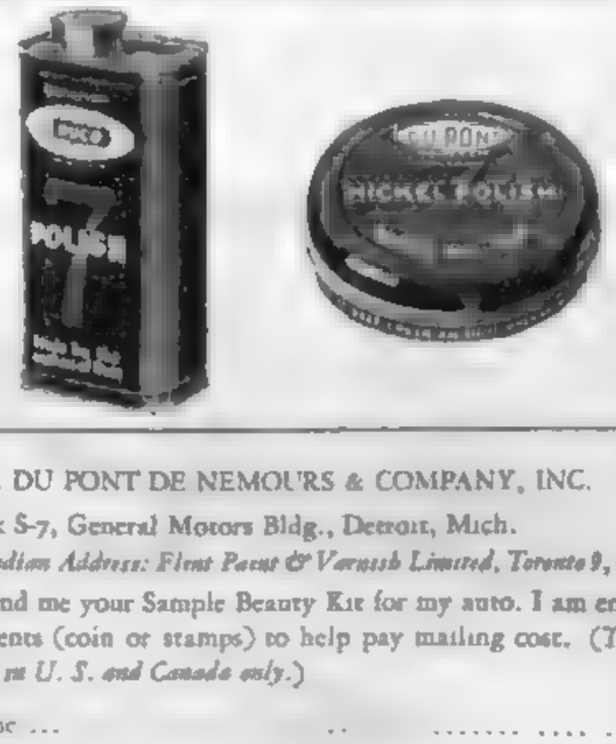
• • •

Du Pont, the makers of Duco, have developed two other products to make your car more beautiful. No. 7 Duco Polish will remove Traffic Film and bring back the original lustre of the finish. No. 7 Nickel Polish cleans and brightens the radiator and lamps. It is also an ideal polish for metal surfaces in the home.

Send for this Sample Beauty Kit

Beautify your car at our expense. Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover cost of mailing) and we'll send you the following:

1 Sample can of No. 7 Duco Polish (enough to polish your car once)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Nickel Polish (enough to shine up the radiator and lamps)
1 Sample can of No. 7 Auto Top Finish (enough to paint the spare tire or tire cover)



E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.
Desk S-7, General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Address: Flint Paint & Varnish Limited, Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents (coin or stamps) to help pay mailing cost. (*This offer good in U. S. and Canada only.*)

Name ...
Street ...
City State

MADE BY DU PONT, THE MAKERS OF DUCO

On Navy Department searching expeditions over the frozen reaches of the North Atlantic, the U. S. S. Los Angeles used Eveready Prestone in her radiators for protection against freezing.

Whenever low temperatures bring freezing hazards, the motors of the "Los Angeles" are protected with Eveready Prestone

When the Navy Department's giant dirigible "Los Angeles" takes the air in cold weather, its huge, costly motors are protected with the surest safeguard against freezing—Eveready Prestone. Low temperature hazards in flying permit no compromise in motor protection. That Eveready Prestone should be chosen for the "Los Angeles" is evidence of the unfailing protection it provides and the permanent assurance of safety with which you can use it in the radiator of your car.

Eveready Prestone is entirely different from other anti-freeze solutions or mixtures. It never boils away. You need never worry about evaporation or deterioration, for one supply lasts all season. It is unaffected by extreme changes in temperature. It is perfectly harmless and permanently safe, no matter how early you put it in the radiator or how long winter lasts.

Eveready Prestone met with enormous success among the hundreds of thousands of motorists who used it last year. It has the recommendation of automobile manufacturers and motor-fleet operators. All these users have found that here, at last, is permanent, harmless, all-season protection without the annoyance of renewals or the danger of deterioration. Eveready Prestone meets every specification set up by the U. S. Bureau of Standards for an "ideal anti-freeze."

points of superiority

1. Gives complete protection
2. Does not boil away
3. Positively will not damage cooling system
4. Will not heat up a motor
5. Will not affect paint or varnish
6. Non-inflammable
7. Odorless
8. Does not become viscous at low temperatures; will not decompose at high temperatures
9. Never deteriorates—economical to use

Eveready Prestone, sold as a pure, *undiluted* product, is the most economical investment in winter insurance for every motorist. One supply is all he needs. One gallon to two gallons, depending on radiator capacity, will protect a car as long as cold weather lasts. For complete protection, less Eveready Prestone is required than ordinary anti-freeze preparations. Trust your car's safety to this perfect anti-freeze.

Get your winter's supply of Eveready Prestone today at the nearest garage, automotive supply dealer's or hardware store.

Each Eveready Prestone can is sealed with a special safety cap that protects the purchaser against the possibility of substitution or adulteration. Look for this cap.

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EVEREADY PRESTONE
(TRADEMARK)
for the Preparation of
The Perfect Anti-Freeze

(Continued from Page 56)

prunes or wheat. That's why so many industries, including farm coöperatives, are beginning to organize as industries and to advertise their products. But if everybody does this where will it all end? It might be possible to increase the consumption of different kinds of textiles, because if people are prosperous they could afford to buy cotton, silk, wool, rayon and linen. But no matter how prosperous they might be, there is a limit to the capacity of their insides—and that's the farmer's limit as a food producer.

Well, how about the other people in the world? They have to eat too. But this idea of a world market for American agricultural products is not the happy solution to the problem of the surplus; it will stand a lot of thinking about. In the case of specialty crops, like grapefruit or raisins, or even apples, which we can produce under good conditions here, the past few years have proved that there is a fine opportunity in foreign markets. But in the big staple crops we have competition—often intense—from other countries, and the struggle for the world's markets in staples has frequently done the American farmer more harm than good.

I read a speech the other day by your friend Dean Curtiss, of Ames, of whom you have written me so enthusiastically. He said that he sees the farmer's big problem as one of keeping the home market, and calls it the only one worth considering for the future.

I think he is right. As long as the American farmer depends on his success in competing for the world market, so long will he have to take his chances on being beaten down to the living levels of his South American or European brothers. That is where American industry may be sowing seeds of trouble for the future. Twenty-five years from now the American farmer may be a whole lot better off than the American business man and worker, because the farmer may have made himself independent of world markets and the others may have done just the opposite.

But if the home market belongs to the American farmer it must be protected for him. Everybody agrees to that; even the Democrats are not saying unkind words about the tariff. There is no question that the whole tariff problem of the farmer will be given thorough consideration and the farmer will be able to forget his complaint of so many years.

You ask what is the sense in increasing yields. All the sense in the world. Those farmers who resist all improved methods because they will increase production are mixing things up. The increase in yield is for the purpose of reducing costs; the increase in production is a problem which may rise from increased yield, but in this country it has come just as much from the increased land under cultivation. We have prided ourselves on making the wilderness bloom like a garden. It will be a whole lot better if we learn how to turn some of the gardens back into wildernesses—poetically speaking. I mean that reclamation and irrigation and drainage projects, on which so many millions have been spent, might better, perhaps, have been left on paper. What we need is some economic invention for letting some of the land which has been under cultivation go back into forests, which we need, and into grazing—and it ought to be a painless invention, because the present method of abandoning farms seems to be painful to the farmers.

And yet I am not inclined to shed economic tears over the sight of a deserted farm; it may be a sign of wisdom instead of folly. The epic of the covered wagon and the pioneers who made our West is a beautiful one, but we must now learn to run the covered wagon in reverse, if the farmer is to get anywhere.

The land is both the blessing and the curse of the farmer. The trouble with it is, it's there so that everybody can see it, and whatever it can see, some government wants to tax. But the foolishness of taxing the land on its value is that sometimes it is worth its value and sometimes it isn't, depending on the crop. The value of the land is fixed, but the farmer's income is far from steady. The burden of the farmer's taxes at present is not so much how much he has to pay but that he has to pay it when he hasn't got it. The sensible principle would seem to be to tax what the farmer really earns, not what he might earn. Some states have already begun to do this, and when some of the state legislatures in the farm states get around to it they might work out a fair plan.

The mortgage on the old farm has gone down in song and story, and many is the tear that has been shed when it was presented on the stage. The farmer has never been given much credit as a financier, has he? He has always complained of being in the clutches of bankers and storekeepers. But you know that doesn't really mean that he has been the victim of anybody or of any system planned against him. The farmer of a generation or two ago lived off his farm, and he didn't need very complicated financing because he didn't have much business to do with the outside world. But when he did begin to feed the nation and to buy about half what he needed, his financial skill didn't broaden with his activities; he has tried to be a modern farmer without being a modern business man.

That period of growing pains seems to be over now. The country bankers have begun to realize that it is more than a theory that their own prosperity depends on the farmer's prosperity, and in many states they are really buckling down to help the farmer dig himself out of debt. The Federal land-banking agencies, the Federal Land Banks, the intermediate credit banks and the joint-stock land banks now have outstanding, right in the hands of the farmers, nearly $2,000,000,000. I don't think this help is anything to sneeze at, do you? There have been mistakes, but the lessons have been learned. The system needs methods of getting into closer touch with the farmers, and these are being worked out. All the tragic romance is being taken out of the mortgage on the old farm.

The other important question you asked me to answer is: Where does the difference go—why do you get so little for what the consumer pays so much? Now I ought to know the answer to that. I've joined in dozens of conferences and conventions and conclaves on distribution and its high cost. I've heard the names that chain stores and independents call one another. I've heard the names that wholesalers and direct-selling manufacturers call one another—not to mention mail-order men and resident buyers and sales agents and all the other middlemen. I've learned that the cost of distribution is getting higher all the time, but I've also learned that a lot of the plans for cutting it are on the same order as perpetual-motion schemes. The cry From Producer Direct to Consumer sounds good, but it is too often only sound.

Maybe I shouldn't say it, but I've had the privilege of coming into close acquaintance with butter-and-egg men—real ones. Your idea of them is the one in the cartoons; but if you have to see one close, and see his books, you'll realize that he's very often more like a living skeleton than a prize bull. As for the packers—some of them may do a little better in some lines this year, but it's a long time since they have had a good year. What has happened to the big companies? Look at their financial statements and see how many have been on the ragged edge—and gone down. What has happened to the fortunes made in the packing business? Read some of the wills of the pioneers.

And the fact is that the middlemen in most lines work hard, risk money and get nowhere. Some of them hang on and many of them don't. However, we really can't get along without some middlemen. You can call them wholesalers or jobbers or brokers—and you can call them coöperative officials—but they are middlemen just the same, whether you pay them salaries or commissions. Somebody must do the job of collecting produce and distributing it to the consumer—warehousing, financing, selling, not to mention grading and processing. Even if the farmers do it themselves, somebody has to do it.

And every time somebody does something—even looking at goods—it costs money and adds to the spread. The farmers have been reaching out farther and farther for their markets. They have fast trains and expensive refrigerator cars, luxurious quality, expensive advertising and attractive packages.

Time and distance must take their toll. Railroad freight rates are jumbled—everybody knows that—and the farmers have been getting the wrong end of it. But a fairer deal is in sight for the first time in our history; freight rates are going to be studied as a whole, and when the men working under the Hoch-Smith resolution finish their jobs, I know that the farmer will have fewer things to kick about.

And just as the rail-rate problem is being studied as a whole, so should the bigger agricultural problem. I agree with you that there ought to be a Federal Farm Board to study, plan and act; I agreed with the idea when Mr. Hoover first suggested it in 1921. But I think that such a board should be given a fair chance. It shouldn't be told what to think and what to do. You can't find out the truth if somebody insists on telling it to you. And finding the facts and applying them with cool judgment and organizing ability, under the guidance of trained minds—that's what the farm problems need most of all now. You need scarecrows and hired men on the farm, but one cannot do the work of the other, and there have been more scarecrows than good hired men among the farmer's friends and advisers.

With such a board really doing its job, I see nothing but hope ahead for the farmer. Industry has had the advantage over agriculture since the war. It looks as if in the next few years this will be readjusted so it might even look the other way. It takes time and experience even to build up a haystack that is balanced and tight enough to stand, and you'll agree that building up an economic balance is even harder.

I'm a bull on agriculture—maybe that's why red rags annoy me. Now is the time to buy good farms if you can run them, because you are going to have about the best brains in the world to help you.

I'm coming back up here to Cornwall Hill Farm in a few days to stay for a little vacation. It feels like going back home again—I mean my boyhood home. Maybe it's because the farm is in my blood. One of my boys is very keen on the farm and watches and asks questions and learns. Sometimes he says he'd like to be a farmer. I can think of no career which would promise him more happiness. There is something in farm life which one never finds anywhere else—and it makes up for many troubles.

Only those who have been raised on a farm can understand what I mean. If the boy really wants to be a farmer he'd have my blessing. I know that he will be a man of many interests, but serene; that he will be self-reliant and independent, and that if he uses his own head and the help his Uncle Sam is ready to give him, he will prosper.

I know that you will think over what I have written. I know that you will think over the whole thing, not just one little side that has stirred you up. A political convention is no place for thinking. Forget your prejudices, keep calm, study what can be done and who can do it. I know that you won't go wrong.

You and every other farmer are at the crossroads. You can either choose the road of a sane program for farm relief based on your actual needs, or you can choose the road that leads to the McNary-Haugen panic of 1933.

Your friend,
O. H. CHENEY.

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Illustration ½ actual size

A sturdy, dependable wrist watch at a low price. Now with chromium-finish back that won't corrode and mark your wrist, double sunk effect on mat-finish metal dial. Wrist Radiolite, $4.00.

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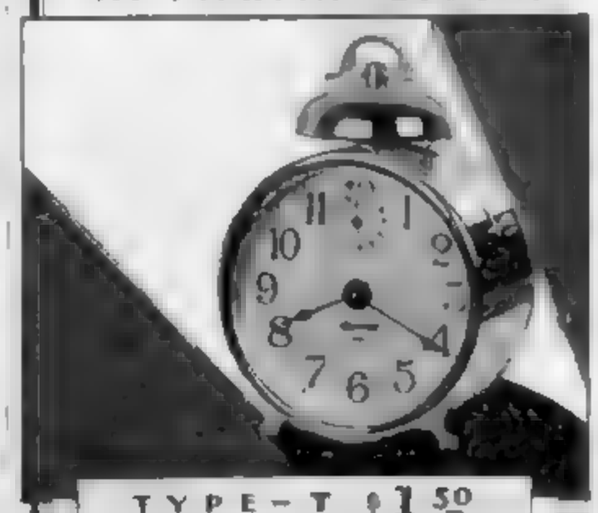

TYPE-T $1.50

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With its Yankee qualities of sturdiness, dependability and good looks, the TYPE-T is fast gaining the position in the clock field that the Ingersoll Yankee Watch holds in the watch industry. Now in colors, too.

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Watch This Column
Our Weekly Chat

Send for your copy of Universal's booklet containing complete information on our new pictures. It's free.

ON July 21, in this column, I advertised for a Master Psychologist, my idea being that such a scholar could analyze certain plot-situations and forecast public reaction. The request was based on my hope for greater refinement and entertainment possibilities in moving-pictures. Several hundred applications were received and what delighted me, as much as anything else, was to learn that so many intellectual men and women were reading these weekly chats. Naturally in order to be just to applicants, it will take me a long time to decide who is going to get the plum. I take this opportunity to thank all those who have written me at length. I assure them of my keen appreciation. I know there is no such thing as a miracle man in this modern world, but a master psychologist can certainly be of vast assistance to me. I want Universal pictures universally admired. —C. L.

By the way, which one of the Universal Stars is liked best in your town—REGINALD DENNY, JEAN HERSHOLT, GLENN TRYON, CONRAD VEIDT, TED WELLS, GEORGE LEWIS, LAURA LA PLANTE, MARY PHILBIN, MARY NOLAN, DOROTHY GULLIVER, BARBARA KENT, KATHRYN CRAWFORD, HOOT GIBSON? Which ones do you like best?

Lewis Stone in "Freedom of the Press"

Universal has synchronized some of its most striking productions, including Harriet Beecher Stowe's immortal American prose-poem, *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* and Victor Hugo's classic *"The Man Who Laughs,"* featuring that talented actor, CONRAD VEIDT, and that beautiful girl, MARY PHILBIN. All those theatres which are fortunate enough to possess Movietone outfits have many treats in store.

Malcolm MacGregor in "Freedom of the Press"

You must see *"Freedom of the Press."* Universal's story laid in the office of a great newspaper and written by that stellar writer, Peter B Kyne The Stars are LEWIS STONE, MARCELINE DAY, HENRY B WALTHALL, MALCOLM MacGREGOR, HAYDEN STEVENSON and others. It is a thrilling story of a newspaper's battle with a vice ring—yet it is romance. Ask your favorite theatre for it.

Marceline Day in "Freedom of the Press"

Carl Laemmle, President

Thousands of people are making collections of photographs of big scenes from Universal Pictures. To meet this demand Universal will send photographs of scenes from *"Uncle Tom's Cabin"* as follows: Set of 5, 50c; Set of 9, 90c; Set of 18, $1.80; Set of 25, $2.50.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

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730 Fifth Ave., New York City

GREASED PIG

(Continued from Page 43)

Donovan wished to reply "Detective Sergeant Corban," but that would have been true only by inference. Instead he said, "A friend of mine spoke of your place."

"What's his name?"

Donovan shrugged his shoulders. "The name of this friend? That's a funny question to ask. I don't know whether he'd like me to give out his name."

"I'm out of everything," said Pripet to that.

He seemed suddenly to notice that he had left the door open, and crossed to turn off the lights and close it. He also turned out the flame of the gas stove under the kettle containing melted grease. The grease he poured off into a pan.

"Everything!" he repeated, when he saw that Donovan did not leave.

"How long before you'll have in a new stock?"

"Not for a month, mister."

"If I leave you an order now ——"

Something in Donovan's words, or in his tone, or in his persistence, sent Pripet about on his heel, his huge body upright, with shoulders squared and fingers clenched. To describe the expression upon his leaden features as baleful would be inadequate. It consisted in part of angry irritation, but behind the irritation lay menaces and malignancies beyond any measuring. The effect so far exceeded the visible cause that Donovan ceased to think of the two as related.

"Get out of here before I throw you out!" he heard Pripet cry.

"I think you won't throw me out, Pripet," he replied softly.

Nevertheless, he saw that he could not remain and avoid a physical clash, any more than he could have remained in a strange yard with an angry dog.

"You make me show you!" Pripet muttered.

The man likewise may have shrunk from a violent clash, somewhere within himself. He spoke snarlingly, from behind set teeth. His eyes seemed to narrow into blazing slits. But he stood for a moment in his tracks instead of starting forward.

As the two confronted each other so, Donovan calm but watchful, Pripet tense with excitement and ready to charge, yet held back by some inner fear, of a sudden the tension slackened like that of stretched catgut plunged into water. Upon the steps outside was heard the sound of scraping shoes. This sound was followed by the click of the door knob and it by the tinkling of the tiny bell as the door swung open.

The newcomers proved to be two policemen in uniform. One of these Donovan had already recognized as Detective Sergeant Corban.

"Hello, Donovan!" cried Corban, seeing him in turn. "I'm lucky this morning. Who runs this place? You?"

"Mr. Pripet, yonder," replied Donovan.

The owner sullenly strode forward, with a side glance at his earlier caller. Whether the man had recognized his name, Donovan did not know, but he gleaned the distinct impression that Pripet's smothered enmity was more dangerous than his open.

"What you want?" asked Pripet.

Corban, in high good humor, replied: "Diamonds, Pripet."

"I have no diamonds—only paste."

"These diamonds I came to get were stolen from the home of John Dresden, on the Lake Shore Drive. I have a search warrant for them. You may as well come across, Pripet. You have them all right. Don't ask me how I know, but I do."

But Pripet repeated that he dealt only in Gablonz paste. "You can look for yourself. If all that glass is diamonds, then I'm rich."

"I'll run along," said Donovan.

"Better stay," replied Corban. "But you'll have to waive the reward. That's already spent."

"Then I will."

As far as Donovan could see, Pripet showed less nervousness under Corban's police questioning than he had done under his own. He repeated that he did not have the diamonds, that he dealt only in paste, that he was an honest man, that Corban could look for himself. When they had finished asking questions, the two officers began making a search of the room. Even then the man maintained his pose of indifference.

They went over the room foot by foot, first round the walls, then through the show case and other possible hiding places, without finding so much as one diamond. They even combed out the melted grease in the pan and the hot water in the kettle on the stove.

Donovan watched them closely, but remained aloof as a passive spectator. Corban needed no help from him. He knew more about diamonds than some dealers.

"What's out there?" asked the officer, when he had finished searching the double kettle.

"Stock room," replied Pripet shortly.

"We'll take it on," said Corban.

The party thereupon moved into the rear room, Donovan following. Pripet, still indifferent, threw on the lights as carelessly as a janitor might have done.

"You'll find the diamonds under everything else," he sneered, but he seemed unafraid that Corban would find them there.

As he had said, the room proved to be used as a stock room for the storage of paste diamonds and other glass gems. The deep drawers of a built-in wall chest served as the chief reservoirs for these; but a table had on it a bank of heaped-up trays of paste diamonds, and a short bench stood stacked with cartons, some opened, some not, containing more recent shipments.

The officers went through the cabinet drawer by drawer, then through the trays, then through the cartons, without finding that which they sought.

"Look close," Pripet would cry. "Maybe you find diamonds in that middle drawer." Or he would cry: "That carton comes from Gablonz. Maybe the customs examiners didn't see the diamonds. I hope you find some for me."

But as I have said, Donovan stood aloof. Only once did he venture a remark, and then only in response to a gibe.

"Maybe your friend here can see better," Pripet had sneered. "His name sounds Irish. Is it truly Donovan?"

Donovan appeared not to notice; but a moment later he inquired suddenly, turning to the other: "How long have you been in America, Pripet?"

Corban, busied with his search, did not see the murderous glance with which Pripet replied to the question, nor did his companion see it. But Donovan saw it.

"I think I shall not ask him just now whether Pinsk is on the Pripet River," he reflected. "If the man's from Russia, as looks likely, he might know."

But as the search progressed, Pripet ceased sneering at the searchers. Donovan did not speak to him further. Toward the end, when even Corban was ready to admit defeat, the man became better humored, his gray-green eyes acquiring a glint that was not unkindly, his tight lips softening into a half smile.

"All right, Pripet," said Corban. "I'm through."

"If you like to see some good strass——" began Pripet, addressing his earlier caller.

"Some other time," said Donovan.

"Going with us, Donovan?" asked the officer.

"Glad to, for a way."

The officers passed into the outer room. Pripet threw off the lights and followed.

As they crossed to the door, Donovan again became conscious of the odor of stale steam and of stale hot grease. As Corban opened it he heard the tinkle of the tiny bell in the rear room. After that the only sounds he heard were those attending the click of the latch as Pripet's bolt shot home, and the shuffling of shoes as the searching party climbed the steps.

"The man's a crook," said Donovan, after a little.

But Corban demurred. "I thought so, but I don't know now whether he is or not. Anyhow, he didn't have any diamonds." And he did not notice that Donovan made no reply.

III

WHAT is not eaten leads to no indigestion. Donovan climbed into a taxicab at the corner without speaking of the odor of hot grease, nor did he state that he hoped to return to Pripet's, nor when, nor why, nor how.

"I but obey a natural law," he reflected whimsically. "The years lead into other years of themselves. The wind blows, wood burns, ice melts, without having to explain when or how. Why should I explain?" He meant explain to Corban. The natural law he obeyed was the law of logical inference.

He therefore let Corban depart without knowing that he had just talked with the unhealthiest river in Europe and without guessing what trading town stood on the edge of its marshes. What that good man learned he would learn later. Meanwhile he himself had preparations to make. Whether they would be needed no man could yet say.

He arranged for his passport, bought his steamer ticket, saw to his train reservation. Then he called on a discreet detective named Garrison, he sometimes employed.

"This building I speak of is very old," he explained. "The door knob is worn down to the bone. It may be it's the oldest building in Chicago."

"I know the kind. It stands outside the burned district of the great fire."

"Can you do anything for me?"

"Can I? Why, say! Easy! Those locks that fought in the Civil War are pie. You could carry them on one key ring."

"Fix it up," said Donovan.

"Watch me!"

He had intended calling upon Pripet alone, as he had done earlier in the day, but circumstances altered his plans. These circumstances consisted chiefly of his dinner with his former army colonel.

"No, no, Donovan—not alone," protested O'Day.

"The man doesn't live in the building."

"Break in through a window?"

"I shall have a key."

"You? A key to Pripet's store?"

"Garrison says he will find me one. He says it's an old lock and easily fitted. He's to fit it and bring it to me."

"Wouldn't a search warrant be easier?"

"Nobody there tonight to serve it on. I haven't time in the morning. Besides, there might be complications. How do I know what I'll find? Perhaps nothing. If I go tonight I can cover up and no harm done, in case my guess misses fire."

"If you have a key, I shan't mind," O'Day observed thoughtfully, "but I refuse to climb in through a window."

"You, colonel?"

"I'm going with you, of course. How could you imagine otherwise?"

"I can't let you do that, chief. It doesn't matter about me. I'm in the business. But not you. You have nothing to do with the Pripet marshes."

"Can't one Irishman help another for the sake of the feel of a club in his two hands? You're on vacation. Would you let me go off into this Pripet bog alone? You wouldn't. Not on my own business or any other."

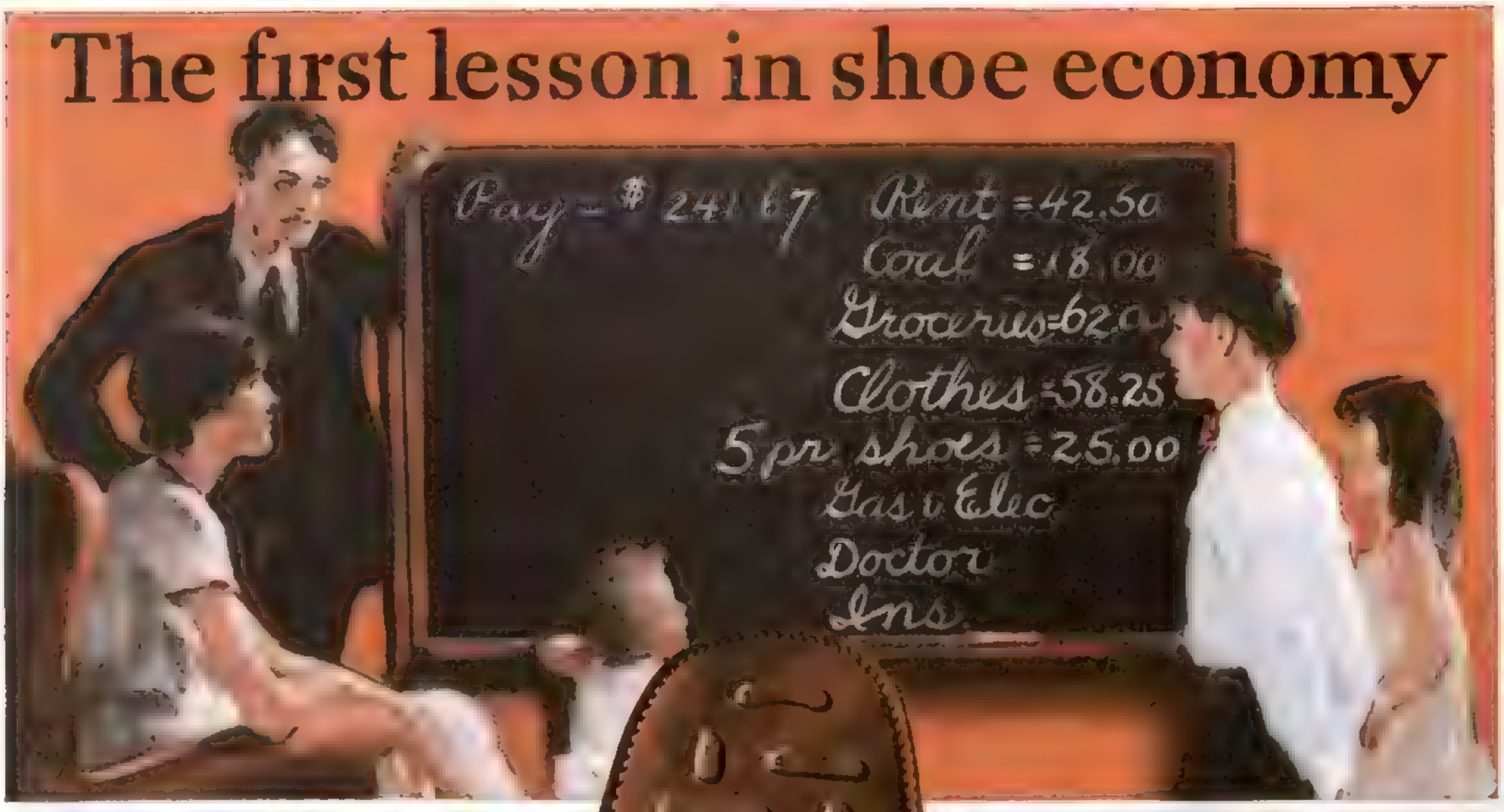
"Yes, I would," said Donovan.

"Tell that to a tame cat from Ulster!"

"But this is very different," persisted the other.

(Continued on Page 62)

The first lesson in shoe economy



Cheap shoes cost too much—they "give out" too soon.

Good shoes are dear—and going up in price.

It's harder than ever to make the shoe dollars cover the family shoe needs. You can do it only by getting *longer wear* from the shoes you buy, and that means getting longer wear from the *soles!*

Put yourself and your family on Goodyear Wingfoot Soles:

GUARANTEED BY GOODYEAR TO OUTWEAR ANY OTHER SOLES!

Goodyear has perfected a new sole that solves the problem and saves the pocketbook in millions of American homes. It is the new Goodyear Wingfoot TAN Sole, the peak of Goodyear's experience in making more than 30,000,000 pairs of soles, and the peerless walking mate of the world-famous Goodyear Wingfoot Heel—the heel that is preferred by 64% of all shoe dealers.

Waterproof, it prolongs the life of the entire shoe, makes any good shoe a better shoe.

It will not mar floors.

It is *tough* enough for the toughest service, yet *good-looking* enough for company best. And—

GUARANTEED BY GOODYEAR TO OUTWEAR ANY OTHER SOLES!

Made of scientific material developed for Goodyear Wingfoot Soles exclusively, this new tan sole is of such enduring quality that of more than 200,000 pairs that have gone into all kinds of service since its recent introduction, *not one single pair has ever come back.*

Do not let anyone tell you there is anything "like" Goodyear Wingfoot Soles. Do not confuse Goodyear Wingfoot Soles with any others. Look for the name Goodyear Wingfoot and the Wingfoot emblem on the soles you buy.

These are the soles you want on men's work and street shoes and boys' and girls' school shoes. They come on new shoes made by America's leading shoe manufacturers, or your favorite shoe repairman will resole your worn shoes with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles. Try a pair!

When Goodyear started out to make a perfect shoe sole, Goodyear became a shoemaker. Built and equipped a model shoe factory and shoe repair shop. Put one of the shoe industry's skilled experts in charge, and under his supervision made and tested and re-tested 10,000 soles, of all materials, to get this guaranteed longer-wearing sole

Guaranteed to Outwear Any Other Soles

GOODYEAR

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WINGFOOT SOLES

KENWOOD

WOOL PRODUCTS

THE MARK OF SUPERIOR QUALITY

WOOL FABRICS WOOL BLANKETS
PAPERMAKERS WOOL
FELTS

This advertisement is addressed particularly

To Newspaper Men

Desk work, leg work, getting the story in the paper, are hard on men—and clothes.

Clothes that stand the racket, affording good appearance that endures, are a boon to members of the fourth estate.

KENWOOD
ALL FABRICS WOOL

do have this rugged serviceability plus the smartness of correct styling, color and pattern.

They are designed and woven to emphasize those qualities which create an impression of good taste in dress.

The lustre and richness, so noticeable in Kenwood Fabrics, are not superficial, but are inherent throughout the life of the cloth.

In addition are all-wool comfort qualities which, we believe, will be appreciated.

NOTE

Other Business and Professional Men find Kenwood Fabrics equally desirable and are also invited to accept this—

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We will, without obligation, send samples of Kenwood Suitings and a Booklet descriptive of them. We promise not to annoy you with follow-up letters. Just write your name and address below and mail to

KENWOOD MILLS
ALBANY
N. Y.

(Continued from Page 60)

"Not another word about Pripet until we start. The discussion is closed. We've stood together before and we will in this."

Nor did he relent in the matter of the ban, neither during dinner nor during the hours before their separation. Not until the stroke of midnight, when he sought out Donovan in his rooms, was the undertaking again mentioned.

"A flash light apiece," Donovan specified as they equipped themselves for the adventure.

"Pistols?"

"I hate to carry one, but we'd better take them."

"Handcuffs?"

"Probably not, but you never can tell. I have mine."

"The key you spoke of?"

"Garrison left it. No trouble there. All we need now is a taxi. But before we leave I will say this, colonel: I'd feel much easier if I could drop you at your house."

"But I wouldn't—and that's the point."

As Garrison had promised, the ancient door responded to the key as if it had been opened by a butler. From within was heard the tinkle of the tiny bell.

"In the rear room," Donovan whispered.

"Is that a bell now? It wouldn't wake a cat!"

"It would wake Pripet, if he were back there."

They stood for a moment, listening; but no further sound, however slight, came from the blackness within. When they had made sure about the silence, they began stealing forward, Donovan lighting the floor with his torch.

"Is there an alley door?" O'Day asked.

"There is from the building, but not from these rooms of Pripet's. This is the only entrance." Donovan paused to throw his light upon the show case. "His samples of his stock," he said. And again: "That thing yonder is a gas stove. When I called this morning Pripet was heating grease on it. You can still smell the stale odor. Smell it?"

"Grease?" asked O'Day.

"Axle grease."

"Oh, yes!"

"You wouldn't let me explain," Donovan reminded him. "Now you'll have to wait until I show you."

They did not stop longer to view the outer room, but resumed their progress toward the door in the rear, moving without noise and using the flash light cautiously. Upon arriving before the door they paused again to listen. Again only silence met their ears.

"Safe enough," Donovan whispered.

Softly turning the knob, he pressed lightly against the door until it swung open. Then he stole inside, O'Day at his elbow. Once inside, he pressed as lightly against the door until it swung shut, easing the latch toward the last so as not to let it click, either in closing or in releasing. When he had closed the door, he felt for the light button.

"Don't jump," he warned O'Day.

He spoke, intending to prepare the other for the lights, not loudly, but no longer in whispers, since whispers were not now needed, forgetting that the sound would fall crashingly upon the silence. O'Day was startled into clutching his arm. He himself was surprised at the loudness.

"The room contains only ourselves," he went on more softly. "The windows are light-tight—the door also. I'm going to throw the switch."

"Suits me," O'Day whispered.

As the lights went on, Donovan, who had seen the room before, began pointing out its more significant furnishings. Facing them against the opposite wall stood Pripet's long wooden sink. One end of this stood higher than the other, for drainage. Above this sink ran a water pipe, tapped here and there by faucets. Upon one of these a short length of hose had been attached. Over this hung a drop light.

"A photographer's washing trough," said Donovan, "and this was his dark room."

O'Day indicated the table at the left, on which stood a row of trays. Several of these had been filled to the brim with clear paste, or strass. Their gleam under the lights of the room was icy white, like that of a frosted windowpane in zero weather, the stones merging into one another indistinguishably.

"His stock in trade?" he asked.

"Some of it. That stand of drawers contains some of it. Those cartons behind you, also. He's an importer."

Donovan crossed to the drawers and opened two or three, running the stones through his fingers.

"Nice stuff, when it's well made."

"Brilliant. I'd hate to pick out a diamond from a tray of stones like those."

Donovan grinned his delight at the remark.

"So should I. Corban tried to today and couldn't."

"That would be a good place to hide diamonds," O'Day continued thoughtfully. "Why not? But perhaps it wouldn't be such a very good place, after all, for the man who hid them would have as hard a job getting them out."

"A good place," Donovan gravely agreed.

Then, not being able to keep up the pretense of gravity, he laughed outright.

"Very well," said O'Day, "where did Pripet hide his diamonds?"

A sound was heard from somewhere outside.

"Hist!" whispered Donovan, without answering the question.

The men stood, listening. The sound drew nearer, took form, became identified as that of a wheezy car; then, passing on, died slowly away.

"Touchy business, this," said O'Day, wiping his brow.

"Yes. Let's get to work."

"Doing what?"

Donovan paused long enough to explain: "You stopped me before; now I'm going to tell you. Where are these paste stones mostly made?"

"In Gablonz, you told me once."

"And where is Gablonz?"

"In Czecho-Slovakia," replied O'Day.

"Where were the stolen Cotswold diamonds last heard of?"

"In Prague, which is in Czecho-Slovakia."

"Yes, not far from Gablonz, where our man Pripet bought this paste. They were met by a man named Pinsk—remember? Pinsk, Pripet—town, river. What would you do if you had stolen those diamonds? Wouldn't you try to get them to market?"

"Undoubtedly."

"America is the greatest diamond market in the world today, Russia about the poorest. To which country did they go?"

"America?"

"Why not? Mixed with shipments of paste—sent by the town to the river! You yourself pointed out how hard it would be to separate diamonds from paste in bulk."

But O'Day would not now agree that the thing was so clearly possible.

"Oh, but, Donovan, it's a poor diamond man who can't tell diamonds from paste. I can, myself. I didn't mean it seriously."

"Comparing them stone by stone—yes. Comparing single diamonds with bulk paste isn't so easy, especially if you're not expecting to see diamonds."

"They'd have to pass some sharp customs men," O'Day persisted.

"Suppose they were shipped by a first-rate house—wouldn't that help? A single crooked clerk could slip them in. They might even have had a thin dip of some kind dried on them to soften their luster. It's far and away easier to make diamond look like glass than it is glass like diamond."

"Do you honestly think you could fool a customs examiner?" asked O'Day.

"Not in a hundred years—if he suspected the shipment. But why should he? Such goods are inspected by the bushel."

"Still, if they were caught ——"

"Don't forget that the Cotswold diamonds were stolen, not bought. They can't be sent through the customs—they'd be spotted. Besides, the thief would have to pay out too much money. Twenty per cent is the duty on cut stones, and in cash, colonel! That's too much for any thief to have in his pocket. Yet they have to reach a market. The thief would have to smuggle them through and take chances. Otherwise they'd be a dead loss."

"That's logic," O'Day admitted.

"Now for the test." Donovan grinned. "If Pripet had known I was born in Kimberley, he never would have given us this quiet hour. Watch me!"

He began by stealing across the floor to the end of the sink.

"Washboards!" he said, taking up one of the articles. "The legs are bored for bolts, two holes on each side. Pripet used them bolted together like this to form a long incline, or riffle. He used washboards because they were handy. See that?"

He did not hurry, neither did he stop, but when he had bolted the three pieces together, the foot of one overlapping the head of the next, he laid the thing with its head high in the sink.

"See that pail on that bottom shelf?" he asked.

"Striker's Solid Axle Grease," replied O'Day, reading from the label.

"What does Pripet use it for, do you suppose?"

"I was wondering."

"Watch me!"

Snatching up the pail, he began rapidly spading out its contents upon the zinc corrugations, pressing the grease into the furrows and smoothing it off on top until the entire zinc incline was covered.

"This is what we call at the mines a grease table," he explained as he worked. "Ever see a greased pig let loose in a crowd? Some men can hold one and some can't. Most men can't. There's no way of telling the few who can from the many who can't except by trial. That's the principle here, except that the pig is tied down. The diamonds are the men who can hold on, the other stones the men who can't. Watch me!"

Donovan turned on the water, the short length of hose acting to spread it over the surface of the incline. Then, taking one of the larger cartons from the stack, he began strewing its contents upon the stream as he rocked the riffle from side to side.

"The diamonds will stick to the grease," he said. "Every diamond—invariably. The glass will flow over it without being caught—always, everywhere."

"What's that?" asked O'Day suddenly, pointing to the board.

"Glass," replied Donovan, as the stone broke loose and continued tumbling down the incline.

"There's one!"

"Glass," repeated Donovan.

"That fellow's holding, surely!" But the next moment the stone let go to join the crowd.

"Glass," said Donovan. "Nothing but glass. Not a diamond in the parcel. My guess was wrong."

"Try another," said O'Day.

Donovan shook his head sadly. "Have to, of course; but I picked the likeliest. I certainly expected results from that parcel."

O'Day gathered the washed stones into a tray while Donovan went to the bench for another carton.

Again he began strewing the gleam and substance of fire upon the flooded riffle, and again every stone passed down over the board with the water.

"Good paste, this," said Donovan, when he had seen.

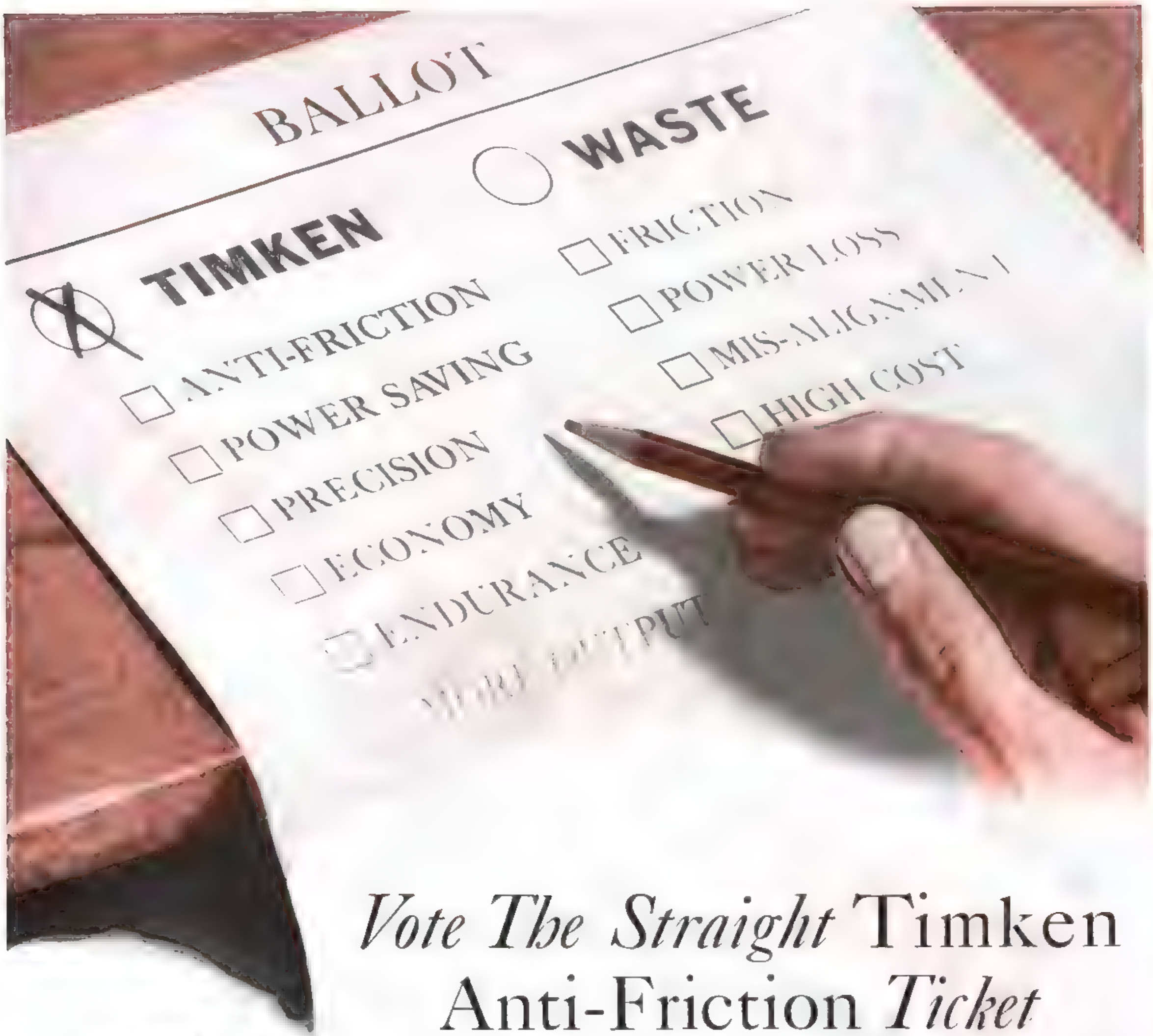
But O'Day knew him too well to be deceived by the casual tone of the remark.

"Don't let it get you, old man. Try another, and another after that, and yet another."

"Right, colonel. We never quit."

The third carton, to Donovan's mind, did not look so promising. The paste seemed more uneven, both in cut and in color. But as before, he strewed the stones upon the riffle and watched them cascade down over the grease-filled furrows.

(Continued on Page 65)



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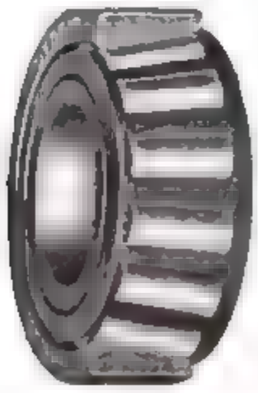

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(Continued from Page 62)

"There's one!" cried O'Day, as he had done earlier.

"Glass, colonel," said Donovan.

But this stone did not break loose, shake the riffle as he might. Instead it but clung the tighter to the grease. What is more, it was followed by another stone that did not break loose, and it by another and another. By the time the contents of the carton had passed into the tray beneath, the ribbed surface was studded with stones.

"We've struck a nest, I think," Donovan observed quietly. "Diamonds—every one."

But although his hand trembled, he did not cease shaking the riffle; and when the contents of the carton had been proved, he did not rest upon the evidence of the grease, but proceeded to test one of the embedded stones.

"Diamond," he announced.

"Now for the rest of them!" cried O'Day.

"Now for the rest of them—and the quicker we find them the better."

IV

THE two men had not raised their voices, even during the feverish haste that followed their discovery of diamonds. They may have lost track of the time, but they did not forget where they were. When they crossed the floor they walked softly. When they filled and emptied trays they worked without noise. They knew the value of silence.

As a result, the silence of the room became of itself like a sound that could be heard.

"We could leave now," said Donovan, not in whispers, but in tones no louder. "I think I've recovered my Cotswolds."

"I'd make a clean sweep," O'Day advised him.

Again they made haste in silence. The stillness of the room continued to fall upon the ear like a sound.

Then suddenly all that became changed. The silence that could be heard burst into a roar of sounds that almost could not be heard for their clamor.

Yet what had happened was a small thing of no great loudness. The tiny bell connected with the outside door suddenly began to tinkle very softly.

"Pripet!" whispered Donovan. "Stand there while I throw the switch!"

He glided swiftly across the floor, making no noise, and with a speed that lost him no fraction of a second; yet such was the tension of the moment, his feet seemed incredibly laggard and the room, because of their clumsiness, like a cavern of echoes. How O'Day fared he could not have told. When he reached the switch he saw him in place just inside the door. The next instant he pushed out the lights.

He had intended standing in his tracks, but the blinding darkness taught him he could not do so with safety. What they did now, he and O'Day, they must do together. Another factor entered. The door swung inward, but from hinges on the side of the light switch, so that when it opened a man standing at the switch would be blocked off. He therefore stole past the door to join O'Day.

"Flatten out against the wall," he whispered.

The tiny bell did not tinkle again. Pripet, he decided, was letting the outer door stand open instead of closing it behind him as usual. The inference was, he suspected their presence and was trying not to let them know of his. The inference gained support from the stealthiness of his approach. For Donovan did not doubt that the man was stealing forward upon them, behind the closed door.

"Wait and listen," he whispered.

"Right," replied O'Day voicelessly.

They waited five, ten, fifteen minutes, as he judged, and still no further sound came from the outer room.

"He's there," Donovan whispered, when he felt he could not stand motionless another five seconds. "Stick it out."

"Right!"

Most sounds can be canceled by silences, if the silences are long enough. The man outside may have thought the tinkling of the bell could be canceled so. The intruder, at first alarmed by the sound, in the end would believe he had been mistaken in it. Man never wearies of mistrusting his own judgment.

But what is true on one side of a door is apt to be true on the other. The man Pripet, hearing no sound from within during his long wait, seemed himself to become distrustful of what he had believed. At any rate, it was he who now set out to act.

The sound that first colored the silence was a minute click, from somewhere deep within the ancient door latch. It was followed by a faint rubbing as of steel against brass, though not at once, and by a muffled hitch as the sliding part cleared the worn edge of the brass. No one five feet distant could have heard either the one or the other. But Donovan heard the sounds, and O'Day, with his ear against the partition wall, heard them.

The door began softly swinging inward ten seconds later. Donovan, himself invisibly incased in darkness, saw the slender crack as that other darkness parted, through the aid of a window beyond—saw that crack widen, saw the clot of Pripet's huge body bulge inward to close it. Whether the man held a pistol he could not see. He could not surely tell the position of his arm, but he believed, knowing Pripet, that it was raised.

"I could leap for him," he thought, "and take chances. I could probably take care of the pistol."

But he had already decided upon another course of action. The tinkle of the bell had found him clenching an ounce or two of rhinestones. These he had carried with him, both to save time and to avoid making a possible noise in disposing of them. Later he had slipped them into his coat pocket. Later still, when a use for them suggested itself, he had fished out two or three to carry in his palm. The movement was completed, like the other, slowly and cautiously, without noise.

He now worked the stones further out upon his fingers. Then, using only the muscles of his wrist, he snapped them into the darkness toward the sink. The movement itself he expected to be noiseless. The stones he hoped would land, making a slight sound. He snapped them from his left wrist, since the fingers of his right hand grasped the barrel of his torch.

The result, however, was not altogether what he had expected it to be. The stones did, indeed, make a slight noise in landing; but they fell, as it happened, upon a heaped-up pyramid of their fellows, which thereupon began seeking a new angle of repose through a tiny avalanche. This involved other readjustments, including that of a delicately balanced tray, so that in the end the slight sound expanded into a considerable clatter.

"Fine!" he thought.

He did not have time to think the thought in language, for instantly that which he had hoped to produce came about. As he had guessed, Pripet proved to be holding a pistol. From that leveled pistol, held scarcely two feet from Donovan's shoulder, but pointed toward the sounds, shots began to stream—two, three, four, in quick succession, blindingly, deafeningly.

The next moment another sound rang through the room—the sound of Pripet's pistol hurtling across the floor, struck from his grasp by a blow from Donovan's torch.

"The handcuffs, colonel! In my left pocket! I have him!"

"What I can't see," said Detective Sergeant Corban some time later, when he again reached the basement—"what I don't get at all is how you knew he had diamonds mixed in that paste. I looked through it on a pretty straight tip, and I didn't see any. Are your eyes that good?"

"I didn't see them with my eyes," said Donovan.

"Then how come?"

Donovan pointed to the shelf. "Did you happen to notice that tin pail, Corban?"

"Striker's Solid Axle Grease," read the policeman. "Yes, I spotted the little tin pail."

"What would a man like Pripet be doing with axle grease, in a business like this?"

"It did look kind of funny."

Donovan explained the process. "They use it on the concentrates at the diamond mines in South Africa. Diamonds have a habit of sticking to grease, like rubies and sapphires—even the tiniest. The stones they are mixed with are carried past by the water. It's a matter of a difference in surface tension, as they say in physics."

"How did you know all that?"

Donovan turned to O'Day. "Tell him, colonel."

"Donovan was born in Kimberley," said O'Day.

"Born there and grew up there. I smelled that smell of hot grease when I was a boy. My father was a foreman in the mines, you see, and that gave me the run."

"Hot grease?" asked Corban.

"It has to be melted once in a while, partly because it takes up water and partly because it gives up its diamonds better. Pripet picked out his diamonds first, then melted his grease."

"You ask me to identify the Dresden stones," persisted Corban, returning to an earlier argument, "and I can't do it, because nobody can identify loose diamonds. Yet you say you can identify your Cotswolds. I ask you—how?"

"How? By their weight, Corban. Diamonds of this size and color are not very numerous. No known diamond, for instance, has precisely the same weight as one of these Cotswolds, select any you like. The difference may be minute, but it's there. If you can't exactly match one of them in weight, how can you match fifty-five? If these stones I believe to be Cotswolds have exactly the Cotswold weight, separately and combined, they're Cotswolds. In the morning I shall weigh them."

"Another question. How did Pripet know you birds were here?"

"He says somebody telephoned him. I think the people upstairs may have heard the water running."

"Now I want to ask a question," said O'Day. "These other diamonds we recovered—were they likewise stolen abroad?"

"They may have been. Or they may have been bought abroad for smuggling purposes, after the town and the river began getting ahead. Twenty per cent customs duty counts up fast on a bank book. Don't ask me—ask an expert—ask Pripet."

"How about it, Pripet?"

Donovan likewise turned to the prisoner. "I'm cabling an account of how we met to New Scotland Yard. How would you like to go abroad with me for a stay in England? Or would you rather be returned to Russia? I suggest England as preferable. Perhaps it could be arranged. What do you say?"

But the unhealthiest river in Europe merely turned his marshy gray-green eyes upon his questioners, first O'Day and then Donovan, without replying.

"The hot metal seared my hand"

"I was stoking the fire one day, with a little more vigor than caution. I slipped and my wrist and hand struck the hot door of the furnace. I was painfully burnt. A big welt appeared almost at once. I thought of Unguentine, used it liberally. In about three days there wasn't a sign of the burn."

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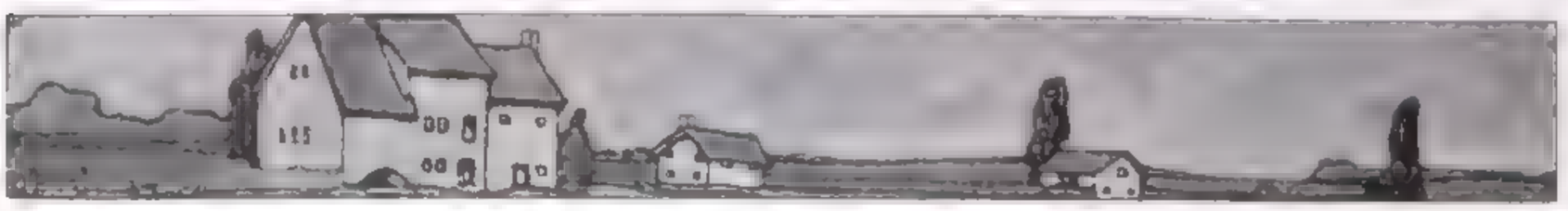

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COLONIAL CLOCKS

LEN VITTIE, DESCANSO

(Continued from Page 13)

but a coming champion, such as Len Vittie looks to be, the world loves a little bit better than anythin' else. . . . There he is, men, in the last chute again, where you saw him the first day—top score in this meeting—Len Vittie, Descanso, on a thing called Mono, pure and simple—Mono, just that—a black baby, said to have turned so bad in the past few months that all the big sheriffs of the Southwest would be here if Mono was a man."

Across the gray dust of the arena, in the fiery heat of summer afternoon, the chute doors swung back and a full-crested black horse, flowing mane and tail, stepped forward a few feet and stopped, blinking, ears forward, head up as if listening to music. In that silence Leather-Lungs hit it exactly: "Just giving the newspaper fellows a chance to get his photograph, gentlemen."

Then we saw Len's blond head, as he jerked off the big tan hat won at Senhorsen and slapped the black across the ears. Mono went up showily, shaking his head, and Len moved again with all the impudence of youth, reached his heels forward and raked him across the shoulders. They scratch 'em natural at Bismarong, the spur-taping rules not having reached that cow capital yet.

Slow to anger, this Mono horse, and a lot of beauty on his side, but just then someone who knew hissed a warning and we saw him bend double in a backward spring, landing rump to the ground, hind feet doubled underneath, set for another. Len and his leather never parted, at that. He fanned the black ears again, and Mono straightened up from his crouch, pawing with a snort or two. Down and up, sunfish, do-si-do, rail fence, grapevine—the full list—our boy from Descanso on time and in tune, taking his stuff from all angles.

Now my arm was dropped and there came a faint sob from Eva. She knew enough to see this wasn't just riding a bad one. As for me, it may have been I was closer to the boy than most, living on the same ranch; anyway, I was in that whirling sickness with him—close to that black head with two hell-pointin' ears. I knew what he must be going through—just as if those hammer blows were on the back of my head. There it was to watch for one who knew the game—a cyclone in the dust, one mortal slow second adding to another, until I began to see the kid was gone—before his head snapped and out went a loose-flying stirrup.

Mono chose to fall, just for good measure—a back cart wheel—the man already thrown. The horse got up, and I found myself in the arena running toward the man who hadn't. His eyes were open as I bent over; he wasn't out. He looked like the kid more than when I saw him first—smaller, shadowed, dreamy fevered eyes. He saw me.

He was just going to say something when I was pushed aside and Kate Calhoon took him to her, lifted him up to her knees with one arm and pushed back the rest of us with the other. What she said, I'm not putting into any prose or verse either. There was no sense in it, she not being herself at the time—that hell was none too good for us full-grown idiots to stand around and permit a boy to be hurt like this—I just can't get the effect—and all the time pressing his face to her fawn-skin vest.

"Maybe we shouldn't ought to permit you to sling another ox, ma'am," Kipper said, having forced in by this time.

Kate seemed to catch herself at that, the crowd being thick. She turned Len over to me and I noted that he didn't have the faintest idea or care that he had been held to the bulldogger's heart. His eyes found me again, and to his mind seemed to come the thing he meant to say before:

"Say, Herb, I've got to know more about that black horse—all about him. Look him up, Herb, before we go home"—dreary voice and dreamy feverish look of a hurt kid.

I made a little poem there at Bismarong about the licking Mono gave him. It starts: "There's a horse somewhere"—from Kate's idea that proved out in Len's case about one certain horse made to get him. Meanwhile I hunted up the owner of the black horse—old Unk Maconachie, who inquired after Len.

"Sapless," I said.

"We've been leavin' 'em that way."

"Youth was sure ditched that time," I said.

"The trouble ain't in gettin' thrown, Hansom. It's the pounding they get before that. He gets 'em off balance."

"I saw that snap that got Len."

"Mono's way. He left Blondy Spooner at Cohontas thinking he was world champ for weeks—dotty, yea."

"Some thinks your black horse ought to be put out of his misery."

"Huh-huh, I've thought of that. He kin be bought. That's how I got him. Leastwise, money changed hands."

"I'll bet the feller you got him from paid you well to take him over."

"He-he! He-he!"

"Just how did this horse come about, Unk?"

"Colorado hoss—Kondak Basin country. Ran a stud unbroke till he was five-year-old and over. That's how he got his crest and shape and strength. Got some of his looks from the Balenhoff strain. But he ain't natural nohow. A right-bred hoss, but willful and no good, and spoiled on top of that."

It took till dark and after, but I got the whole story, knowing it would be wanted. Sure enough, that very evening, as soon as I had supper, Len started pressing me. Eva was in there, sitting with him, her face all strained from the change that had come over him and trying not to show it. It appears that Len didn't notice or have any thought of her, like he did before the ride, and she was wondering if Kate Calhoon had anything to do with it.

"What did you find out about the black, Herb?" he asked.

"I found out first of all Mono's a food-crazy hoss. From what I drew from a whole lot of Unk's talk, he'll eat anything but raw meat and all there is of it—pick locks to get to forage, and you couldn't ride him away from it before he was spoiled."

"He was man-spoiled then?" Len said.

"If you can spoil something that never was no good except to look at. A one-way hoss at his top best."

"What do you mean, Herb?" Len asked, too tired to be fooled with.

"You could only ride him toward stables or where his forage was located—smoothest single-foot ever, but try him the other way and he'd muscle-fight you. Appear to go, but it would be all against himself, no headway. That was in his best-natured days, before he got possessed. Appetite, Unk says. Pawed down an oak door into a feed room and ate thirty pounds of grain one night. Carried a kind of laugh with him for several days, instead of dying. Finally one day when the feller that owned him before Unk did was bending over cleanin' out a back hoof, Mono decided to investigate human and took hold of the middle of the mister's back. Three-inch strip, no hurry about lettin' go, though he was tied at the time. Now that feller did a whippin' job while his back still hurt him, they tell me. From what I hear, Len, he rested his arms and took it up again, until"—I wasn't givin' it, with Eva there, as Unk gave it to me—"until —— Well, nobody's rode Mono since. You see, he's got the strength natural to begin with, and when he goes crazy "

Just then there was a knock at the door and Eva went. Kate was standing there. The two women faced each other a second. Eva's back was turned, but I saw the bulldogger's eyes leave her and find me over her shoulder.

"Come on out here, Hansom," she said. Which I did, after asking if she wouldn't come in. "No, I ain't coming in. How is he?"

"Took an awful horsewhippin'."

Though she looked away, I saw her face work and knew, if I didn't before, what kind of feelings she carried.

"Is his head natural?"

"Seems right enough—only one thing holds him, though. It's the black. He wants another chance."

"Not if I have to buy that brute for the privilege of killing him."

She started going, but turned back. "Does that kitten in there belong to Len or think she does?"

"Well, you know—you see—they've been going together. They've been ——"

"Oh, shut up! I got my answer. You men make me sick. . . . Say, I don't mean nothin', Hansom. Just—it's just the joke that's been played on me from the beginning." She was a terrible big woman to be breaking like that before a man's eyes, but she caught herself, saying, "You were there this afternoon when I blew up—well, don't circulate it. He never saw me."

"He hasn't seen anyone—only to ask about the black," I whispered as she started down the hall.

"Where is Mono scheduled to appear next, did you hear, Herb?" Len asked when I went back, but an altogether different question was in Eva's eyes.

"Unk allows to be in the Tucson doings in three weeks."

A shiver passed through the long narrow body on the bed. I knew the kid's thought was that it was too soon, and listening close, it seemed as if one word came up to me: "Tired."

That's how Len got on the single track after Mono. Time came when he positively looked guilty when anyone spoke of Bismarong. For six weeks we saw him climbing into the saddle on Schoolmom day after day close to the ranch house, trying himself, and then coming indoors and laying down. Anybody who had ever seen Len's old way of loopin' into the saddle couldn't keep from feeling sad. Oh, yes, the shine was all gone out of him and we had him right down among us, just another ridin' kid again. Once I went out to relieve him after he'd been alone with the herd eight days.

We were havin' a bite of chuck when he said, "You saw them horses Bill Pelty rode?"

"Yep."

"You saw the horses I rode up to the time I came out of the chute on Mono?"

"Yep."

"Were they anything like the horses Bill rode?"

"I couldn't tell you, Len. You and Bill work different. Bill fought 'em with all he had—fought 'em back. You took 'em easy and let 'em kill themselves."

"I guess no one knows what I'd have done on those three horses of Bill's at Bismarong."

"I'm 'fraid all you could get from any human bein' about that would be just talk."

"Herb."

"Yep?"

"Was Mono different from them horses Bill rode?"

"Now I can answer you, Len: Mono was different, is different and altogether in a class by himself."

"Thanks."

Another boy might have side-stepped and gone on, but to Len that one black horse was the shadow between him and the sun. He couldn't circle round Mono and get to Cheyenne or Pendleton—no two ways for

(Continued on Page 68)

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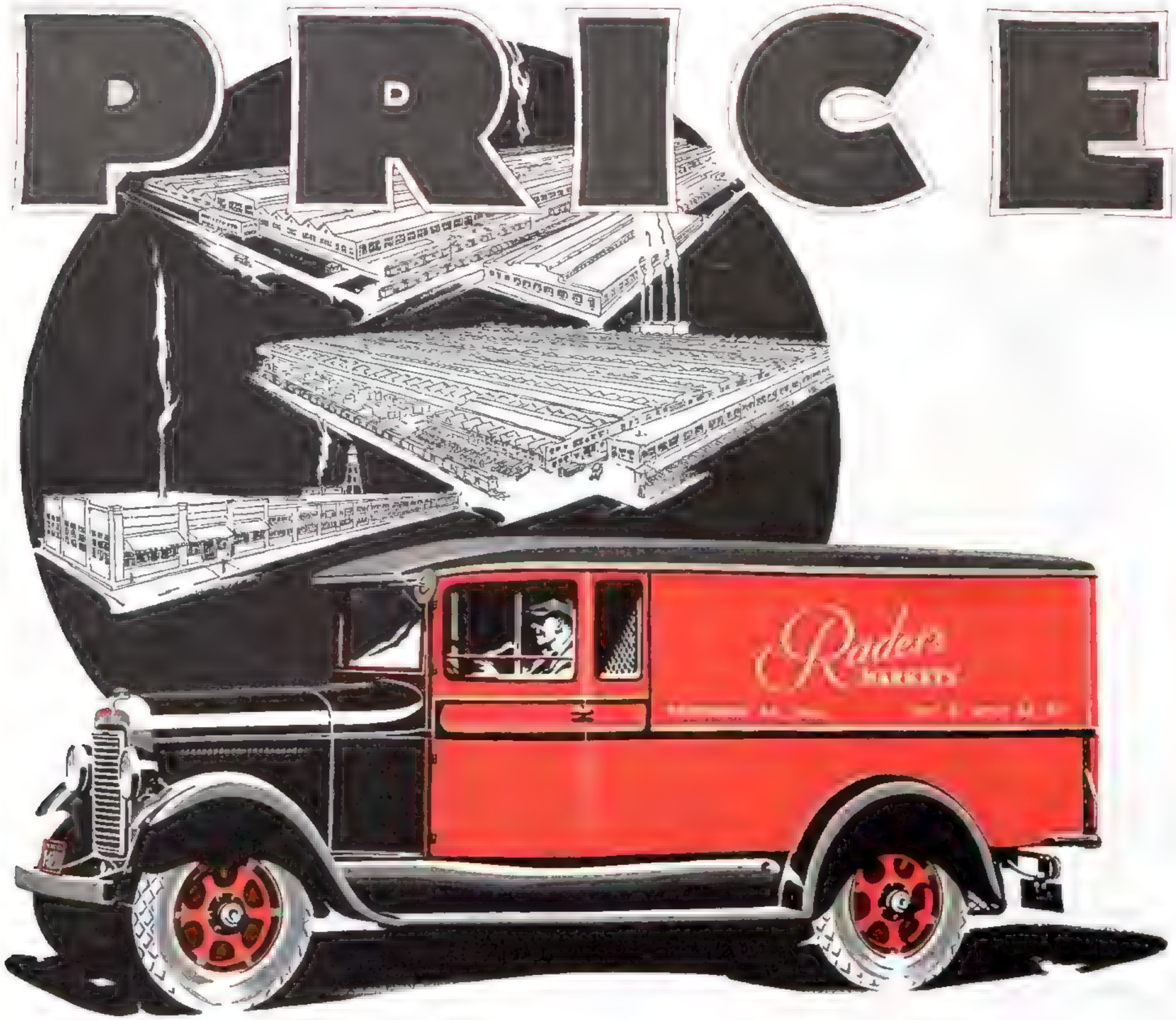

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(Continued from Page 66)

him. Eva let me in on her heartsoreness, for nothing was the same with Len, even weeks afterward. I couldn't see how the boy held out so hard, for when she looked up at me—those eyes of hers—I couldn't think about horses.

"No, Eva," said I, "it ain't anyone you need to be afraid of. It's just Bismarong. Len belongs way up there where the champs are, and is bein' delayed, and it's eatin' his heart out. It's his nature to win," I told her. "He thinks he's got to win for his girl."

"Ridin' Mono doesn't make any difference to me."

"But men are different," I said.

She was feeling better when I left her, but Kate Calhoon came to Descanso that fall and stirred her up again. Kate was still limping from a bad fall at Cohontas some weeks before.

"My leg bones is gettin' tired of it," she laughed. "It's too regular."

"Dundee Jessie took up housework toward the last," Kipper encouraged.

Kate's face didn't show any of the maulings she had taken. Struck me she had changed a lot since I saw her first close by. The secret she was carrying made her look different to me. She was still looking for the exact right horse, she said, but, as Kipper complained: "There's somethin' the matter with every one I show her."

I knew what she came to Descanso for. I saw her eyes as Len came into the room. A revelation, they were, to anyone who knew her only as a bulldogger. Just then Eva came in and Kate's eyes died out. She took good care Eva wouldn't be hurt by a thing like that.

You could hear a lot about Kate, listening around. She was a big drawing card at the time. She had some money and kept it. There was a saying that she could get what she wanted from cattlemen and showmen; that a lot of men took her for a queen. But I knew her where she was helpless as a chicken. She just couldn't butt into the game of another woman. As for Len, he didn't even know she was interested.

"She thinks I'm innocent," he once remarked to me after Kate had been laughing at his youthful ways. It never occurred to him Kate might be right.

It was because there was so much hardness about her—that fierce defiance she put on and man-to-man roughness—that made her sudden swerves into tenderness something you never forgot. She told about Mono at Cohontas this fall—how three fellows had tried without getting a score. Kipper opened up the point that Len was just living for one more chance at Mono, and Kate's eyes roved to me with the funniest look. She was getting to trust me by that time.

None of us got over to Senhorsen next June, all of us fixin' for Bismarong at the time. So Descanso had no witness of Yakima Ellis' last ride on the crested killer, Mono. Len didn't say anything—just went on eating when the news came that Ellis was dying of hemorrhages. I took him aside later.

"You'd better wait another year."

"I'm all right again, Herb."

"You look all right. You may be all right, but we all want to be sure."

"I feel sure. I can't let Mono get any older."

"He's under eight now. He's apt to get worse for two years yet—the care he's gettin'."

"Something may happen if I don't do my part"

"Think of Eva."

"I have thought of that. I ain't nothin' to nobody the way I am now."

What with Yakima Ellis' death and Mono not having yet been rode, and Len Vittie coming back for a second try to wipe out his single bad score—Bismarong was a powerful buzz in the air down our way as the time for the annual drew on. No trusting to luck about it—Len was paired off with Mono ahead of time by popular consent and advertisement. It wasn't in his regular drawing, however; so an exhibition was arranged. The first we heard to the contrary was at the very last minute on the third day, when Leather-Lung's first word shocked the big crowd into silence—his tone of voice:

"I'm sorry, friends, sorry, but the black horse Mono is down and kickin' with colic or something of the kind, and like to die. Come and see for yourself."

A great holler was raised that it was a frame, that some of Len's friends had done the job. Well, as to that ——

But Len wasn't in on it. No one was as disappointed as he was. He came on with old Organdie—as pretty a feature, horse and man, as you'd see in a year— but the stands were still. I got a shiver from that and saw how pale Len was afterward. Though he pulled out with bronc honors, it wasn't all that he came for, and I had no premonitions to break into verse over the result, either.

"And now," Leather-Lungs was yelling, no difficulty in making himself heard, "there's one feature that we ain't disappointin' you in. Here she is! Thar she goes—Bismarong's own Kate!"

And once again she spun the ox. They cheered her, all right, but sort of stiff and dutiful it sounded to me.

Mono didn't die. That stomach saved him—arsenic enough to kill two horses, they said. We watched him getting to his feet next day. He stopped trembling presently and began to soothe himself with forage.

"Do you s'pose he'll be as good as he was?" Len asked, and I took those words to Kate Calhoon.

"Not if I have to kill Unk Mac, too, for I've got a feelin' Unk isn't past tryin' to double-cross me or anyone else. But you just keep on keepin' your mouth shut, Hansom," she said. "It's the least I can do for the kid."

"But did you feel that silence in the stands while he rode Organdie?"

"Sort of bitter dose," she said, for she was a performer and could understand, "but better'n what he took a year ago."

Some weeks later we joined up again in the grand stand at Cheyenne. Kate wasn't working this meeting. "I'm about through," she said. "Goin' to quit before some ox makes me."

"I see you're on at Cohontas this fall."

"Couldn't get out of that. They like me up there, all same Bismarong."

It was the third day, and Len came on right then with Peddler's Witch. We watched without a word until the pick-up men had Len between them at the whistle.

"It's just that that got me first," she said after a minute. "Nobody does it easy like he does. There's nobody like that boy." Her eyes roved to me and I saw tears in them. "Why do you s'pose his doin' it easy gets to me so?"

"It's his champion timber. You're one who couldn't help seein' it."

She got what I meant—that bein' a performer herself, she'd catch the fine points of another.

"Hansom, you're the only one who knows. Are they—they gettin' on?"

"Since Mono got sick and went out of the picture, Len's been better," I told her. The fact was Eva and he looked to be riding high together of late.

"So that helped 'em get happy again." She gave a lonesome laugh. "But I just can't bust in on another woman's game. It's the one thing I got that's all my own."

"What did you do with Mono, Kate?"

"Paid old Unk what he asked."

"Dead?"

"I don't know. I'd have to be sure of Unk, to be sure of that. Anyway, he's officially dead."

Len closed at Cheyenne close to the top, and later at Pendleton. He didn't enter either meeting as all-round cowboy, just for bustin', but he featured high in the papers on his specialty; and what we liked still better—in the talk of the boys themselves; looked upon everywhere as a great young cowboy coming champ. In fact, it was an outstanding year for Descanso, both buster and poet, and we took on Cohontas going home, a high little town with no restrictions and a big money pot. Kate had a contract there, as she said. Sort of made me sick as never before. Being with her a good deal off and on, and in on her secret, gave me a feeling that others couldn't know about.

Len had already ridden that second day at Cohontas when a long local chap flung forth on a horse named Hell's Also and gave us a carousal that got more absorbing every second, almost to the point of the whistle, when we suddenly stopped our laughing to see the big home boy go down into the dust. He seemed to collapse from some close work we didn't catch.

"Take Len Vittie of Descanso to ride that hoss," a Cohontas cattleman said so everyone in the stands could hear. I remember thinking the same as they caught the Hell's horse out in the arena. That didn't look like a regular Western hoss—mouse-colored, no tail to speak of, looked clipped, from the distance, as if somebody was trying to make a pet of him.

After the performance I went down to the corral for a closer look. Two or three other riders were there, and I listened to the talk.

"I've got a little piece of saved earnings says nobody forks him successful this meetin'," one says, referring to the bobtail.

"You-all forget that Len Vittie's here," said a Texan I didn't know.

"Same little packet of earnings works, Len Vittie or not," said the first.

"Who's little verbena is that—yourn?"

"Same bein' acknowledged."

"Where do you-all get one like that?"

"Which ain't the question before the house, but gamblin'. You don't have to furnish no status corundum to break into this *remuda*."

Just then I felt a gentle edging at my side and saw Len had come in. He gave me one contented look, having two perfect scores—a paint horse called Two-Tone yesterday, the Montana roan, Banjo, today. His eyes roved over the corral and froze.

"Looks like somebody's coach horse in bad company," I said.

"They've cobbed him and they've clipped him," he breathed.

"Hell's Also," said I.

"Hell's Mono," said he.

I looked closer at the bad one standing there all unconcerned. A black horse would be mousy when clipped. Now he reached down, picked a bur off his fetlock and chewed it careful, as if saving it. There wasn't a wisp of hay underfoot in the corral.

"Havin' his little snack between meals," Len muttered, and I saw a queer pinched look come over his face, like during the weeks after he was hurt. The whole figure of the horse settled on me again with a familiar rush.

"You ain't thinkin' of a reride, Len?"

"Sure, I'm thinkin'."

"Not if you don't draw him."

"We'll have a little private party in that case. You fix it for me, Herb." He turned away.

Now there I was between him and Kate. I didn't say "Fix it yourself," because he would have closed it then and there. I didn't say I wouldn't, because that would have amounted to the same and I'd been in trouble to tell why. Kate Calhoon had paid a lot of money to keep these two apart. She'd bought it straight enough, with money harder earned than most women make. Unk had crawled out with an extra sale.

Anyway, there was nothing for me to do but wait to see if Mono went to Len in the drawings. He didn't for the third day. Slim Pardee was taken out that afternoon. I watched to the point when Slim helplessly slumped off, wondering how I had failed to recognize the black when the local boy rode the day before. Mono was all over him for my eyes now, but no one else

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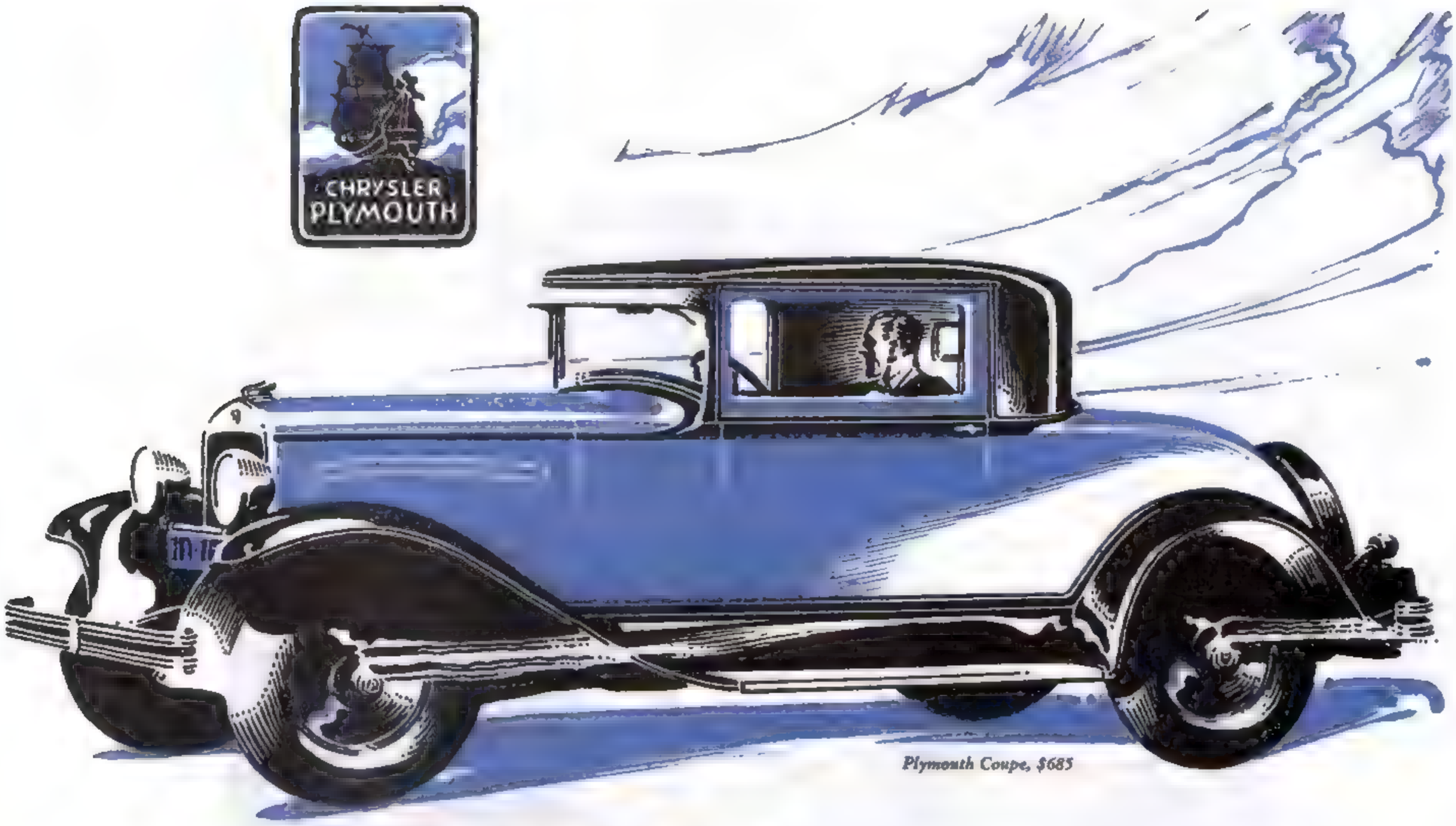

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EDISON MAZDA LAMPS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 68)

seemed to be onto the return of the crested killer—certainly not Kate Calhoon.

The pilin' of Slim Pardee stimulated talk of Len to have Hell's Also the last day. Everywhere you heard it. On the evening before, the riders gathered in the manager's office to learn their horses for the finals, and Yuma Joe Cain observed: "I don't want any prize money bad enough to lace my kack on H. A.—not the way Slim looked." He drew Landlord; Al Pico slouched in and drew Twitter.

Len, who had stood apart, got his call and pulled out his paper. I saw his smile. I don't know if they managed it; I don't know what they did, nor how, but one look as his cool gray eye settled on me told the story.

"I'm not sayin' I don't like it," he remarked

A little later I joined Kate. "So Len drew the dirty one for tomorrow," she said.

"Yep."

"But always some horse is the talk of a show. Len will probably make this bad one look sedentary."

"Uh-huh."

"Don't you think so?" she exacted.

"Len's certainly goin' good," I said, feeling mean.

"Let's go over and sit in the movie."

There we were in the dark for an hour, giving me all the chance in the world, but I couldn't bring myself to go against Len's dream. All the time, I got colder and drearier, figuring it was my last night out with Kate somehow. If she didn't find out before, she'd know when the doings started. She wouldn't blame Len, but no cowboy poet from no state would ever be warmed over in her affections again.

Next afternoon, with Hell's Also in his chute and Len perched on the top boards, I saw Kate coming. You could hear the crowd hummin' for the big event at this time. All the boys that weren't right busy were either on the inside or the outside of the arena close to that chute. Yuma Joe Cain had done his on Landlord and done it right. After Len's ride, there was still Kate's feature and the wild horse race, and then Cohontas would be just a forgotten town up in its mountain meadows for another year. Still, I was dreading what I had to watch right next and now.

"Oh, Len!" she called, coming close, the only time I heard that tone like a girl from her.

He straightened up, just about to climb down in the saddle. His eyes picked her out in the crowd. He waved and smiled.

"Good luck!" she called—forlorn sort of voice.

"Thanks. I need that today."

I saw her go white, though she couldn't see through the big planks and hadn't the faintest idea of the brute he was going out on. It was just his sudden attention, picking her out alone in that crowd, or the way he spoke about needing her good luck. We saw him testing his saddle and getting his hold on the yakima, the bobtail standing stock-still.

The gates swung back and Mono stepped into the full sunlight, head up, ears forward, pickin' his steps, lookin' the layout over; then everything else faded out right then, as Len raked and began the ride of his life, getting what he'd wanted so long. Mono had blown up—first jump on schedule backward, rump to the ground.

The endless thumping had begun. The mousy one whipped and writhed like a snake with its head pinned down, landing on front and rear, every nerve and muscle taut—jump -land—jump, but Len had been there before. He was taking the killer move for move between his knees. I was thinking of Yakima Ellis and Slim Pardee and Len's other ride—and what might come of this.

I was thinking I might have stopped it, when a voice said, "And you let him do it, Herb?"

Something so white-hot it looked icy was in Kate's eyes and it either seared or froze me. When I looked again Mono sprung his lunge to the right and fell. Len stood over him, rocking like a fighter partly out, but he was snug to the leather again as Mono came up. I never saw a greater kid on a horse, but the whole game had turned deadly to me from Kate's sentence. The black started his whirl. I saw Len shake his head to keep the grogginess from settling. I longed for that whistle worse than he did, for he had forgotten there ever was an end.

The boys had him between them now, Mono standing stock-still, but Len was still fighting. He hadn't heard a whistle; all he knew was to hold on. They pried him loose and one of the pick-up men drew him over in front of his saddle. He had gone limp by this time. They stretched him out on the table in the chuck house.

There was just one whimper from Kate, who was there before me: "You would do it—you would do it, Len!"

That seemed to irritate Yuma Joe Cain, who always was on hand to take charge before the doctors.

"He ain't dead—let him rest a bit."

Len looked up, saw Kate and the rest of us, but I didn't think he knew anyone right then.

"Guess he's too much horse for me," he mumbled slowly.

"Too much horse for my wife!" growled Yuma. Evidently Kate was bending closer than Yuma liked, for he said: "The kid's got to breathe and rest. He's sleepy—only he wants to be told over an' over he did it—that's all he wants!"

Just then we heard the announcer calling out Kate's part. She jumped up, answering like an actor, but settling one look on me as she hurried past.

"He'll be ridin' in Chicago in another year. That boy's built for the upside of a bad one," concluded Yuma, all out of his tight self for once. Len didn't hear that, but I registered it for him—words a fellow likes most from a top rider like himself. Standing there just then, all dismal from the look Kate had nailed me with and not certain how bad Len was hurt, I felt it all rush over me—the whole poem of that great ride on Mono:

A high and windy little town
Up in its mountain meadows ——

You may have seen it, but it would have been better if I could have socked it into verse right then, but there were things to do for Len, and Kate just going on. A great roar was in the air a minute later, and just as I reached the gate to the arena, it stopped short. Nothing to like about that. Three or four men were in front of me. Then from the stands—an awed groan as from one throat. Pushing to the front, all I could see was a steer in the dusty slant of sunlight—a steer get up and shake himself and walk away—then, from all parts, they were running toward the place where he had stood.

I was a bit late; the crowd had closed; the word came out that she was dead. Standing there, I saw Kipper's countenance not two feet from mine, and his jaw had sagged like a dead man's. I reached up and shoved mine close. Then we were pushed back. They were carrying her out. I saw her head lopped back and put my arm under it, joining the procession. Not a mark on her—close-cut head like a man's.

"Pegged?" someone whispered.

"No," another said.

"Fall on her?"

"Yes." And the other made a motion over his body from the belt down. Then her head lifted. She began to struggle, a look of pain crossing her shut eyes.

"Don't let him! Don't let him ride that horse!" That left her gasping and still for a minute again.

Then the doctors took her. I heard them say she wasn't dead.

Len's eyes opened as we entered the chuck tent. Slowly he rose and stood up—a short sleep, that. Word was relayed to the crowd and a wild-horse race was announced. That pulled a lot of the fellows from where we were to take part.

"Mashed up a bit—can't tell how bad yet," a young doctor said, hurrying out from behind the canvas they had strung. And I heard him mutter something that sounded like "magnificent vitality."

So I stayed on in Cohontas. She wasn't friendly at first, but didn't miss the fact I was staying on. I called every day two or three times. Finally they let me in.

"Hello, Hansom. . . . Oh, I'm all right. Lot of time to think, lyin' here—time to think of all that I'm through with." She laughed and raised her hand to count on her fingers: "Steers, I'm through with—that's one. Men—that's two. And bustin' into anybody else's life—that's three."

But still she didn't seem to relent toward me.

"Put yourself in my place," I said. "I couldn't stop that ride without tellin' all I knew. You always told me to keep still about that."

Finally one day she laughed differently and said, "Oh, come here." She held open her arms as I started. "Now forget it," she said. "I ain't holdin' anything against you. You couldn't do any different. No man could. You're as good as the next. You all make me sick. Now run along about your poetry and don't stay any longer in Cohontas on my account. I'm here and alive and can do another comeback. I've got the price and am getting the rest of my life."

That was big Kate. So I left her and turned up later at Kipper's again. Len gave me his hard stringy hand. He had done it—or rather Eva. I saw her from behind his shoulder and it started the wheel on a thing I call Little Eva:

She never slung a
full-weight steer,
She never roped nor
rid,
She played her game,
all soft and dear,
With her eyes of old
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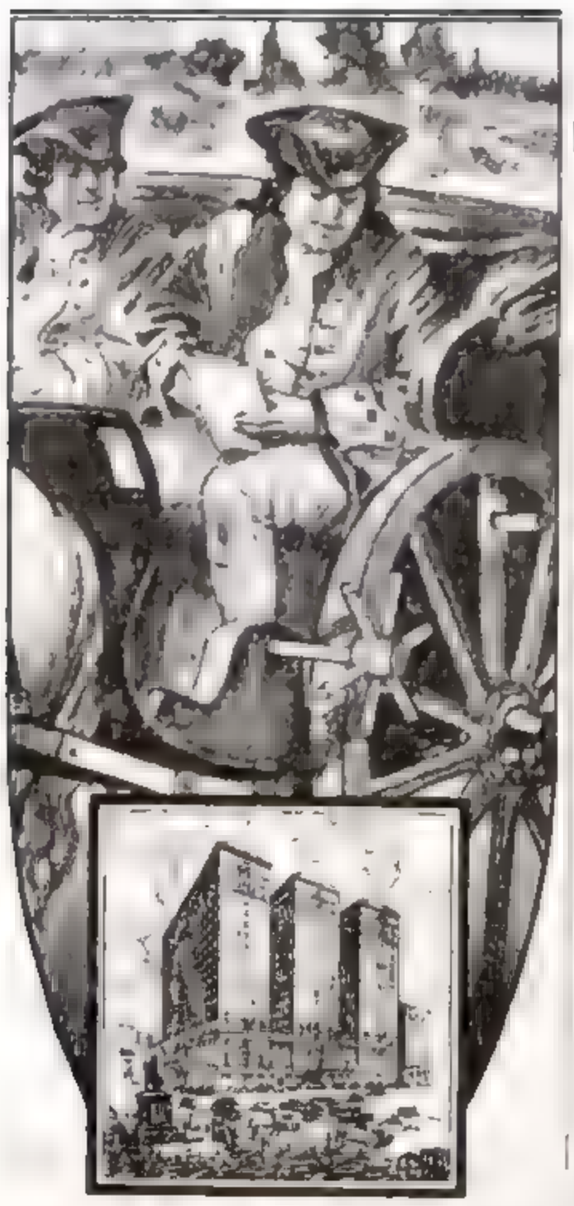

How Franklin Measured Miles

MANY THINGS interested Benjamin Franklin's amazingly versatile mind. It was he who marked off the miles and placed the milestones on the Old Post Road to Philadelphia. He used a device of his own making, attached to the wheel of his carriage.

Many a weary traveller of Franklin's day plodded past those then alarmingly far apart measures to the crude taverns but undeniable hospitality of Old Philadelphia. Today's travel-wise visitor speeds by in modern comfort—looking forward to the welcome awaiting him at the Benjamin Franklin Hotel, where is admirably combined the traditional hospitality of more leisurely times with the best of present-day appointments.

In the spacious, comfortable rooms—there are 1200, each with individual bath—in the courteous, unobtrusive service, in the facilities provided to make your stay flawlessly enjoyable . . . in these Benjamin Franklin himself would find complete satisfaction, as will you.

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offers to the traveller or permanent guest enjoyable environment, attentive service, the highest refinements of good living. Rates commence at four dollars.

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
PHILADELPHIA
Chestnut at Ninth Street
Horace Leland Wiggins • *Managing Director*

SIDEWAYS

(Continued from Page 11)

was a golden-hearted creature apt to weep over widows and orphans and fill their hands with dollar bills and sign away a week's salary to homes for crippled children and the like.

I felt very sure that his talk of domesticity was no bluff, but that he would be kind and good to Ruth all the days of her life, and I said as much. And as I spoke, it crossed my mind and was, I suppose, betrayed in some phrase I used, in some tone of my voice, that a young woman of twenty-six does not marry a man whose sole recommendation is that he would be kind to his wife unless she has had some rather scarring experiences of men who are not good to women. I also seemed to remember that I had heard of Ruth's having been seen about with some man whose charm for women and brutality toward them were well known. I wondered and stumbled and, until I had found the right unintimate words again, saw her smile meditate whether it should not become quite finally farewell. Nobody was even to think of what was happening in Ruth's heart.

She shot suddenly from her bed. "There's Issy! You go and talk to him while I dress."

Issy I found to be in his private life rather more of a low comedian and infinitely more of a champion of the domestic virtues than he was in his public life. He was one of those Jews who consist entirely of convex curves that reflect the light. There are Jews who consist entirely of concave curves, who have deep pits round their eyes and under their cheek bones where melancholy lives, and hollow chests inhabited by coughs and lacerating racial memories; he was the exact opposite. From his round little hook nose and his round little cheeks, from his chins, of which he already had three, from each of his short fat fingers and his hard, tight, raven-wing curls, there seemed to shoot forth rays of light and cheerfulness.

This effect of gayety was increased by his choice of shirt, cravat and socks, which by their remarkable colorings also seemed to emit rays, and by his tendency to break into tap-dancing. While his feet jiggled about all over the parquet floor his little cherry-red mouth explained without cease that the reason he was not joining me in a cocktail was that he had promised his mother never to touch liquor, and that he always kept his word to his mother—and who wouldn't? as she was the best woman in the world. . . . Tap-tap-tap. . . . It was very jolly, like having a plump little bird in a nice little cage singing a hymn to a fine sunny day.

He seemed to be greatly given to expressing amiability by slapping people. He slapped Mary to show that he liked her, and thought negroes grand people, anyway. He slapped Ruth to show he loved her. He slapped me after Ruth had explained what old friends we were. And when we sat down he slapped his thighs every time a dish was put on or taken off the table, to express all the more generalized forms of amiability he was feeling—gratitude to the cook, to the rest of the staff who supported her in her duties, to the food itself, to the Maker of the cook and the food.

"Has Ruth told you about her and me?" he asked me presently. I said the proper things. "Well, the very first time I met Miss Ruthie, and she told me about the good home she came from up in Syracuse, I said to myself that this is the girl I've always been waiting for," he said happily.

I had never thought when Ruth told me about the limiteds and her insomnia that I was getting the story of her home life in Syracuse quite straight, but though plainly the version Issy had learned was quite different, I didn't feel that he had been getting it quite straight either. I stole a look at Ruth, but she was looking quite calmly at the chicken on her plate. I expect she knew she could trust me to carry on the way that Issy would like. And I did. Issy liked me so much that presently, generous and exuberant soul, he was suggesting that I should go with them on a Sunday trip to Deauville.

"We'll have more time if we go by railroad at night," said Ruth. "There's a time-table on the bureau behind you, if you'd look up a train."

He found it, pushed his plate away and began to burrow in its pages as people do who are no good with time-tables.

"Wait a minute. . . . I got it. . . . No, that ain't it. . . . Oh, Lordy, these fool things!"

Presently he tossed it despairingly at me. "I'm no good at this kind of thing. I've had a secretary ever since I was a kid."

I found it at once. "The train's at 9:15, if you can make it that early."

Ruth put out a cool hand and took the time-table from me. She examined it with some care. I wondered why, when I had already found the only train that would do. When she handed it back to me I noticed that her lips were compressed into a straight line.

Later, Issy had to go out and talk to his chauffeur, and Ruth said to me reflectively, "He got all balled up over finding that train, didn't he?"

"He did," I laughed, trying to make a joke of it.

"There wasn't any need for him to get all balled up like that over it. Anybody could have found what he was looking for."

"Oh, I don't know," I said. "Good heavens, Ruth, you aren't judging a man for a little thing like that, are you?"

She didn't deign to answer me. But added, "He gets terrible balled up with French, too, you know. Can't get the numbers right."

Her eyes were mysterious. She was following some line of thought which I could not quite grasp. Any more than I could grasp what she was doing when Issy came back, and she chose a moment when he was looking at her with special adoration to unpin a magnificent diamond-and-sapphire brooch she was wearing, secure it again more firmly and say, in her most faint, most high voice, "I got to have that fixed or maybe I'll lose it." I would have thought she would have been wiser to say as little as possible about her jewels in front of Issy; indeed, I could see that the very mention of that compromising magnificence diminished the radiation of the little man by ever so many candle power.

But she went on, her voice ever so faint, like the topmost spire of a snow mountain seen by the moonlight: "I guess I ought to be careful with it, because the sapphire's real. I took it out of an old ring I had and put it in this piece." She gave a little, tired laugh. "I guess that's the way all my jewelry is. It looks terribly ritzy, but it's all old stuff mixed up with new—little, bits of good things with a lot of fake."

Issy looked better; he recovered much of his lighthouse quality, but, I thought, not all. At any rate I felt I had best leave them alone at the first moment I could, though I was fairly sure that Issy loved her so much that the last thing he would speak to her about when they were alone was those jewels.

As she went with me to the door, I said to her, "I've an aunt looking for a villa out here. You don't want to sell this place, do you?"

With a queer passionate emphasis, she exclaimed, "No!" Then more calmly elaborated it. "I guess Issy and I will come over to Europe for a vacation every summer, just like we did before, and it's nice to come to a place of your own." Then her eyes traveled past me to the big square villa that was next door. "Besides, this place has certain advantages." She made this remark in the portentous English accent which she acquired in the course of a six weeks' engagement at the Embassy Club in London, which always abashes me, since it is so much more English than the accent I more casually acquired by being born over there.

I fled, feeling there was much in Ruth at the moment that I did not understand. As I passed the big square villa, sounds of L'Invitation à la Valse rang out from one of its windows, played on six pianos at once, and from another a nun dreamed down at the road, and I wondered why Ruth found it an advantage to be next door to a convent school.

As it happened, I never found out the explanation of that, or any other of her oddities, on the trip to Deauville, because my paper ordered me off to Geneva to sit and watch the League of Nations for a bit. I read of their wedding in New York in the papers early that fall, and then along in the new year I read that Hollywood Harriet had at last finished its Chicago run. And then, suddenly, one March afternoon, when I was staying at Cap Martin with Sheila and Robin de Cambremer, and we were spending the day in Monte Carlo, I saw Ruth walking across the Casino gardens.

I shrieked, "Look! Isn't that Ruth Waterhouse?"

They weren't sure. She was wrapped up in a great big coat, and she had a close little hat that hid all that marvelous hair. But I watched her and saw her pause for a millionth of an instant as she passed a climbing plant festooning a palm tree with blossom that the strong winter sunlight of those parts made look as if it were cut out of mauve paper as a decoration at a children's party—the prettiest, most artificial thing. After a step or two she turned back as if she were reversing her promenade for the most businesslike reason—because she had forgotten an appointment with a hairdresser, had left her hand bag in a shop. But she slackened her pace as she walked past the flower, cast down her head and looked at it out of the corner of her eye. She had simply wanted to have another look at the thing, but had dissimulated it because of an inveterate disposition to indirectness.

"That's Ruth!" I said, and we all ran up to her.

We did a lot of exclaiming, but she did none. Merely she turned on us a face that was exquisite with contentment, and with unconscious insolence seemed to tell us to be proud because our presence did nothing to disturb, because she did not feel anything about us incongruous with her state of harmony. Obviously, the marriage was going well.

Yes, Issy was with her. They had arrived the day before at Genoa and had come straight along here. They had come over here for a long holiday—they would probably be on the Riviera all spring. Issy was out now with an English house agent looking at villas. And she—she was just out walking.

A bad thing to do, we all agreed, for the day was unendurable, cut by a wind that one could have shaved with. Yes, but she had to walk for an hour. She walked for an hour every day. She'd walked fifty-five minutes now. She had been on her way back to the Hotel de Paris when we met.

Well, what would she like to do? Should we all go to the Casino and gamble?

She turned her head toward the Casino, looked at it through narrowed eyes and turned her head back again. You have seen your cat make the gesture a thousand times.

"No," she said, very high and very faint, "I can't go to the Casino. The air's bad. I can't sit in bad air."

That surprised me, because in the past Ruth had been an infatuated gambler after her own fashion, which was to make fifty francs' worth of counters last for hour after hour after hour.

Well, should we go on and do what we had been thinking of doing. Which was

(Continued on Page 75)

66

You Wouldn't Feed a Baby...Beefsteak

"OF course not—that's absurd!" you say. And you're right. Human beings, at different stages, require different diets. So, too, with automobiles. At different stages—*at different degrees of wear*—they require different grades of motor oil!

Why?

Because the biggest job motor oil does is to seal the space between each piston and cylinder wall—*to prevent the power from blowing by!* In a new car the pistons fit snugly and this space is exceedingly small—only a lighter grade of motor oil can get into it and *seal the power!* However, what happens after 2,000 miles of wear—and 12,000 miles? *Wear comes with mileage and wear has increased this space*—your engine's oil diet must be changed—only heavier grades can do the job of piston seal —*to prevent the power from blowing by!*

No question about that! Your only question is, how can you *know* how much space is worn in your cylinders and which grade you need? The answer is simple—*look at your speedometer!* You know how far your car has been driven—tell the Authorized Opaline Dealer your mileage—he will follow the Sinclair Law of Lubrication* and give you the correct grade of Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil to seal your power.

That's precision in lubrication! That's the *extra service* you get from the correct grade of Opaline. It is all that a good motor oil should be to meet the demands of the present-day engine and does what you have a right to expect from a good motor oil.

Having the correct *grade* of motor oil is just as important as having the correct *quality.* It is the responsibility of the Authorized Opaline Dealer to see that you get *both!*

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Complete comfort inside, complete convenience when entering or leaving, distinguish the nine smart body styles. Everyone will find ample headroom and leg-space.

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Dodge Brothers dealers will be proud to have you examine—and test—this new and finer Victory.

PRICES—*Touring Car, $995; Roadster, $995; Coupe, $1045, 4-Door Sedan, $1095, DeLuxe Sedan, $1170; DeLuxe 4-Pass. Coupe, $1170; Sport Roadster, $1245, Sport Sedan, $1295; f. o. b. Detroit.*

(Continued from Page 72)

to send Robin off to his club and go and look at Meuxynol's spring collection of clothes that he was showing in his lovely shop that is just round the corner from the Casino, overlooking the harbor.

Yes. She thought carefully, and decided that that was what she would like to do. She hadn't, she told us with some particularity, seen any clothes at all in New York. So we sent Robin off, and we three went off to Meuxynol's, arm in arm and giggling like three schoolgirls.

And at Meuxynol's she behaved in a very extraordinary way. When they saw her and Sheila they turned the shop inside out. Girl after girl walked round the room, so slim and so polished that they seemed ramrods made of beauty instead of metal, such exquisite products of luxury that they made one its partisans and created in one a longing to spend money for the sake of being money. And they showed dress after dress that were traps laid for one's personality, that would have coaxed the shyest bit of beauty that was concealed about to come out and shine its brightest for the confusion of men. Sheila bought wildly, as much as she dared. But Ruth bought nothing—not a dress.

This, in Ruth, was amazing. For she had known nothing between having no dresses at all in Syracuse and having all the dresses in the world in New York and Paris and London, and she knew no self-restraint in this matter. Especially had she known none concerning evening dresses. So infatuated with them was she that she had never been able to do as other dancers did, and sign a contract with a Paris dressmaker whereby she gets all her dresses for a nominal fee on condition that she wears them only two months and then returns them, and never wears anything from any other house. She had never been able to forgo the pleasure of buying wherever she could find them, masterpieces of lace and tulle and satin that matched the masterpiece that was herself. I had seen them in her wardrobe in her New York apartment, a confusion of preciousness a couple of yards long, which she so loved to look on that she had had glass doors put in in order that she might see them as she lay in bed.

And here she was being shown dress after dress by a girl near enough to her own physical type to show her exactly how lovely she herself could look in them, and all she did was to say in her high and faint voice, "No—no. It's very pretty, but I'm not buying anything at all just now."

Then it suddenly struck me what, with a supreme consummation of her passion for indirectness, she was telling us. The hour's walk, her objection to the badness of the air in the Casino, her refusal to buy any clothes although she had bought none in New York.

Since she had this temperament, I could say nothing to her of what I felt. But I slipped my arm through hers and squeezed it and wondered about a good many things. Had Issy still those delusions about that straight road that led to his arms from the good home in Syracuse? And did the jewels still worry him as they had done, I was almost certain, that day at Auteuil? I wanted it so much to be all right! And I was not sure that it was, for when I felt her arm it was braced and hard. She looked as if she were perfectly still; but touching her, I knew it was the stillness that comes of the profoundest tensity.

Her indirectness seemed very comic when we took her back to the Hotel de Paris, for down the stairs came Issy, ebullient with a passion for directness that matched hers for the opposite. His method of descending the stairs was singular and attracted attention. He seemed disinclined in his present state of happiness to admit even in that small matter that there was any down in the world, so every time he struck a step he bounced up in the air as if to demonstrate that for every down there is an up.

Robin de Cambremer, who had arranged to meet us in the hall, is the least bit of a snob, and he died many deaths when he saw the little man enfolding us all in his arms and kissing Sheila on both cheeks, because they had known each other when she was still an actress. But even he softened to Issy when he heard his philoprogenitive crowings. He was so naive about it that he looked a little disappointed when he heard that Robin and Sheila had three children.

You could see him calculating that it would be years before he and Ruth caught up to that, and even then he couldn't rely on Robin and Sheila not having followed up their first advantage and got ahead again. And he was so loving and concerned with Ruth; he told us so proudly of how well she had run his house in New York, how his own mother had said it couldn't have been done better. He spoke of the villa he had taken for her at Cap Ferrat and the plans he had made for the summer, not ostentatiously but eagerly and humbly so that we would suggest improvements.

And every now and then his speech went to a confused babble on his lips, just as it used to do on the stage in New York, to the delight of his audiences; and then his hand had to close and unclose and close again over her hand to show that his love had not failed with his breath.

Dear little Issy. I would have felt very happy about them both if I hadn't remembered the tensity of her arm at the dressmaker's, and in the light of that memory known that the relaxation of her pose in the armchair was acting. Also when one of the assistant hotel managers came up and whispered in Issy's ear, and Issy looked scared, apologized to us and followed him out of the lounge, she neither looked at the manager nor expressed any curiosity; and since the whole time she had been watching over Issy, as if he were her child and not the father of her child, I knew that to mean that something was happening according to plan. And it was her plan, not his. For veritably Issy had looked scared.

He came back in a minute. He flipped his hands at Robin in a sea-lion gesture that till then I had believed was practiced only behind the footlights.

"Say, you're French, aren't you?" His speech went. His hands flipped and flipped and flipped. Getting his breath, he used it to comfort Ruth, who had at last raised great startled eyes. "Say, honey, it's nothing. Not a thing, I said." He turned to Robin again. "Would you just help us out over this? There's a coupla fellows ——"

They walked away from us up the lounge. From each side of Issy's back in turn flipped an explanatory hand. He looked up at Robin's tallness trustfully, as dachshunds do to their masters.

"Why, whatever can it all be about?" murmured Ruth.

Robin came back in a minute. "I'm afraid you've got to come and deal with this, Ruth," he said, and drew us in with his eyes. "You'd better all come."

Ruth sat up. "It isn't—it isn't—anything horrid?" she faltered. There was a pale ghost of a shrieking quality in her voice, just the most ladylike version of a trace of hysteria, which made one remember that in her condition she oughtn't to be overexcited.

"It's nothing at all," said Robin kindly; "but it seems there's some bills you've forgotten to settle in Paris, and these are some *huissiers*, some debt collectors, that you've got to see about it. Don't be frightened. I dare say it's all a mistake. Come along, girls, and we'll get it over."

We found Issy in one of the smaller salons leading out of the lounge, an Olympian apartment with marble pillars, and a ceiling on which some dozen goddesses as they were conceived by mural artists in the 80's were thrusting robust ankles through clouds—insurance refused because subjected to unreasonable strain—and offering bosoms the size of public libraries to the embraces of hundred-pound Cupids, and a vast circular table round which were arranged six enormous chairs, upholstered in purple plush, each having the air of being the wealthy widow of a prominent member of the furniture world.

Issy, who looked remarkably undersized in these surroundings, was working his way round the table, clinging to the back of one chair after another, while he attempted to express his opinion of the two gentlemen who waited for us under a colossal mantelpiece, doubtless the tomb of a specially eminent chef, which took up almost one whole wall of the room. He would have succeeded, for he seemed to have a prettier gift of language than I had supposed from seeing him in his milder moments, had it not been for this tendency of his breath and tongue to fail him and his words.

I admit I regretted it; for the gentlemen were not nice. I cannot describe them adequately. They seemed to be relevant to all the more shabby and less pleasing manifestations of French bureaucracy; or rather, to put it more justly, people who wear uniforms in France. I could imagine that their mothers were ticket collectors on the Paris, Méditerranée et Lyons Railway; that their fathers were postmen notorious for their dilatorriness. I felt that the peculiarly offensive tin trumpets which give the trains the signal to start in small French railroad stations played an important part in the courting of these pairs; gave, no doubt, the coy female warning of her lover's approach.

To the sound of that trumpet they had dedicated their children to the sacred duty of annoying the public. These gentlemen were being faithful to that dedication, to that call of the blood. They were standing drawn up to their full height; they were feeling worthy of the mantelpiece. They bowed toward the ladies repeatedly, with a juicy fervor.

"I wanted to be taught how to use my hands," said Issy. "God knows I wanted to be taught how to use my hands, from the time I was a small boy, but my poor mother —— You know what women are." His speech left him again.

"Do you understand French?" said Robin to Ruth.

"I do and I don't," she answered softly.

"You had better read the writ to the lady then," Robin said to the debt collector.

The one with the pomaded beard stepped forward. He looked round with the expression of a prize bull and, just to put us at our ease, remarked in a rich barytone, "*Moi, c'est la loi*," and began to read a list of debts that about ten Paris tradesmen had sworn in the court of Monte Carlo that Ruth owed them.

I listened in amazement. I had been under the impression that Ruth never ran up bills. I might say, even, that I knew she did not, because once or twice I had been, on her recommendation, to tailors and milliners, and when they heard her name they gave me credit with a readiness that showed they had never lost a penny through her. But this was a formidable list. It amounted to a vast sum, and it comprised such odd items for her to have defaulted. Not only two years' dressmaking bills from two of the most expensive houses but nearly the whole of the purchase price of the villa at Auteuil.

"Oh, won't you none of you tell me what it's all about?" whimpered Issy.

We were all so thralled by the recital that we turned round and sh-sh-ed him.

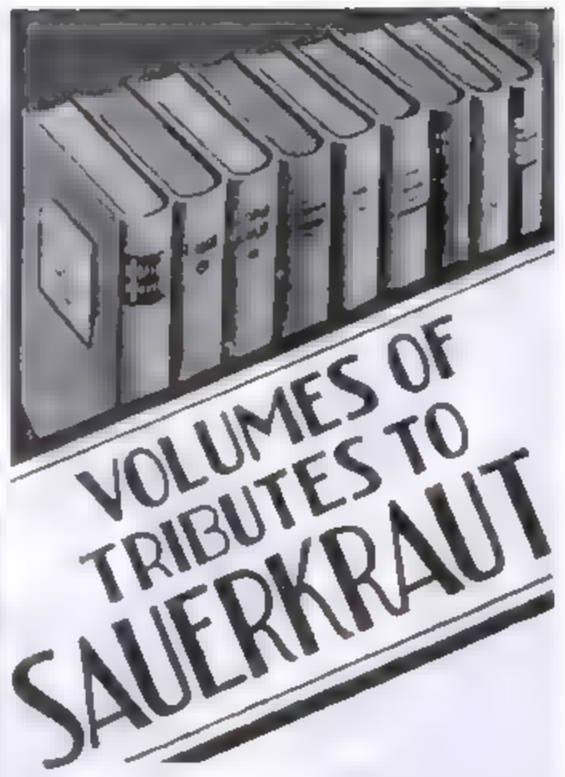
He clung to one of the pillars and bubbled.

Some pictures bought from the best modern art dealers in Paris, which showed that Ruth knew a great deal more about painting than I had suspected. Who had told her it was good business to buy Derains and Utrillos? A good deal of antique furniture that had been shipped to New York last fall, and some that had gone to Auteuil. And some Persian rugs that must, from the price, have been very, very fine indeed.

The total was eighteen hundred thousand francs. We all were silent.

"How much do they want?" screamed Issy suddenly.

We turned to him, stared at him in sympathy, and having all fallen into the habit of thinking in French while the *huissier* was



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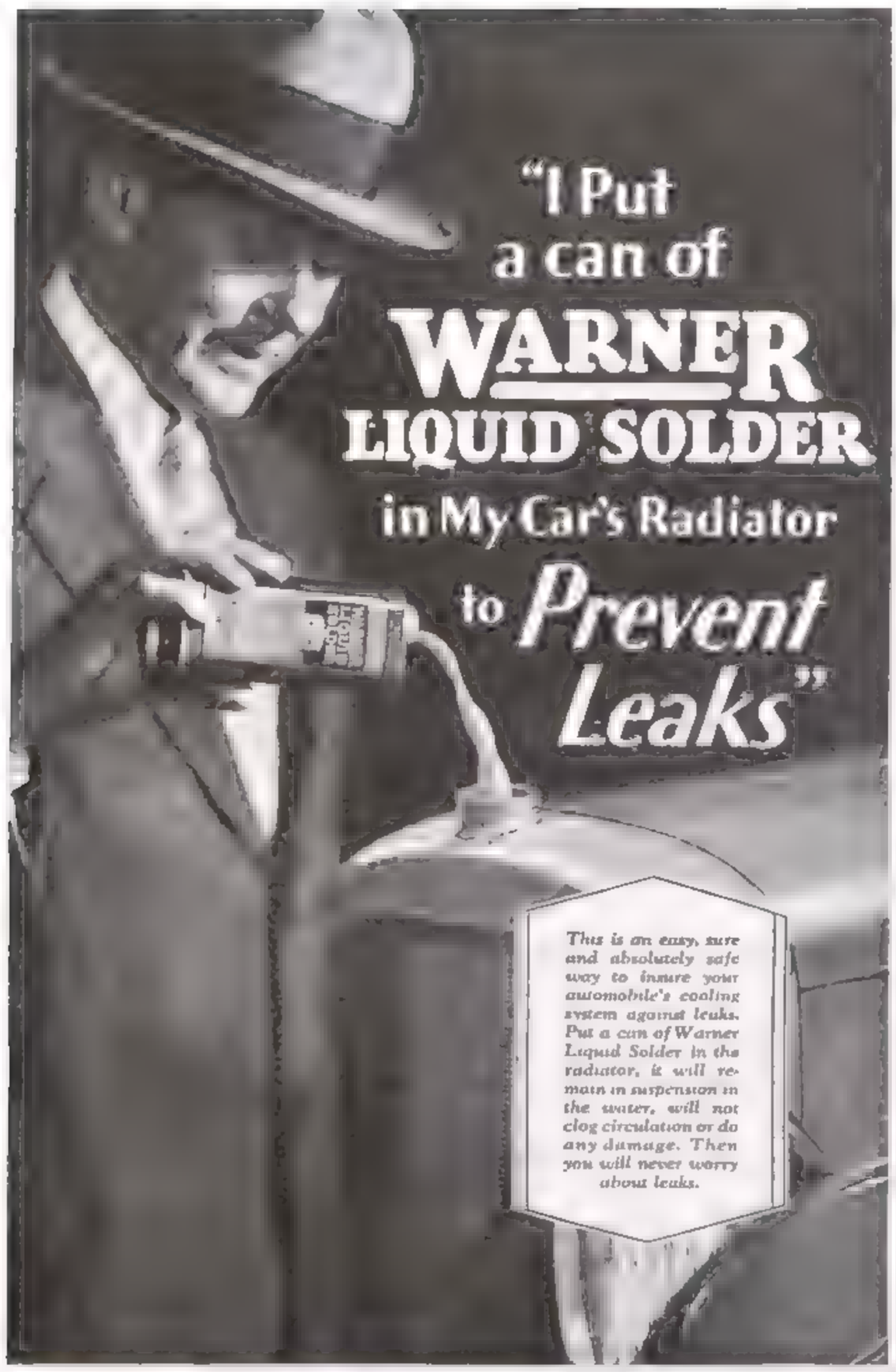
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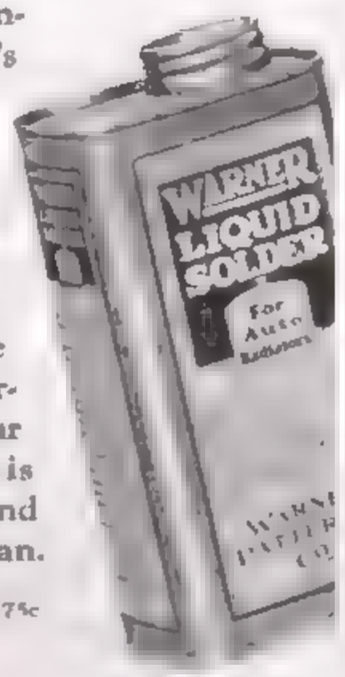

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reading, we shouted, in unison, "*Un million huit cent mille francs.*"

"I said how much do they want."

We were silent in amazement, then chanted in unison again: "*Un million huit cent mille francs.*"

He buried his head in his hands. Then made one more despairing effort: "Will you tell me how much ——"

It dawned on us that he did not understand French: "Oh! Eighteen hundred thousand francs!"

Having gratified his curiosity, we turned away as if we had done him a good turn.

"Do you owe all that?" asked Sheila of Ruth, with the solemn admiration that an extravagant woman feels for a very extravagant woman.

"Well," said Ruth, ever so faint and high, "maybe I do."

We all looked at her in amazement. It was a new light on the girl.

Then we all swung round at a howl from Issy. With a pencil in his hand, he was staggering back from the column on which he had been scribbling calculations.

Ruth detached herself from the group like a greyhound and was beside him in a flick of the eye. She put a loving arm round his shoulders, took the pencil from his hands and seemed to revise the calculations. I am sure I heard her say, "Now, sweetie, you always get that wrong. You have to cross off two zeros, not one." And I am almost certain I also heard her say, "That makes it seventy-two hundred dollars." Which is not true. Nothing in the world will make eighteen hundred thousand francs at the current rate of exchange anything but seventy-two thousand dollars. She drew him back into our group.

"Do you owe all that, honey?" asked Issy.

She shook her head. "I guess I haven't kept one single receipt of the whole lot," she said, and she began to weep very softly—tears that reminded him that she was his woman, that she was soon to be the mother of his child. "But I want it settled. I don't like this, Issy!" She looked with doe-like eyes at the *huissiers*. "What do they want us to do?"

Issy stepped in front of her. "Here you, young fellow," he said to Robin, "do they want her to go to prison? Because here I am."

"Well, they don't quite want that," answered Robin. "They want the money."

"Now?"

"At once. That's the point of this process. For all they know, you might get away, you know."

"But they can't have it! I tell you, man, I haven't got it! I've just enough to pay my bill here. I sent a banker's draft over to Ruth's Paris bank account and it will only just be paid in. In fact I don't understand all this business, but Ruthie says it can't be paid till I get there next week, because there's all this foolery of identification. Poor Ruthie wouldn't have a letter of credit, because she got nervous in case somebody slugged me for it."

Ruth shuddered at the recollection of those fears and cast herself into his arms. "Then they'll seize your luggage."

"My luggage! For a debt they haven't proved? For a debt Ruthie paid but didn't keep the receipt for?"

"Oh, I do owe some of it, Issy darling."

"Honey, I won't have it!"

"Aow!" Ruth had wrested herself from his arms and given the shrillest yet the most refined scream imaginable. "You've forgotten!"

"Forgotten what?"

"Our luggage got left behind at Ventimiglia by mistake. It's still in Italy! Don't you remember how Mary made that silly mistake so that it went into the left luggage room instead of our train? And I was sending a courier back for it today."

"Why, sure I ——"

"We haven't anything except—oh, darling, my jewels!"

She looked into his eyes and did not take them from his, though her lips trembled, when for a second his chubby little face looked gray and tired, as if he had been reminded of a family disgrace. Then she began to cry again, those heart-melting tears that reminded him of her claim on him, and his child's claim.

"Oh, let's get through with this! I always told you that my jewels were faked up old things. I guess they're not worth as much as that ——"

"Not worth as much as that?" the little man echoed her, wistfully, hopefully.

"Not worth half as much as that, but they've been so mean putting these men on me, who never owed a cent in my life, that I guess they can stand the loss. Let me give them the jewels and send them away." She broke into terrible primitive sobs. "It isn't fair to me to have me standing talking to this kind of men. Why, they've come from the police! They're all dirty from handling criminals! I'm frightened, Issy! I feel they'll make a criminal of me! I feel they'll drag me off to prison! It isn't good for my baby! Give them my jewels and send them away!"

At this point a waiter, who must have been listening at the door, rushed in, and taking his stand in front of Ruth in an attitude of defense such as seen in Greek statuary, cried, "*Le soleil est couché!*"

The assistant manager, who had been standing behind one of the pillars, stepped forward and said, "*Ah, c'est vrai, le soleil est couché.*"

Robin de Cambremer turned to us, and with an air of warmly congratulating himself and us, exclaimed, "*Le soleil est couché!*"

The two debt collectors turned to each other and remarked gloomily: "*Piste, le soleil est couché!*"

"What are they saying?" asked Issy.

"They're saying the sun has set."

"Is that what that waiter fellow yelled when he came dashing into the room?"

"Yes."

"He said the sun was set?"

"Yes."

"And that's what all the rest of them are saying?"

"Yes."

He disengaged Ruth from his arms and made her stand by herself. "What makes you raise Cain to have your child born in a country where the people are such darned fools that they burst into a room where people are talking important business to tell them that the sun has set? If we really got down to brass tacks, I suppose they would burst in to tell us that broccoli had just come in season."

"Well, it is rather important," said Robin. "You see, in the principality of Monaco, where we are at the moment, no debt collector can do his work between sunset and sunrise."

"Oh, I see, I see!" breathed Issy, and he took Ruth back to his arms. There immediately she began to weep again, and say, "Tell them to come back as early as they like in the morning and take my jewels," to which he answered, "Sure, honey. Anything you say, honey. Only don't cry, honey." And so we left them.

And that would have been the end of the story, so far as I would have known it, if Sheila had not had the temperament of a natural lawbreaker, and had not grown bright and rather restless after dinner.

"I hate to think of that poor little thing giving up her jewels," she said, as we sat round the fire, safe in Cap Martin, which is over the frontier in France.

"She didn't seem to mind," I said.

"Of course she minded. Who wouldn't? Besides, if she says she's paid some and hasn't kept the receipts, it's outrageous. And her jewels are worth far more—far more."

"Are they?"

She nodded. "Half as much again, if I know anything about jewels at all." For a moment she was still. Then her shoe began to tap the ground. "Besides, it's a disgraceful law. That a firm should have the right to issue a writ by simply alleging a debt to a magistrate without having to inform the other people and giving them a

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chance to disprove it! It's outrageous." And a little later: "And I hate to think of her losing any of her lovely jewels to those *huissiers*. For they get 10 per cent, you know, of all the debts they collect."

In the end she evolved a plan. It depended on a royal personage who lived in the very next villa. His automobile would never be stopped as it crossed the frontier of Monaco. So if he sent the automobile into Monaco and it called at the Hotel de Paris and picked up Issy and Ruth no power could prevent them from crossing the frontier back into France and they could settle down in a hotel at Mentone for the night, proceed by motorboat to Cap Ferrat, and let the French tradesmen justify their claims according to the more formal methods of the French courts.

The idea struck us as a good joke splendidly in the Phillips Oppenheim manner. We got our evening wraps and strolled over to the royal personage's villa. He found the idea as entertaining as we did. We got a little excited over it sitting on the floor in front of his great wood fire on the deep white polar bear rugs with his Alsatians nuzzling us with their ice-cold black noses and little glasses of vodka in our hands. It was certainly fun to talk about; and rather too late Robin and I found that Sheila and the royal personage were taking it seriously. Finally we got in his automobile and went back to Monaco.

I reflected that it was because he had taken this sort of plan seriously that he was living in Cap Martin instead of the kingdom to which he was born. Issy, we were told, had gone out for a stroll. Ruth was in bed, but she telephoned down that she would be glad to see us.

Sheila and I left Robin and the royal personage in the lounge and went up to her bedroom. Ruth was lying very still with her eyes closed; and Mary, who was hovering about the room with an air of concern, looked gravely at us and whispered in passing "She's poorly, the child." But I did not worry too much about that, for I had a pretty good idea that what had held Ruth and Mary together all those years was a common gift for putting things over on the trustful just the way they wanted. What I did worry about was that I detected in her stillness something steely and I suspected that what was making her steely was the thought of us and our present intrusion on her.

"Darling!" said Sheila, hopping onto the bed.

"Darling!" said Ruth, higher and fainter than ever.

"Darling, we can't bear you to lose your jewels," Sheila went on, "and we've been planning a way you don't have to."

"Darling, how sweet of you!" It might have been the tiniest frailest angel whispering down to earth.

Sheila briskly explained her plan, ending up with:

"So you just pop on your clothes and come down to the automobile."

But Ruth only shook her head weakly and closed her eyes again.

"Darling, don't be silly! They can't touch you if you do as I say. It's a clean get-away! And your jewels are worth 'way more than that!"

Ruth opened her eyes and gave her a bland and innocent look. "Oh, do you think so?" she inquired, and closed her eyes again.

"Darling, come on!" Ruth shook her head. "But why not? The king is downstairs, and you would just love the king."

Ruth whimpered, "I'm too sick!"

"But, darling, you were out walking this very afternoon and you were looking fine, and it'll only mean half an hour in an automobile."

Ruth dug her knuckles in her eyes. "But since then I've felt terribly sick. I just feel as if it's all gone wrong—and I'm scared!"

Suddenly Mary, her eyes rolling in her chocolate face, stepped forward and joined in the whimpering. "Yes, I'm scared too! She's real sick, I tell you!"

Ruth was apparently weeping from real fright; and, indeed, she had been so hysterical that afternoon that she might have.

"Then where's the doctor? And where's a nurse?" demanded Sheila, utterly convinced.

"I don't need a nurse," Ruth wailed. "I hate strangers. Mary's my nurse. She's all the nurse I want."

"We colored folks are awful good at nursin'," said Mary.

"Nonsense! All the kindness in the world can't take the place of a good trained nurse!" exclaimed Sheila. "Isn't that Issy coming into the sitting room now? I'll go in and talk to him about it."

Before she got to the door Ruth was out of bed and in front of it. "You dare scare my Issy boy!" she said. Her movements were those of one in the most robust health and her voice was no longer faint and high. It was, on the contrary, probably one of the strongest and deepest voices that have ever proceeded from a female inhabitant of Syracuse. I perceived that at last she was about to adopt directness as her tactics and I had a sort of idea that we would find her as soothing as the kick of a mule. I strolled away and looked out of the window at the lights twinkling on the Casino, casting circles on the lawns and the flower beds of the gardens. After all, this was Sheila's show, and she might as well take what was coming to her for it.

"You two girls don't seem to have any sense!" said Ruth indignantly. "I thought you'd be onto what I was doing this afternoon! You see, there's always been this trouble about the jewels." For a minute she bent like a tired lily, and I saw that she spoke of something that had been a real oppression to her spirit. "Issy didn't seem to like having all that jewelry. It worried him all the time. He doesn't like to see me wearing it. He doesn't like to see my jewels around. I want to get them out of the house but I don't dare send them back to the folks that gave them to me, for that would make him think I got them in ways that give him the right to feel as he does about them. And he hasn't ever been sure. I don't dare sell them, in case the money they fetch make him think things. So what could I do but what I did?"

I left the window in the subsequent stunned silence. "But what," I inquired gently "did you do?"

"Well, what you've seen I did!" she replied with exasperation. "The first thing any person would think of doing! I knew darned well I had a right to those jewels, whatever anybody said. They owed me something—those blighters who gave them to me. A good boy like Issy doesn't know how much they owed me!" For a time she used harsh words that I do not think she had learned in Syracuse. I had an odd impression that though she used them of men in the plural, she was thinking of a man in the singular. Then she went on:

"And I need that money. Issy makes a whole heap, but then you got to reckon that there isn't anybody over eighty on the East Side who isn't Issy's granduncle or grandaunt, and he keeps them all. And I want my kids to be brought up right. A girl's gotta be rich. A girl can't have a really good time and be safe if she isn't rich. You can do anything over here if you've got money. That's why I'm keeping on the villa at Auteuil. That's a swell convent school next door for the girls to go to. If I bring them up that way"—she began to stammer—"I mustn't hope for too much—maybe they'll have to marry Jews, but they'll be the right sort of Jews—good old families; and their children—their children ——" Her ambition choked her; she made fluttering gestures with her hands.

"I understand all that," I said, and reflected that the royal personage down below was waiting vainly for one that he would probably meet later in his extreme old age, at the marriage of his grandson, in the person of the grandmother of the bride. "But I still don't understand about the jewels."

"Oh, for heaven's sake!" she cried. "I did the thing that was as plain as the nose on your face. I had my jewels valued—all except the things like the pearls that men never can tell whether they're fake or real—and then I went round Paris buying all I could with that much money which was most likely to rise in value. And then I arranged with the people in Paris to collect payments this way. I'd heard of someone being stung this way by the *huissiers* when I was dancing here two years ago. The people in Paris didn't mind. They just had to arrange a flat rate for the *huissiers*. These boys are taking twenty thousand francs between them instead of the regular commission. And now the jewels will be out of the house. They'll be taken up to Paris tomorrow right to the jewelers who agreed to buy them. And Issy won't ever know how much they were worth.

"I've taken a great deal of trouble to buy things that don't look to him like they cost two cents. He thinks I bought these pictures at five hundred francs, because a poor boy painted them; and I was sorry for him because I saw he had no talent. And he won't ever get at the inwardness of it, because if all the schoolmasters in the world had worked on Issy from the day he was born till he was eighty years of age they couldn't teach him French or give him a head for figures. He's just all balled up about it. Wasn't what I did," she demanded, her voice going high and faint again, "the obvious thing to do?"

When we stole downstairs and presented ourselves again before Robin and the royal personage we could neither of us find any adequate answer when they asked us why we had not brought down Ruth. Sheila only drew a deep breath.

"I feel a child!" she said in the accents of one who has just witnessed a performance of genius. "A child!"

And I could say nothing at all. I was gazing at the royal personage, who was looking his best, with the light shining on his silver pointed beard and his waist long and slim in his evening clothes. I didn't believe he would like it when his grandson married Issy's granddaughter. But after what I'd heard upstairs, I didn't believe he had a chance in the world of not having to put up with it.

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A SON OF ANAK

(Continued from Page 29)

"I was mackerel fishing," he confessed, and she smacked her lips.

"I heard tell as how they struck in over t' the east'ard. Didn't anybody from here go out. All they think about is lobsters." She had a broom in her hand and she gave the step a vigorous stroke. "He went on out of my sight," she declared. "I come back home, middle of the afternoon. He hadn't come back by then."

"He hasn't come back yet," Bram agreed, and he continued: "I thought possibly Cap'n Goodell had seen him. I was going over to ask. I thought Thad might have put in there on the way back and got aground in the channel or something."

She shook her head. "I dunno's he did and I dunno's he didn't," she confessed. "I see the girl along about dark yest'day. She come over looking for her pa. Didn't have a thing on but a bathing suit." She sniffed in disapproval. "I hadn't seen her pa, and I told her so. She acted like she was worried about him. I took note of that at the time. I asked her if anything had happened, and she said: 'No, no, of course not. I just want to call him to supper.' But she acted like it was more than that." The woman smacked her lips with that curious sound as though she kissed herself.

"She went down t' the wharf, but that Chinaman that cooks for them come on by and got hold of her and took her back. Somebody'd ought to make her put some clothes on."

Bram was only half listening. Since Mrs. Harmon had not seen Thad, she could not help him. But one word caught his attention and he echoed curiously:

"The Chinaman took hold of her?"

"I mean to say he come and took her home," Mrs. Harmon explained. "He never touched her. That ain't what I mean. Only he come after her and got her, and she went back with him. I 'lowed the cap'n had sent the Chinaman after her. Likely Cap'n Goodell had walked down to the southern end of the island. He does sometimes. I've seen him there. I go, oncet in a while, to pick blueberries. Not that he mightn't been here in the village. He comes over and talks around, and you git him talking and he never does know when it's mealtime. The Chinaman has to come after him right along. I guess she was mad at having to bother. Had a kind of stiff look about her." She smacked her lips again. "Unless maybe she was cold. Her bathing suit was wet enough to make her cold, and not enough of it to keep her warm."

"I guess I'll go on over there," said Bram somewhat hurriedly, taking advantage of the momentary pause in her flow of words. "Perhaps she came to tell the captain that Thad wanted to see him. Thank you very much." He moved away as he spoke, and she was still talking while he drew out of hearing.

"Might be so," she agreed. "Folks do come in there sometimes to see the cap'n, and half the time they have to hunt him up." He missed a word or two, heard snatches and phrases: " . . . without no clothes on. . . . Said to Joe Plaice myself, more'n once . . . keep out of sight, anyways. . . . I'll tell her so. . . ."

He heard no more. He walked hurriedly, for he wished to be sure to return by the time Will Whitten was ready to depart. He had no real expectation of finding Thad or the Bargee at the captain's wharf or anchored in the channel there, but he would not neglect the possibility. After a little he began to run.

It was raining harder. The beat of it against his shoulders chilled him and he shivered as he ran. In the Split on his right the water broke into spray and the spray was swept away and ahead by the drive of the wind.

"Maybe he's anchored somewhere, riding this out," he thought. "Waiting for the wind to go down."

But the thought did not slow his pace at all.

He came up the rise in sight of Captain Goodell's house and advanced toward it across the open ground. At the same time he realized that the hour was early; that it was unlikely anyone would be awake so soon. At the thought he shook his head doggedly, his jaw tightening. No matter. He would rouse them. If it were a matter of finding Thad, perhaps of bringing him help or rescue when he needed it, Bram was not likely to stop at waking those who slept—not likely to stop even for a greater obstacle. The big young man had a capacity for single-mindedness which had served him on the football field, sometimes well and sometimes ill; there was a passion in him now. He ran toward the house, toward the front door, and as he approached he saw that from the chimney no smoke arose. Sure evidence enough that those within were still asleep; and on such a day as this, dark and blustery, they were likely to remain so for a while. It was not a day to entice any but hardy folk out-of-doors.

He passed the front door, intending to knock at that one which admitted to the kitchen, but before he did so it occurred to him that his ends might be served equally well if he looked to see whether the Bargee were anywhere about. With this intent he passed through the shed and found a path that led down toward the water, and came so to the captain's landing stage. A seaworthy motorboat lumbered at her mooring fifty yards offshore, in the lee of a rocky point, and there was a small dory tied at the float, but the sloop was nowhere within his view. To the west, toward the end of the Split, he saw the mouth of a wide cove and remembered that there must lie the rusting vessels that were the captain's charge. The Bargee might be in that cove. From where he stood it was impossible to see, and he climbed the path again, intending to take a way through the wood that would bring him to a proper vantage.

He found by the corner of the barn a trail that led in that direction, and he followed it for some two hundred yards through the wood, emerging then upon a rocky point tufted at the end with firs, from which he could see the whole extent of the cove. To the left, near the shore, the three vessels lay side by side, moored to one another by heavy hawsers, their anchor chains taut at the bows. They must also be anchored at the stern, he knew, and they were close to a steep and rocky bank from which a gangplank extended to the deck of that one nearest the shore. Their rails and anchor chains and upper works were bilious red, and Bram remembered the captain's complaint of the paint that had been used on them, their hulls were pocked with rust. The paint, he guessed, was a priming coat; it would be covered with another when it had had time to dry.

But Bram gave these craft only a single glance. His eyes swept the cove, and the Bargee was not there.

Bram had not expected to see the sloop in the cove, but he had hoped to, and the shock of his disappointment was severe. He stood a moment there in the rain, and his great shoulders drooped to it. His head swung slowly, eyes blank and inattentive.

As he thus looked around he saw something which quickened his attention, even though in a new direction. From where he stood the path continued along the steep and rocky shore toward the vessels at anchor there, and along this path he saw a man approaching. The man was within a rod or two when Bram first discovered him. He was a bulky man, almost fat, broad and moderately tall, and he wore a yellow oilskin coat and a yellow oiled hat. He was in fact a yellow man, for Bram saw in the first glance that this must be the Chinaman who cooked for Captain Goodell.

The Chinaman approached Bram neither boldly nor reluctantly, and he came to where Bram stood. His hands were clasped across his body and he bowed faintly. His tone was heavy and level, as though it were a machine which spoke, creakingly; and Bram was, even in his preoccupation, astonished to find that the Chinaman spoke precisely, with no suggestion of broken English and no accent that was perceptible.

The man asked, in that unaccented voice, heavily, "Who are you? What do you want here?"

Bram hesitated, then answered hurriedly, almost with relief that he had found someone in whom to confide his fears.

"My name's Dickery," he explained. "Another chap and myself have been cruising around here. He took the sloop yesterday afternoon and didn't come back, and I thought he might have run in here out of the storm. Haven't seen him, have you?"

The Chinaman wagged his head three times from side to side with a measured movement like that of a pendulum.

"No," he replied.

"See the sloop go by?" Bram persisted.

"No."

"He didn't come in here?"

"No."

Bram hesitated. "You're Cap'n Goodell's man, aren't you?" he asked.

The Chinaman nodded as mechanically as he had wagged his head. "I am Lee Wing," he replied. His voice was pitched on a somewhat higher key, as though he intoned a ritual. "My uncle was Joe Lee. My uncle was Captain Goodell's man many years. He knew he was old. He sent for me to take his place with Captain Goodell. Then my uncle Joe Lee died."

Bram nodded. "Cap'n not up yet, is he?"

The Chinaman half smiled in a bland fashion. "Let us see," he suggested; and at some invitation in his posture, Bram turned ahead of him along the path toward the house. Lee Wing followed upon his heel.

They walked swiftly through the wood, for Bram was in haste. He said once, over his shoulder, "You're up early."

"I heard the wind blow," Lee Wing explained. "I wished to make sure the great ships were secure."

Bram nodded inattentively. "You know," he decided, "I won't bother Cap'n Goodell. If my friend had put in here you would have known, wouldn't you?"

"I would know," the Chinaman assented.

Captain Goodell, Bram reflected, was as fond of his own voice as was Mrs. Harmon. "I won't wake him," he said again. "I must go and catch the lobster boat for Vinal Haven. Don't disturb them for me."

Lee Wing made no remark to this, but he shuffled firmly at Bram's heels. Bram looked over his shoulder once, faintly uneasy at this still shadow behind him, but Lee Wing, with his arms crossed, hands tucked into his sleeves, walked with his head bowed humbly to the ground. Bram shivered, for he was wet and the wind was cold. When they came to the house he nodded again.

"Thanks," he said. "Pay my respects to Cap'n Goodell."

"I hope you find your young friend," said the Chinaman politely.

"Oh, he's all right," Bram assented. "I just wonder where he is."

He turned away and began to move across the lawn toward the road that led back to the village, but before he passed out of sight of the house his pace slowed. He wished vaguely that he might have speech with the captain's daughter; it was barely possible, he told himself, that she might have seen Thad, even though the Chinaman had not. He pretended speciously that this was his only reason for wishing he might see her, and he came to the point of stopping, looking back, half minded to return.

But Lee Wing was watching him from the corner of the house. "As though he

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wants to be sure I'm really gone," Bram thought resentfully, and he surrendered his intention and went on. When he came to the road he began once more to run. The effort brought him comfort; helped to ease his increasing concern for Thad.

VI

THE way back to the village seemed to Bram longer than it had been before. The wind was in his face and the rain lashed at him pitilessly, and he was hungry, for he had taken no time for breakfasting. But when he trotted down the hill past Mrs. Harmon's house to the lobster wharf, there was a strange motorboat moored at the bitts, and a strange man aboard her; and Joe Plaice, at Bram's coming, looked up from his task of tossing lobsters from dory to motorboat and said casually:

"This is him now."

The man in the motorboat raised his head; and Bram, breathing with some difficulty after his run, nodded and asked: "This Mr. Whitten?"

"That's me," the other assented cheerfully. He was a lean young fellow, in his late twenties or his early thirties, and though he was cumbered now with rubber boots and oilskin coat and sou'wester hat drawn low upon his head, Bram was struck by a certain physical efficiency which Whitten wore. It was hard to be sure of his height or stature; he seemed moderately tall and moderately broad. But he moved easily and certainly, and he balanced himself on his somewhat unstable footing in an effortless fashion, and there was that about him which testified to long acquaintance with the sea.

Bram hesitated, and he wiped the rain out of his eyes with his sleeve. "My name's Dickery," he explained. "They tell me you can carry me over to Bottle Harbor."

"Carry you anywheres," Will Whitten assured him, "soon as I git these lobsters to Rockland. Carry you anywheres you want to go—Hong-Kong, Pernambuco, Liverpool and points west—anywheres."

Bram grinned. "Bottle Harbor?" he persisted.

"I got to stop there and pick up some more lobsters," Whitten agreed. "Right on my way."

Bram nodded and climbed down into the motorboat. She was a craft open for most of her length, the engine protected only by a spray hood at the bow. A deep box in her waist was designed to receive the lobsters. Around the cockpit ran a seat, and beneath it, by the testimony of the hinges and latches affixed here and there, lockers were located. In the extreme bow there appeared to be a sort of hold or cabin, scarce large enough to accommodate bunks, but sufficient for stowage space. Bram, surveying her while the loading went on, decided that she was fit for any weather save the severest storms; and he moved forward to examine the engine and approved it.

"How much speed's she got?" he asked. And Whitten called over his shoulder: "Twelve-thirteen."

"Pretty good," Bram agreed. "And beam enough to steady her."

Whitten stopped his work. "Say," he declared, "I can take the Patsy anywheres at all. Like I told you. I never crossed in her, because I been across and there's nothing to it after you get there. But I work down the coast and over to Cuba in the winter when the cold weather gits me, and back again in the spring—me and Patsy here." He gave the gunwale a cuff. "Come on, Joe, heave 'em," he commanded. "Getting on to noon."

Bram grinned at the jest. It could hardly be seven o'clock. Whitten, he decided, would be amiable company. But he remembered Thad, and his own impatience sobered him, and he sat grimly while the business was finished, and then cast off the lines under Whitten's eye. The boatman was busy with his priming can; he adjusted a ponderous lever and rocked the heavy engine to and fro and at last swung her over. The motor caught; the craft backed away from the wharf into the open harbor there, and Whitten sat down on a box so placed that without rising he could manipulate the gear lever, steer or make small adjustments on the engine.

Bram sat on the seat beside him, and with a nod at the engine, he said: "Got a reverse gear, I see."

"Three speeds," Whitten assured him. "Forrad, back and stop. Yup!" He spat over the side, jerked his head toward the wharf. "They tell't me yore buddy marooned you."

Bram shook his head, coloring slowly. He told the tale. "I'm not really worried," he explained. "But Thad didn't know the bay very well; he'd have to go by the chart pretty largely. I thought maybe he'd run into trouble somewhere." He added thoughtfully: "Of course, something's happened or he'd have been along before this—long ago."

Whitten nodded. "Something, sure," he agreed. "We'll see what they say't Bottle Harbor." The wind drove at their backs, the seas pursued them; the motor sputtered cheerfully and from her exhaust pipes white steam vapor tainted with gasoline puffed and clouded. The wind swept it forward about them, and Bram felt it bite in his nostrils and his throat and wanted to cough. By and by he did so.

"You ain't dressed for weather," Whitten commented. "Dig in that second locker forrad. There's a coat there'll keep you dry, and a hat too. Cold? Want a drink?"

Bram shook his head. "Thanks." He found the oilskin and put it on. It was snug across his chest, and Whitten remarked this.

"I'm pretty broad across myself," he said. "You're a big one."

Bram nodded. He swung to look about them, sweeping the dreary gray waste of water in a search for anything that might be the sloop. They were passing the southern point of Split Apple. The waves were breaking like geysers against the rocks there; against that lofty rock atop which, Monday evening, he and Thad had seen Emily drying her hair. Bram stared at the great bowlder with narrowed eyes and he thought again that, for all the Chinaman's denial, Thad might have put into the end of the Split in some hope of seeing the girl again. Now that it was broad daylight his fears for Thad were no longer so acute; there would be, he felt, some easy explanation of the other's disappearance. If Thad had indeed gone to see the girl and come to some mischance, and kept Bram worrying the long night through, then Bram felt he might fairly blame the other bitterly. He brooded morosely over that, and then his concern returned and he reproached himself, and he decided heavily that unless something seriously wrong had delayed him Thad would have come back long ago. Bram began to imagine what disasters might have overtaken his friend. He was a man used to physical action; his strength was in any emergency his first recourse. The necessity of waiting idly now, of enduring long delay and fruitless searching, began already to torment and to goad him, and he made a swift, bitter movement.

Whitten had been watching him acutely, and at this he asked, "What are you mad about?"

"I was just thinking—if anybody's done anything to Thad ——"

"Say," the boatman protested reassuringly, "set down. We'll find him." Bram grinned ruefully and did sit down, and after a moment Whitten added: "Fellow got lost down't Guantánamo two years ago. . . ." And he drifted into reminiscence, while Bram half listened, his eyes sweeping monotonously about the horizon and about

When Whitten finished, Bram asked indifferently, "Guantánamo? Were you in the Navy?"

The other nodded. "I got enough of it and got out," he explained. "Got hold of the Patsy here, and I been running around

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(Continued from Page 84)

with the old girl ever since. Do a little bumboating down there in the winter, or down t' Norfolk and around—up here in the summer. There's a naval trial course up here—speed trials, and so on and there's most always some ships around. Then I got into lobstering and picnic parties and any old thing me and Patsy."

Bram was interested. "You move around some," he commented.

"Say," said Whitten, and began another tale. Bram heard the story of a street fight with German sailors in Taku; he heard the details of an affair of belts and beer in Cardiff; he was snatched this way and that half around the world. Whitten, he perceived, was the vagabond adventurer undiluted, and he watched the man with more attention, and a quick liking for him grew.

"Look here," he exclaimed at last. "If Thad's not in Bottle Harbor you've got to help find him."

Whitten nodded toward the box of lobsters. "Got to get rid of them babies first," he pointed out. "Take 'em in to Rockland."

"After that?"

"I'm due to start down t' Eastport Friday," the boatman confessed. "But I don't have to go if there's any cause to stay."

"You mean it's a question of money?" Bram asked readily.

"Mean if there's anything I'd ruther do," said the bumboat man; and Bram grinned in understanding and felt a quick rush of liking for Will Whitten, so that he reached across and gripped the other's hand to seal the unspoken pact between them.

The quest upon which they thus embarked was to prove in the end a tedious and weary one. When they made into Bottle Harbor, Bram scanned the craft at anchor there without discovering the Bargee, but the men from whom Whitten bought more lobsters said Thad had been there, had filled his tanks with gas and then set out again.

"He started back?" Bram echoed.

But Thad, it appeared, had not started back. He had turned instead toward the west—that is to say, toward Rockland. And when the Patsy was once more upon her way Bram and Whitten discussed this movement doubtfully. Whitten thought Thad might have gone on to Rockland, but Bram guessed that the other had merely chosen to return to the Core by another route—through Fox Island Thoroughfare. He was impatient to test this conjecture, but Whitten insisted that the lobsters must first be delivered to the Rockland dealer, so they drove that way.

Once, as they plunged through the smother of rain, a shadow passed above them and an engine roared—a seaplane flying low.

Whitten said, "Patrol plane."

And Bram asked, "Rum?"

"They keep an eye out, round the bay," the boatman agreed. "See what's going on."

When they rounded the tip of Rockland breakwater, Bram peered ahead hopefully. But the Bargee was not there. While Whitten unloaded his lobsters Bram went ashore to make inquiries, and in a restaurant along the waterfront he found a group of men whose business was with the sea, who assured him that the Bargee had not come into Rockland, who were equally sure that if she had done so they would have seen her. He came back dispiritedly to report to Whitten, and Whitten considered, with an eye to the sea and the sky.

"It's coming on to blow," he said cheerfully. "Son, I tell you. I'll load up with gas and oil, and you go get some sandwiches and things to take along. We'll go have a look at the Thoroughfare."

Bram nodded and returned to the restaurant and came back with laden arms, and five minutes later they were pointing out of the harbor into the eye of the mounting storm. The spray hood protected the engine, gave them some shelter too. But Whitten, in order to see his course, had to expose his head and face, and Bram would not huddle blindly under shelter. So they stood and the water streamed in their eyes and trickled under their collars and ran down their bodies, warming as it ran. Whitten kicked off his boots and stood barefooted.

"They'd be full in another five minutes," he said good-humoredly; and he added: "Say, she's surely working up to blow." Bram nodded, and a little later Whitten remarked, "Must be blowing all of forty. Like being in a speed boat." And he added: "Reminds me, fellow was telling me a funny thing. Lookout on the Boston boat, coming up last night, says they pretty near run over a speed boat heading for Boston. It was 'long in the middle of the night. The motorboat was running without lights and hitting pretty. This fellow was up in the bow, but he never see her, nor, he says, the man running her couldn't have seen them—not till he was right on them. She swirled right out from under their bow. This fellow see the wash, white in the dark, and she got out of there mighty quick. They tried to pick her up with the searchlight, after, but she was past by then."

Bram was only faintly interested; he was a man of one idea, not easily diverted when his mind was fixed.

He asked indifferently, "Rum runner?"

And Whitten perceived and respected his abstraction. "Likely," he agreed.

They drove eastward across the bay into the flurry of the storm. Bram's eyes searched the seas, and once he saw a destroyer on a trial run on the measured course to the southward—a dark blot on the water with a white festoon of foam across her bows. But for the rest the bay was empty and they were alone. Whitten held the Patsy toward the western end of the Thoroughfare through which Thad must have passed on his way back to the Core, and when he picked up the marks ahead he said encouragingly:

"Like as not he's aground somewhere in here. It's easy if you don't know the way. Or his engine stopped maybe, and let him drift on the rocks. We'll find him, sure."

But Bram was not so confident. He peered into the blur of rain ahead and tried to tell himself Thad lay in safety there; but the assurance brought no easement to the dull and aching fears which were tormenting him.

When they entered the mouth of the Thoroughfare, Whitten was voluble with confidence and hope. They rounded the Sugar Loaves and the boatman professed to be sure Thad would be in Southern Harbor; failing that, he predicted great things of the coves south of Grindstone Ledge. Even disappointment there did not silence him. But when they circled the Widow and ran out into the open bay far enough to scan the shores of Calderwood Neck for any sign of wreckage, and returned to trace the Little Thoroughfare, Whitten grew more silent. The rain beat at them gustily, lashing in level sheets across the water on the apron of the wind. They peered through narrowed lids.

In the end they rounded Babbidge Island and swung down toward the bell off Channel Rock again, and Whitten shifted his posture and looked at Bram, and Bram's eyes met his bleakly.

"He ain't there," said Will.

Bram nodded and somewhat roused himself. "I didn't expect he would be," he confessed. A sudden surge of passion moved him. "Where is he, Whit?" he cried. "We've got to find him soon."

"Where'd he be like to go?" Whitten countered. "Did he know anybody around here, or anything?"

Bram shook his head. "No," he said. "No." He added thoughtfully: "He comes from Iowa. We've been cruising down east, loafing along. We ran into some fellows we knew, up at Southeast, but no one along here." And after a moment he continued: "I thought this morning he might have gone into Cap'n Goodell's, on this side of Split Apple"—he hesitated faintly—"but I walked over there this morning while I waited for you. He hadn't been there."

Will remarked his hesitation and looked at him sidewise and grinned.

"See the girl," he asked—"old man's daughter?"

"We saw her swimming—saw her dive off a rock down south of Split Apple—when we came in there," Bram confessed.

"She swims like a seal," the boatman agreed. "I've see her half a mile off south of the island. Looked like a seal, too, only her arms being white in the sun. Guess she likes cold water. I can swim if I have to, but I'll take it down t' Cuba or somewheres where it's warm. Too cold for me here, but she likes it, I guess." He added: "She's quite a girl."

His tone was, Bram observed, respectful, and he understood the tribute this implied.

"Thad and I had an argument about her," he admitted—"what color her eyes were. I thought he might have gone in there to find out."

"I can tell you that much," Whitten assured him, chuckling; "brown hair and blue eyes. But you say he wasn't in there?"

"I saw the Chinaman that works for them," Bram explained. "He said Thad hadn't been there, and the Bargee wasn't anywhere around."

Whitten considered. Ahead of them Split Apple began to reveal itself as a dark blur, the spruces black against the gray.

"Be night soon," the boatman remarked. "We'll have to lay up then. But he might have tried to hit this end of the Split and stranded on a ledge somewheres there. We've got time to see."

Bram agreed and they swung that way, and Whitten talked cheerfully, seeking to divert Bram from his desperate concern. He spoke of the deserted vessels anchored and rusting in Goodell's cove. "There's others all along the coast from here to Cuba," he declared. "Not worth junk prices. Five or six in at Pulpit Harbor, setting in the mud. They run into money, I'm telling you."

Bram made no comment. He was searching, with the glass, the shores of Split Apple. Through the mouth of the Split they could see Cap'n Goodell's house, and a figure in oilskins came out by the barn to look in their direction. Bram thought this figure was too short to be the captain and too bulky for the girl. But the Bargee was not there and night was near.

It was Whitten who suggested that since Bram left the Core to begin his search Thad might have returned there by another way, and they decided to make for the island to see.

"Lay up in the cove there tonight anyway," Whitten remarked. "There's shelter there, good holding, and a lee. And like as not he'll be waiting there."

Bram knew some faint surge of hope at this suggestion, but when they came presently around the northern end of the Core and opened up the anchorage, it was as he had left it hours before, and his hope died sickly. Like an automaton he obeyed Whitten's word to drop the anchor, helped secure the Patsy for the night.

"I suppose we can't go on," he said helplessly.

Whitten pointed out that it would be dark in half an hour; that they could do nothing in the darkness. "We'll sleep aboard here," he explained. There was no haste in him now; he filled a pipe leisurely. "I've got plenty bedding in the cubby forrad, and the spray hood'll keep off the rain. I've got a kind of a mattress, and we'll lay on the floor. The wind ought to ease by morning too. We can get around better. The Patsy, she likes it, but it's hard to see." And he added: "I want to look her over some. You might pump her out. She's took on quite a load today. Pump's under the stern and there's a loose board back of the engine where you can stick it down into the bilge."

Bram nodded and went to do as the other directed, finding comfort somehow in this much exertion. It was thick dusk, yet seemed for a while to grow no darker. On such days, night comes almost unperceived.

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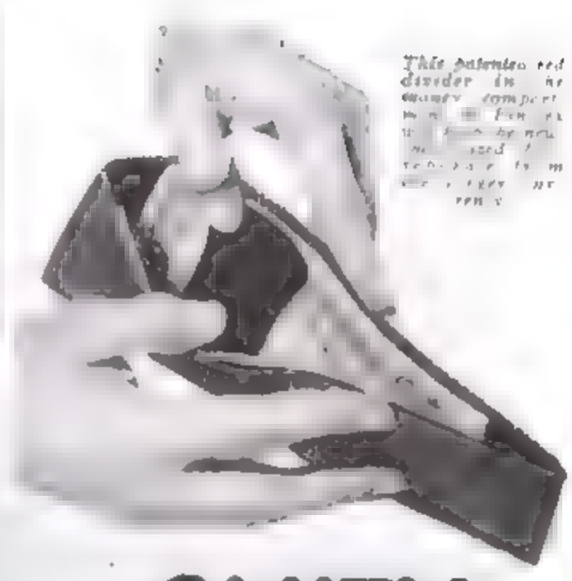

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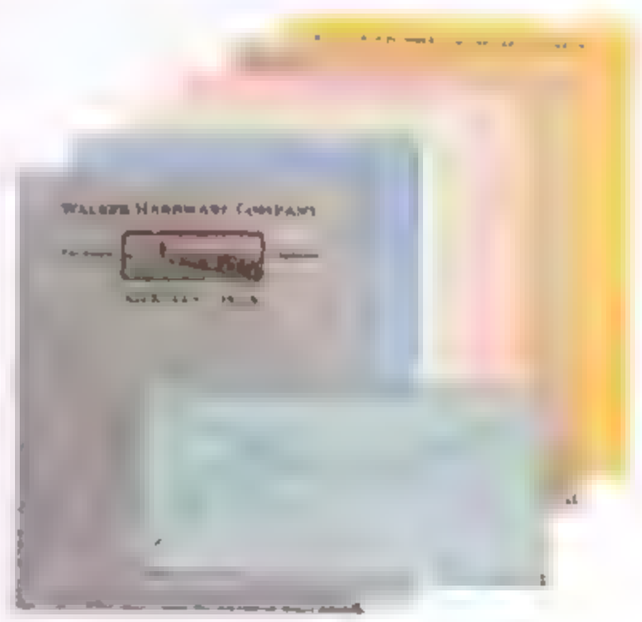

(Continued from Page 87)

When their tasks were done they took shelter under the spray hood and Whitten lighted a lantern and Bram stripped and swam ashore to fill the jug with fresh water at the spring. When he returned they made a cold supper as well as they could, and by that time dark was fully come.

They made their beds; and Bram, lying wide-eyed, heard Whitten beside him presently begin to snore. His own long weariness of fear bludgeoned him to sleep at last. But his dreams were sorely troubled and he woke now and then, and sank to sleep, to wake no more till finally he saw the sky gray under the arch of the hood which sheltered them, and lay thereafter restlessly till dawn was fully come—till Whitten stirred and sat up in his blankets to look out at the sky.

"Less wind, isn't there?" Bram asked hopefully, and Whitten looked down at him.

"Oh, 'wake, are you?" he asked in a cheerful tone. "Yes, it slacked some with the tide, looks to me. What say? Ready to move?"

"All ready," Bram assented, and pushed his blankets down and roused himself wearily to face the weary day.

VII

WHITTEN dipped a bucket of water and they splashed their faces and shivered at the chill and grimaced at the salt taste upon their lips and felt the blood in them quicken its pace to meet the business that was to come. The Patsy had ridden out the night safely and secure, and they broke out the anchor and then Whitten left Bram to tend it while he labored with the cold engine to wake it to life again. When it responded he signaled Bram, and before the anchor was clear of the water they were heading toward the mouth of the cove. It no longer seemed that the wind had slackened; the seas caught them, flung them to and fro. But the stout Patsy shook them all aside; they plunged southward toward where Split Apple lay.

This was a gale that blew. Wind and sea disported with a jocund cruelty that was at once robust and pitiless. Bram thought it would be stiff business to pull a lobster pot today; he thought the fishermen would stay at home. He was not surprised, when they swung into the harbor at Split Apple, to see the motorboats at their moorings, the wharf deserted to the storm. But when Whitten nosed the Patsy against the piles a man in oilskins came striding down from the nearest house. The man reached the wharf, and Bram recognized Joe Plaice.

When Whitten stilled the engine so that he could be heard, Joe called to them eagerly, "You git the word?"

Bram scrambled to his feet, but his lips were so stiff that he could not speak.

Whitten asked "What's that?"

Plaice beamed with the complacent relish of a man who brings long-awaited news, who finds eager listeners. He sat down deliberately on a mooring bitt and tucked the skirts of his oilskin over his knees, and Bram wiped his hands together nervously, fighting to control the trembling that was suddenly upon him. Whitten stepped up on the wharf to secure the Patsy there, and Plaice said challengingly:

"You know that seaplane that goes skyhooting around here every day from over't Rockland, looking for rum runners or th' ike?"

Whitten nodded. "Sure," he agreed, "I know the fellow runs it—name of Flesher—Coast Guard man."

"Well," said Plaice, and there was a full stop after the word. "Well"—and he began laboriously to explain—"Jim Dacey laid in here last night," he said. "He was on his way to Northwest, but it got pretty bad and he put in here. He left maybe half an hour ago. He said Lucas told him. You'd told Lucas when you was unloading your lobsters ——"

Bram cried desperately, "Blast it! What did he say?"

But Joe, in mild distress, protested "Why, I'm a-telling you." Whitten caught Bram's eye, and Bram sat down again and bowed his head and twisted his fingers together, and Whitten, understanding Bram's distress, said suggestively:

"Give us a cup of coffee, will you, Joe, while you're telling it? . . . Come on, big boy; we'll go up t' the house and git warm for once."

Joe rose agreeably at that.

"Why, shore!" he exclaimed. "Fact is, the woman tell't me to ask you and I clean forgot. Come on! She's got coffee hot for you."

So they went up to Joe's house, and Joe and Whitten walked in front and Bram came behind. The big young man sat dumbly in the kitchen while Joe told at last his tale, with such supplementary interruptions and amendments as occurred to Mrs. Plaice during the narration. Bram understood that a man named Lucas bought Whit's lobsters in Rockland; that Whitten had spoken to him of the quest for the Bargee upon which he and Bram were just then embarking. Jim Dacey—and Bram frowned in the effort to appreciate why these persons were important in the narrative—Jim Dacey lived in Northwest Harbor; he had started from Rockland to Northwest and his motorboat betrayed him; he put in to Split Apple to lie the night here and make repairs. So Joe came at last to the meat of the matter. Jim Dacey had said that Lucas said that Flesher, the aviator, said there was a sloop which might be the Bargee, aground on the eastern end of Spectacle Island.

And at that, as though he were released from bonds, Bram came springing to his feet to cry:

"Come on, Whit! For heaven's sake, let's go!"

Will shook his head. "Wait a minute, big boy," he urged comfortingly, and asked Joe Plaice: "Anybody on her?"

"Flesher he flew down low to see," Joe reported. "He said there wan't anybody aboard. He could see plain. The sail was overboard. He said the waves was pounding her up higher on the shingle there. He said she were breaking up."

Whitten nodded. "She weren't on a rock?"

"Right on the beach," Plaice assured him.

The boatman looked at Bram. "He could wade ashore," he said in a tone of reassurance. "Dunno how he got way down there; but if he did run aground there, he could step overboard and wade in. That beach goes off easy. It's all gravel—no big rocks to speak of. You can wade out a hundred yards, any stage of tide."

"Let's go," Bram begged. "He may be hurt, Whit!"

Whitten gulped the last of his coffee. "All right," he agreed. "But I can go farther with something hot inside me." He got to his feet. Mrs. Plaice followed them to the door with voluble suggestions and wishes and advice; Joe went with them to the wharf. But Bram itched at each delay, had no peace till they were once more under way.

He knew by the chart where Spectacle Island lay—halfway to Matinicus, buffeted by the full and unbroken force of every sea—but he had never landed there. When they were out of the harbor and swung southward now, he said to Will:

"I suppose they'll take care of him if he is hurt. And if he isn't hurt, he's all right anyway."

Whitten hesitated. "Well," he said, almost reluctantly, "you know there ain't anybody lives there."

Bram stared at him. "It's a big island," he protested. "I've seen it on the chart, and there's a harbor."

Whitten nodded. "Used to be a big granite querry," he assented, "when it paid better to cut granite. Guess there was a sizable crew of men there then. Must be forty-fifty houses. There used to be a man lived there, but he died. There ain't anybody lives there now."

Bram considered this, his lips tightening. "How far is it?" he asked.

Whitten scanned the sea. "Well, the wind the way it is, it's quite a ways," he confessed. "But the Patsy'll get you there, give her time."

Bram nodded, and they drove a while in silence, the boat lurching, sliding, slithering in the stiff cross seas. Now and then spray drenched them, and once Whitten suggested that Bram pump her out again, and Bram did so, and found her reassuringly dry.

Whitten spoke thoughtfully, half to himself, "Straight-line course would be more westerly, but these waves might climb right aboard us from behind. The Patsy kind of trails low at the stern. I got to humor her some."

Split Apple lay first at their right and then behind them. As they drew away, the outline of the island blurred and became more and more indistinct. By and by, when Bram looked back, he could see nothing but the gray welter of the spindrift and the rain. It was, he thought, a little warmer, and there was a suggestion of fog riding on the gale, thin and treacherous. It deceived the eye, so that, although the horizon seemed to be four or five miles away, it was in fact much nearer at hand.

Whitten watched the compass, steering by it carefully, and Bram understood this precaution. "Thick, isn't it?" he commented under his breath, and the boatman nodded and Bram kept silent lest he distract the other from the necessary calculations of wind and tide and sea. But by and by his perplexities drove him into speech again.

"I don't see how Thad got way down here," he said explosively, as much to himself as to Whitten; and the boatman nodded.

"Me neither," he agreed.

Bram thought aloud: "He went west from Bottle Harbor," he remembered. "So he must have gone up and through the Thoroughfare. If his engine balked he could still sail the Bargee back to the Core—get there by dark too. The wind was all right, and there was a moon. But that's twenty miles north of here, Whit. What would he come way down here for?"

Whitten looked at him sidewise doubtfully. "I dunno," he confessed, but there was an unspoken suggestion in his tone, so that Bram cried hotly:

"He wouldn't, Whit! He knew where he was. He had a chart and he knew I'd be waiting for him."

Whitten for a moment did not reply, but by and by he asked in a noncommittal tone: "What sort of a hand is your friend? Likely to mind his own business pretty well, is he?"

Bram stared at him. "Why?"

"Just wondering."

Bram considered, and he grinned ruefully. "Why, Thad's a funny fellow in a way," he confessed. "If he sees a fight he wants to have a hand in it, yes. He's a great chap for—for dramatizing life. Apt to see excitement in anyone he runs across; always imagining things." His tone was affectionate; it changed to a quicker interest. "Why?" he repeated, with a puzzled frown. "You mean he might have got into trouble with someone? Who?"

"Well, I was just thinking," Whitten explained. "You know, that seaplane doesn't scout around here all the time for nothing. Likely there's rum ships offshore somewheres most of the time. He might have got into a jam, if he wanted to, maybe."

Bram shook his head. "Not likely," he assured the other. "Thad wouldn't think it his duty to arrest a bootlegger. Although he doesn't drink himself. Always in training, for one thing, with football and basketball and track."

"I just happened to think of it," Will said apologetically, and he added: "Or he might have pulled somebody's lobster pots and got himself into a row."

"No," Bram said. His eyes clouded, and after a moment he added heavily: "No. But if anybody's—bothered him ——"

Whitten looked at him acutely. "You like him pretty well?"

Bram nodded, staring ahead into the weltering rain. The boatman's glance rested

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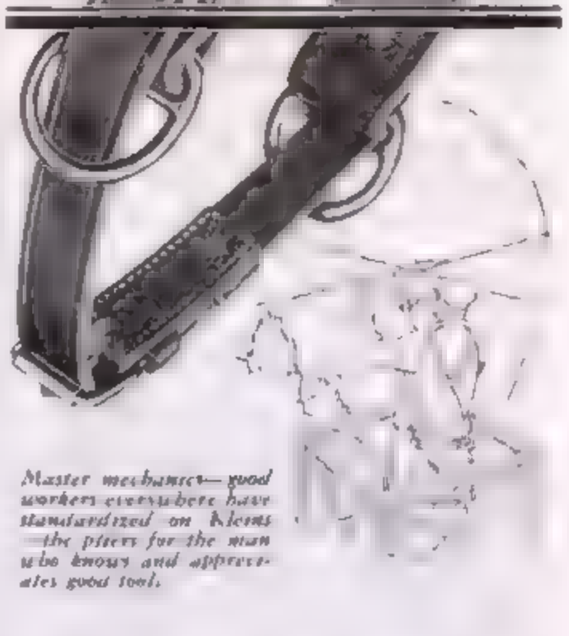

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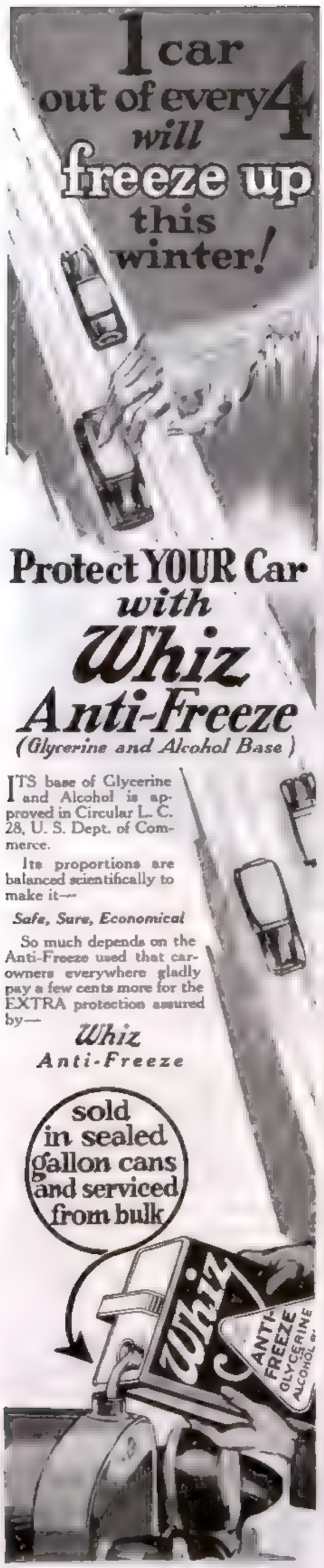
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for a moment on the other's broad shoulders, on the great clenched fist which lay brown upon the dingy white canvas of the spray hood.

He said dryly, "I didn't hit him, mister!" And Bram relaxed, and grinned.

"You're taking a lot of trouble for me," he declared gratefully.

Whitten spat and chuckled.

"You know what I was thinking?" he asked. "Sizing you up, and all. It struck me that, if we was a mind to, you and me could give six or eight huskies a lively time—or maybe ten." And he added: "You're big, but when they built you they started at the ground. You'd upset kind of hard."

Bram's eyes smiled faintly, but he made no comment. His attention was focused all upon the sea ahead of them, where somewhere in the gray lay Spectacle. But Whitten's appraising eyes turned more than once to survey the other man's big frame.

By and by the Patsy misbehaved; the engine sputtered and hesitated and went on and slowed again. Bram took the wheel while Whitten tinkered with it; and in the end the boatman switched off the motor and they rolled sickeningly in the trough, while Will cleaned the gas line and cursed the quality of current gasoline. The Patsy bobbed as lightly as a cork, but once or twice the comb of a wave curled in over the gunwale astern, and Bram pumped. By and by Whitten cranked the engine and she caught and sang sweetly, and they were once more under way.

Bram's impatience made him almost surly, and Whitten was eager too. So they spoke for a while not at all, till at length Whitten pointed over the bow and said in a hushed voice, as though he were afraid someone might hear:

"There's Spectacle, big boy."

Bram peered ahead into the confused coil of spray and rain and sea, and so presently perceived the bulk of the island, gray in the gray mist to the southwest. His heart beat sickeningly, with fear and yet with something like relief. Here was the end of their quest; here at least would be certainty. His great hands, resting on the spray hood, drew into knots, and he filled his lungs, and his eyes strained to pierce the thin veil of the rain.

VIII

SPECTACLE ISLAND is in shape like an hourglass, or like a dumb-bell, or like a pair of spectacles. It is narrow waisted, no more than half a mile across the middle, widening at either end. And not only is the island wider at either end than in the middle, but it is higher, too. Its greatest length—a little more than two miles—is on a line from east to west, and at either end there is a height of land. The high ground at the western end is solid granite, rising in precipitous cliffs above the sea, breaking down in a long grout pile toward the middle of the island, where the quarries used to be. The eastern hill is granite too; no island could long endure the buffetings of the sea hereabout unless its skeleton were rock. But that eastern hill is neither so high nor so abrupt, and on its seaward side it descends in a green and turf-clad slope toward the water.

The narrowness of the island's waist creates two indentations in its shore line—two deep coves. That on the southern side is merely a churning pot in which the long surges from the sea come to eddy and whirl. But the cove on the north is somewhat more deeply indented, more adequately protected by projecting points of land to the eastward. It offers harbor and anchorage, and there are wharves along the shore, and above, at the foot of the grout pile that marks the site of the old quarries, there are other buildings—granite-cutting sheds and an office shack and a machine shop and a boarding house, and trailing down the slope toward the water twenty or thirty houses. These long-abandoned buildings are weathered to a toneless gray, merging in the gray rock against which they are built, so that from a little way off across the bay they are scarce distinguishable. Sometimes a lobster fisherman has trouble with his engine and puts in here to lie sheltered while he makes repairs; sometimes in the summer a picnic party or a curious adventurer lands to look about; once a month a man in the employ of the company which owns the old quarry and the island comes to inspect the place and take note of the slow process of decay. But for the rest, Spectacle Island lies deserted, like an abandoned hulk stranded in the path of pounding seas. There are no trees, and the winds know every corner of the island and play there with chill and searching fingers. On the south the very ledges quiver under the unceasing assaults of the sea. Water and wind and frost and storm pluck and torment the place till it seems a wonder that even granite can endure.

On the eastern end, as has been said, the high ground descends toward the water in an easy slope well clad with turf and juniper. But the seas have gnawed into the foot of this declivity so that it now ends in a steep bluff thirty or forty feet high, with a gravel beach at the foot extending to low tide and beyond. The bluff is a concave wall of clay pocked with gravel, and the turf overhangs at the top. The beach protects the bluff against the attacks of any but the severest storms; but when the waves run high they gnaw at the clay, and after each great storm the sea has gained another inch or two. The sea is not impatient, for Spectacle Island is there to stay and wait the ocean's time—a tidbit to nibble when the appetite does move.

Whitten approached the island diagonally from the northeast. The wrecked sloop lay, according to the pilot of the seaplane, on this shingle beach at the eastern end, and the boatman thought to have a glimpse of it. As they drew near he gave Bram the glass and bade him search along the shore; himself peered through narrowed eyes. The wind was quartering from behind them, and Will had to give most of his attention to the Patsy, fighting to keep her comfortable in the turbulence of the sea. Nevertheless, he was the first to discover what must be the wreck, a spot of dingy white above which now and then the fountains rose when a long surge rolled batteringly in. He pointed it out to Bram, and Bram caught it in the glass and held it under rigid scrutiny.

There was not much he could see. He thought the mast was gone. It had been a stick of spruce, its bright yellow dulled by weather; but the clay bluff beyond the wreck was of a similar hue and it occurred to him that the mast might blend into that background indistinguishably. Certainly he could not make it out. The sloop was low in the water, half submerged, tipping drunkenly to one side. The seas that pounded there struck it hard and leaped high as though in triumph. It was intermittently hidden from Bram's sight by their curtaining assaults. He stared through the glass as though by the very intensity of his regard he might right the little craft and lift it free; but he felt the Patsy veer, and swung to ask Whitten quickly:

"Aren't you going in?"

"We'll make into the harbor," the boatman told him. "Can't run in any nearer here. Is that her?"

Bram stared at it again, then took the glass down. "Can't tell," he confessed. "I can't see much of anything. It must be full of water. I think the mast is gone."

Whitten took the glass, and while he held the wheel with one hand, he leveled the instrument on the wreck for a moment. "She struck about low tide," he guessed. "Likely she's been shoved up the beach some since, when the tide come in; but she's had a hole pounded in her. Setting on bottom now. Tide'll be over her, pretty near, when it's high."

"Hurry," Bram pleaded, "all you can."

"There ain't any hurry about her," Whitten told him gently. "She's been under water oncet anyways—last night." And he added reassuringly: "Flesher said there wan't anybody aboard of her. Thad could have waded in from there after she struck."

"If he wasn't hurt," Bram agreed.

"We'll go ashore," the boatman promised. And thereafter they were silent while Whitten brought the Patsy around the eastern end of the island and so at last into the shelter of the northern cove. Bram saw the gray wharves, the gray houses straggling up the slope, the grout piles and the quarries so pitilessly gray above, and he shuddered faintly.

"No one lives here?" he asked. "You said no one lives here."

Whitten was scanning the rotted wharves, choosing a proper landing. He shook his head. "Huh-uh," he replied, "nor not many land here either. Used to be quite a place, too, they say. I've heard tell it was a tough place them times." He chuckled. "Kind of a hard lot used to work in the querries." He spun the wheel and the Patsy slid alongside the largest of the wharves, where lighters and barges had used to come to load; the reverse checked her gently; the engine was still and the two men leaped ashore.

Whitten stopped to make fast the mooring lines, and Bram was already half running toward the landward end of the pier when the other called to him: "Hey, wait a minute!" When Bram turned he added: "Look at here!"

Bram hesitated, swung reluctantly. "What?" he asked, but the boatman was already coming toward him.

"Needn't come back," he replied. "There's been a boat in here, that's all. You can see where her line chafed on that pile. Scraped off the dead wood some. But I guess the company has a man come over right along. Chance is it was him." They had come to the landward end of the pier and for a moment hesitated. Where they stood they were sheltered by the island from the pressure of the wind; the turbulent seas broke at the harbor mouth in a churning monotone. Their ears, long attuned to the tumult, were oppressed by the relative silence, and their voices when they spoke were lowered cautiously.

"He must be here—in the houses somewhere," said Bram under his breath.

Will pointed to the ground at their feet. They stood in what had been a road built of shattered fragments of granite which had bedded in the clay subsoil. There were marks here and there which suggested that men had passed this way—a heel print in a patch of clay; a depression in a bit of gravel; an overturned fragment of granite kicked out of its bed, which still retained the shape of the stone.

"There's been someone here," Will said. "You can see."

"Maybe someone saw him signaling and came and took him off," Bram suggested, looking doubtfully around.

"They was here in the night—in the dark—looks to me," Whitten argued. "You can see where they got off the road, places; and they was stumbling, kind of."

Bram shook his head, as though to dispel a cloud of buzzing insects. "Come on," he said. "Let's look around." And he strode up the road toward the nearest houses, headlong, eyes straight ahead. Whitten, more alert to all about, came at his heels; and the boatman watched the ground, he kept his eye upon the bowlders which they passed when they were large enough to hide a man, he scanned the blank windows of the empty houses up the hill.

The first one was shut and shuttered. Bram tried the door and found it fast, and he went on to the next. That, too, was locked secure. The third door gave under his hand and he blundered in and called Thad's name, and the sound mocked him from the empty rooms, where rats went scuttling. He came out and stood for a minute, and he shouted Thad's name up the empty way: "Thad! Thad!" Till Whitten touched his arm.

"He'd have heard us come in," he pointed out. "He ain't here, old man."

(Continued on Page 92)

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(Continued from Page 90)

"He's been here," Bram insisted. "He must have been here. Maybe he's gone—maybe somebody took him off. But we've got to make sure." And he shouted again: "Oh, Thad!"

The boatman laughed uneasily. "Maybe I'm jumpy," he confessed, "but I don't like that yelling. Let's look and see."

Bram eyed him for a long moment, and at last he asked in a lower tone, "You know anything you haven't told me, Whitten—anything special, old man?"

Whitten shook his head; he met the other's glance straightforwardly. "Not a blamed thing. Just a feeling."

Bram nodded. "These empty houses," he agreed. He shook his shoulders. "Come on."

By the doorway of the next house there leaned, as though it had been forgotten there, a drill—a bit of steel perhaps eighteen inches long. Whitten picked it up in a casual fashion, and he carried it as they went on thereafter. Once, with its sharpened end, he pried open a door that Bram's shoulder thrust failed to move. Bram was methodically breaking into every house, making a quick scrutiny of every room. The boatman had offered some faint protest.

"The company owns all this," he suggested.

But Bram said evenly, "I want to see."

Whitten, watching the big man, perceived in Bram a sterner mood, a steady flame that burned and grew brighter moment by moment. Bram had been sick with fear, but the boatman thought Bram's concern for his friend was giving way to something more dangerous. When a door splintered at Bram's lunge, Whitten told himself: "I wouldn't go to get in his way now." There was a ruthlessness more and more apparent in the other's movements. While they had been afloat Whitten held command, but here, ashore, he could only follow where Bram so grimly led.

Halfway up the hill to the quarries they found evidences that someone had in fact been here, and not long ago. Bram was in a house on the north side of the steep road, and Whitten, waiting outside, looked to the building across the way. It wore an aspect in no way distinctive, but there were tracks in the mud before the door. The rain had blotted them, yet they were still apparent. And when Bram came out of the one house the boatman called him to the other. They found the door on the latch and so went in.

The door they opened led them immediately into what had been the kitchen. There still remained the stove and some fragments of furniture, but there were other things—a wadded newspaper, a pack that had held cigarettes, a soiled rag gummed with oil, match ends. There were other traces, too, of human occupancy. Splinters on the floor and bits of wood showed where a chair had been shattered; the larger pieces all were gone. The wreck of the kitchen table leaned against the wall. Three of its legs had disappeared, the top was split, the drawer was missing. Whitten lifted the cover of the stove.

"Been a fire," he said. "They've broke up the furniture and burned it. Maybe your friend was here, keeping hisself warm."

Bram picked up the crumpled newspaper and unfolded it. It was, he found, a section of the New York Herald, dated the Saturday before. He and Thad had come to Split Apple on Monday evening. He pointed out the date to the boatman.

"Someone has been here since then," he whispered.

Whitten considered. "You and him didn't buy a paper, did you? Didn't have it on the Bargee?"

Bram shook his head. "No, no, we didn't buy any paper."

"Then there's been someone else here, all right," Whitten decided. "And lately, too. See! There was something wrapped up in this. See the crumbs and that grease spot—that's butter, or something! Maybe it was sandwiches. A big bundle, too—plenty of them." He spread the paper in his hands thoughtfully. "It must have been a day or two old before that—before they'd use it to wrap up sandwiches in. That brings it pretty close. Saturday's paper—they were likely here as late as Monday anyway."

Bram asked in a puzzled tone, "Why do you say 'they'?"

"Well, this was a big bundle," Whitten pointed out—"more than one man'd eat. Yes, there was more than one of them here."

They looked into other rooms, but apparently only the kitchen had been occupied. When it became apparent that the house was empty, Bram said impatiently:

"He's not here, Whit! Come on."

He turned toward the open air, but Whitten paused behind him and called to him, and Bram turned and saw that the boatman was wrinkling his nose, sniffing thoughtfully.

"What's the matter?" Bram asked.

"Smell anything?" Whitten demanded.

Bram sniffed and shook his head. "No. What?"

The boatman hesitated. "Dunno's I know," he confessed. "A funny kind of smell. Kind of sickish. You get it?"

Bram tried again; did faintly detect a sweet odor like that of hot oil. "Why, maybe," he agreed doubtfully. "I think so." It seemed to him of no importance. The big man wished to find Thad, and this delay, this analysis of smells and old newspapers, began to irk him. "Come along, Whit," he urged.

So they emerged and moved on to the next house and to the next and drew blank again and again. Beyond the houses there stood the quarry buildings—the blacksmith shop, the office, the cutting shed. While they climbed the hill from the last house to these possible shelters, Whitten said, half to himself:

"You know, I've smelled that somewhere before now. Can't remember where?"

But Bram only shook his head.

These abandoned buildings were, they found, as empty as the others. In the blacksmith shop the forge was fallen down, the windows of the little office were broken; the granite cutting shed was a jumble of outworn machinery.

Bram abruptly cried, "Whit, we're wasting time. We ought to get over where the Bargee is. Come on."

"We can't get out to her," Whitten reminded him—"not till the ebb."

"Maybe he got ashore, couldn't move from there," Bram insisted. "Anyway, he's not here. Come on."

And he loped away to the eastward, down toward the low ground, Whitten on his heels. They ran, though there was no need for haste except in Bram's own fury to be doing; they ran, and at first they went downhill, and then across the level, and so began to climb. They mounted, skirting the shoulder of the eastern hill, and Whitten panted at Bram's heels and wondered a little at the other's speed and tirelessness. So they emerged at last upon the slope above the water. Below them, in a welter of seas, the wreck lay; she was a hulk, her mast dangling in the water by her flank, battering against her sides, held there still by the tangled rigging. The seas broke over her recurrently. The two men paused a moment, looking down; and on this eminence the wind caught them and the rain was in their faces. Bram stared and Whitten said pantingly:

"Moderating some."

"What's the tide?" asked Bram.

"About high," Whitten decided. "It's after four o'clock." He squinted at the sky. "Lighter than it was. Be daylight for a spell yet, even with the rain."

Bram went stumbling and sliding down toward the beach and Whitten followed him. Seen from above, the wreck seemed close inshore, but when they came to the shingle they found all access to it barred by a barrier of turbulent water. Bram waded in a step or two, but Whitten caught his arm and argued with him, and the waves sucked about their legs.

(Continued on Page 95)

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(Continued from Page 92)

"Can't get out to her yet," the boatman urged.

"Yes," Bram insisted blindly.

"Can't get aboard if you did," Whitten insisted. "She's under water half the time."

Bram stared moodily into the wind and rain, and at last, grudgingly, he drew back and squatted on his heels above the reach of the recurrent waves. Whitten sat down beside him.

"We've got to wait," he said.

So they waited, and the time was long. Whitten talked. He talked, watching the other man, a little afraid of Bram's stony silence and his granite immobility. He tried to woo the other to some word, some answering interest; he proposed hypotheses and theories, and argued them pro and con. He sought to provoke Bram to denial or assent, but when he asked a direct question, Bram merely shook his head or nodded, as the case might be, and offered no reply. The big man's eyes were fixed on the water; he checked the height of each wave that reached toward their feet; and after a time he said grimly:

"It's ebbing!"

Whitten agreed. The afternoon drew toward dusk and the light began to fade, but the waters did recede.

Once, when a deep trough came between the waves, Bram said, "That's the Bargee, all right."

His tone was level. They had held, neither of them, any doubt this was the craft they sought; but Bram's word confirmed it. Whitten asked him how he knew, and Bram spoke of a scarred gouge in her paint along the bow. She lay bow on to them, tilting to one side; the mast in the water rose and fell; they could hear now and then its thumping impact against the hull. At first it seemed to them the sloop swayed in the surges, but later, as the waters fell, she rested stolidly, only shivering under the blows she received. A bit of planking drifted in to them, and Whitten, giving up the attempt to make Bram talk, walked along the beach a little way and back again and returned with other fragments.

"She's breaking up," he said.

Bram wiped the rain from his eyes. He waited like an Indian, like an animal, in a patience that appeared like the patience of a stone; but Whitten knew that beneath this still exterior there burned an agonizing fire. The boatman talked on, told tales, laughed at his own jests and clapped his knee in mirth; but in the end he, too, fell silent and they waited there. This waiting was very long, and the night drew nearer, clouding the eastern sea. By and by, off to the north, a far light gleamed through the dusk. They waited, squatting above the tide.

Once Whitten rose to test the wind.

"Breaking away," he decided. "Past the worst of it, I figure. Maybe clear tomorrow." And later: "Can't remember where I smelled that smell before—somewheres."

At last, abruptly Bram got to his feet and strode down the shingle. The tide had receded till it was only rarely that the sloop was all submerged, and Bram began to wade out toward her. Whitten, quick to follow where the other led, was on his heels.

They waded to their knees, they went thigh-deep. They were long since wet to the skin, unregarding wet and cold. A wave surged about their middles. Bram, ahead, was inches taller than Whitten, and when the water reached Bram's waist it was about the boatman's chest. But Whitten stuck stoutly by. They came within reach of the floating mast and Bram caught hold of it, and Whitten too. Whitten was half swimming; the waves lifted him now and then off his feet. He held onto the mast and Bram heaved himself up on the slanting deck, into the cockpit of the sloop. He waited then to give Whitten a hand. They stood aboard her, in water to their knees, precariously balanced.

A rubber-soled shoe lay in the water in the bottom of the cockpit, swaying soddenly. Bram pointed it out.

"That's Thad's," he said.

But except for this everything movable had been swept away. The cockpit was empty. The engine cover was gone; and the engine, in the swirling green water, seemed already to wear barnacles as though it had been long submerged. They gave it no more than a glance; crawled forward along the slanting deck.

It was gray dark and their vision was bemused. The rain plastered their wet garments against their shoulders. Bram came to the companion that led down into the tiny forecastle.

"He wouldn't be down there," Whitten argued. "He's got ashore. He's gone."

Bram made no reply, but he slid, feet first, into the forecastle where the sullen water lay. Blankets floated there soddenly; a half-empty bottle of vinegar, the cork in place, struck against his hand; the stove, overturned, rolled under his foot. The forecastle was half full of water which sucked in and out through some opening below, rising and falling monotonously. Bram stood abruptly still as though he were listening; and Whitten, behind him and above him in the opening, perceived this.

"What's the matter?" he ejaculated.

Bram made no reply. Instead, he bowed forward and went under water. Even in the half dark, Whitten could see him groping there, submerged. Then Bram's head broke the surface and he came laboriously to his feet again, and Whitten uttered a strangling, startled cry. For Bram had something in his arms.

They lifted Thad to the deck and laid him there, carefully and silently. Save for one sleeve, his shirt was gone; his overalls hung by one suspender; half his side was bare. Knives had hewed at him. The wounds were like pale mouths.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WILL YOU WALK A LITTLE FASTER?

(Continued from Page 17)

and get clean. Then they found the Richmond crowd. Patricia was with the Richmond crowd.

Patricia would have been blond and healthy looking in the sunlight, but on the beach at eight o'clock she was dark and beautifully frail; in sport clothes, she would have been shortish and fully proportioned, but in an evening gown she was tall and slender.

Her eyes reminded Dan of the moon when you see it first reflected in clear water. He considered her with awe, then with interest, finally with enthusiasm; and when the young man in dinner clothes came to take her away he was talking to her as hard as he had ever talked in his life.

"Don't go," he said as the young man in dinner clothes looked at his watch. "I've just begun to be interesting."

"I must go," she said. "It's a dinner especially for me."

"Then say you wish you didn't have to and I'll try to bear it."

"I can't say that," she said. "It'll be ever so much fun."

Later, when Bill tried to tease him by asking him what he thought of her, Dan said, "Oh, she's the sort that enjoys a formal dinner."

"She ought to," Bill said. "She's Peter T. Martin's daughter."

"Oh," said Dan, "is that who she is?"

That settled Patricia. If her liking for formal dinners had not already eliminated her from romantic consideration, that would have done it. Dan had no use for people with a lot of money, and Peter T. Martin had an indecent amount of money. He owned a string of hotels, several newspapers, the third largest automobile company in the world, a couple of gold mines and a considerable portion of the state of New Jersey. And so Dan decided to forget all about Patricia—and consequently couldn't help thinking of her.

The next day he left the crowd in the water when he saw her coming and went up on the beach and lay down. He went to sleep immediately. Some time later he woke up with his mouth full of sand. Patricia had another handful ready to pour in.

He spat out the sand with as much noise as he could make, said "What a rude little girl," turned his back on her and went back to sleep. The next time he woke up his hair was full of sand. Patricia was still there.

"Won't you please go 'way?" he said. "You keep waking me up."

"What do you want to sleep for?"

He deigned to explain: "I never run if I can walk, I never walk if I can stand still, I never stand up if I can sit down, and I never sit down if I can lie down; naturally, I never stay awake if I can go to sleep. . . . Now run along."

"I think you're interesting," she said. "Won't you stay awake and talk to me?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I don't like you, that's why."

He got up and walked down to the water and washed the sand out of his hair. The rest of the crowd had drifted up the beach. He started to go after them, changed his mind and went back to where Patricia was.

"About that last remark," she said, "why don't you like me?"

He sat down. "Last night I thought you were a little high-hat and affected. I've just decided I was wrong, therefore I apologize." She had beautiful believing eyes. "I'm mighty sorry," he said lamely.

"I heard you said I was the sort that likes a formal dinner," she said. "Well, I do—if there are nice people there—but that doesn't mean I'm a snob or a snake. I don't like people to misjudge me; that's why I went to so much trouble to show you you were wrong. Another thing I don't like is a person who is rude, and that's why I don't like you. I'm going now, and I don't care particularly about seeing you any more."

"All right," Dan said, "so long." She walked off down the beach and he went back to sleep.

The next day he didn't see her until nearly midnight, when she and a man joined his crowd at one of those drink-and-dance places. She didn't cut him, but she didn't say anything to him, and after she had danced with two or three other men he cut in on her.

"I've been thinking about the way I acted yesterday," he said, "and I've decided I was right much of a mess, so that's another thing I've got to be sorry for."

She looked up at him then and said, "That's all right."

"Sure?"

"Sure."

Somebody cut in then and he didn't have a chance to say anything else to her that evening. But the next day they got along very nicely, and the next day he caught himself watching for her to appear. The next day he asked her for a date and she gave him one for the next evening after that. They weren't alone at all during that evening, but he got a great deal of satisfaction out of her saying "I like to dance with you; you're so restful," in spite of the fact that other girls had told him the same thing. And the next day he felt very bad when she said casually, "I'm going away day after tomorrow."

"Oh, Lord!" he said. "Can I have a date tonight and another date tomorrow night?"

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"I've got a date tonight," she said. Then she said, "I'm sorry."

"Can't you break it?"

"I don't know. . . . Maybe I can. . . . I'll try. . . . Sure, I can."

"Swell," he said, and he began to feel very happy.

That evening he looked at the moon, which had been full three days ago without his noticing it, and asked her if she wanted very much to dance. She said she didn't, and so they walked down to the beach and along the beach until Cape May was a blaze of lights behind them and there weren't any people around at all. He wasn't even tired when they sat down on the sand. He watched the lights in her hair, that was dark except where the moon hit it, and he studied her profile from the high forehead down the slightly tilted nose and past the sharp little chin to the long straight neck, and he decided that she was well named. Then she turned believing eyes on him and he leaned over and kissed her before he had a chance to be afraid to kiss her. After that he kissed her several more times, and a long time after that they decided they would have to go back or else the aunt she was staying with would be out looking for her.

The next day when the sun was up he became practical. He had forgotten to ask her something that was very important, and so the first thing he said to her was, "You're going to marry me, aren't you?"

"I guess I'll have to," she said, "I love you so much."

"When?"

"I don't know. . . . Soon, I hope."

"How about a month?"

"Don't be silly. There's ever so much to do. I'll have to show you to my family and you'll have to show me to yours, and you'll have to ask my father; after that we can be engaged. Then I'll have to go abroad and get my trousseau, and I'll have to choose a lot of bridesmaids and get dresses for them, and you'll have to pick a best man and a bunch of ushers and give them a party. After that we can get married and people won't talk about us."

"That sounds like a lot of bother," Dan said.

"It'll be fun, really."

"Well, let's start soon. What do we do first?"

"Why don't you go home with me tomorrow?"

"Fine! And if I pass, I'll take you to my home next."

"Are you sure you can take the time off?" she said.

"Sure! Why not?"

"I thought it might interfere with your work."

"My work can get along without me all right."

She looked slightly bewildered at that. He supposed she didn't understand how he could work and not worry about his work: Yankees took work so seriously. Well, she would see when she got down there.

They left after luncheon the next day. He drove leisurely and they were silent during most of the drive; he had already noticed that neither of them talked much when they were together.

Later, as they neared her home, she said: "I'm afraid it will be stupid at home; there's never anything going on in the summer. But we can play golf and tennis and swim, and maybe we can get up a dinner one night."

He laughed a little apologetically. "I don't play tennis," he said, "and my golf's rotten, and I haven't got any dinner clothes with me." He didn't tell her that he couldn't swim, except a little on his back; he would be able to get away with that.

She was silent a moment, then she said, "Can you send for them?"

"Sure I suppose so."

"You might wire in town."

It occurred to him then that her family probably dressed for dinner. He said "They're probably in moth balls. You see, nobody down home dresses up much, especially in the summertime."

There was another interval of silence, then she said, "Is it nice down there? Do you think I'll like it?"

"You'll love it. Everybody takes things easy and enjoys life."

"Is there much to do?"

"Well, there aren't any good theaters or night clubs or things like that, but there's plenty to do. There isn't any society especially, but everybody knows everybody else and everybody has a good time."

"We could go somewhere else if we didn't like it, couldn't we?"

"I never thought of living anywhere else and I'd hate to leave," he said, "but I'd do it if you didn't like it."

"I'd love to live anywhere you wanted to live," she said.

"Sweet Pat. . . . Why do you love me, anyway?"

"I don't know. I guess it's because you're so big and slow and comfortable."

They didn't talk going through the city. Later she said, "I hope you won't mind my telling you, but you'd better not call me Pat before daddy."

"Don't he like it?"

"He called a man down once. He thinks it isn't dignified."

"What do you think?"

"Anything you say sounds wonderful to me," she said.

In a few minutes she pointed out her house. It was a huge high-pillared mansion sitting up on top of a hill, and down the hill behind it stretched dozens of outbuildings. One had a great curved roof like a railroad station.

"What's that?" he said, pointing.

"The conservatories."

"Aren't things a little crowded for three of you?" he said.

"There are only two of us," she said—"daddy and me."

He didn't try to be funny after that. He didn't say anything when two boys swung the gates open for them or when a man came and took his car away after they had got out; two other men had their bags.

Her father met them inside. He rather appreciated that; he imagined that few visitors were welcomed at the door. Mr. Martin was small and gray and had a gray waxed mustache. He was very courteous without being either cold or effusive, and he shook hands with a firm grip.

"You forgot that wire," Patricia said. "Write it out and William will phone it in for you. Dan wants to send for some things," she said to her father.

"You see, sir, when I left home I didn't know so much was going to happen to me, and so I didn't bring my courting clothes."

Mr. Martin smiled courteously and Dan scribbled a telegram to his mother on the back of an envelope and gave it to the butler. The butler showed him to his rooms—a bedroom, sitting room, bath and private porch—and turned him over to the valet, who was unpacking his only suitcase. He got a good grip on himself and managed to make a very good showing before the valet. He was glad, though, that he didn't offer to wash him. The valet laid out his white flannels and a gray coat and left after he had seen him safely inside of them. Dan immediately fell back on the bed and rested hard for three-quarters of an hour.

Dinner was less of a trial than he had expected it to be. Mr. Martin had on white flannels, too, although Patricia was in an evening gown, and he had been forced to endure enough of his father's gubernatorial dinners to know how to handle his forks. Still, he couldn't feel quite at ease; there was a certain strain imposed by Mr. Martin's perfect courtesy, which, though it was perfect, lacked the warmth of the courtesy of a Virginia host. The conversation was mostly about Cape May, but Mr. Martin, without asking a direct question, managed to make him tell a few things about himself. Mr. Martin was a clever man, the kind Lou would call powerful smart.

Patricia apparently had talked about him. Over dessert, Mr. Martin said, "I had the pleasure of meeting your father once." Dan smiled politely. "It was while he was governor. I went to see him about some investments we were planning to make in Virginia, and I found him most agreeable. It is a pity your governors are allowed only one term."

"It leaves a good many out of work when they retire," Dan said.

"Your father is in the House now, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir." He thought he ought to explain. "He wanted to keep in politics, you see, and there wasn't any vacancy in any better place."

"He is looking forward to a change then?"

"I don't know," Dan said. "Of course, if the Democrats should win the election, he would probably get something good, but that's a long chance, and there's not much hope during a Republican Administration."

"I don't know," Mr. Martin said. "There are several bipartisan bodies, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Federal Reserve Board and the Tariff and Trade Commissions, in which vacancies occasionally occur. I have no doubt that he would be a distinguished addition to any of them."

"The trouble is that it usually takes more than ability to get an appointment," Dan said. "I always understood that a Democrat had to have some sort of pull in the Republican Party."

"Yes," said Mr. Martin, "that may very possibly be true."

A few minutes later they left the table and Patricia took him out to show to her friends, which also was something of a strain.

But altogether he made a very good showing during the week he was there. His dinner clothes came and he wore them every evening; there were two dances and half a dozen tea parties, and he met everybody who hadn't gone away for the summer. Patricia worried because there wasn't more to do, but he found himself wishing there were not quite so much; it all took a great deal of effort and he was becoming very tired. He was under a tension all the time. Crowds of people he didn't know always made him ill at ease, and even at the house there were too many servants for him to relax. Mr. Martin's attitude still suggested a cold, impersonal analysis, and he had no way of knowing whether he was being found satisfactory or not. He was glad when the time came for them to go. He had written to his mother and she had written to Patricia, and the only thing left to do was to make his official request of her father. He saved that for the last night.

That afternoon, looking for Patricia's lip stick, he stumbled into a document in her father's study. Before he knew it he had seen that it was from an information bureau in Washington and had read the heading, Record of Richard Berkeley. On the first page was a summary of his father's record and on the next began a detailed account. He didn't look any further. He felt guilty of prying, although his father's record was a matter that concerned him. But all afternoon he kept wondering why Mr. Martin should be so interested in his father's record; it seemed an unnecessary precaution to take before consenting to his marrying Patricia. Somehow it gave him the impression that things were not going quite so smoothly as they seemed on the surface to be going; there was a cross current somewhere that might pull in any direction. That feeling was intensified when he talked to Mr. Martin.

He went straight to the point. "Mr. Martin," he said, "I should like your permission to marry Patricia."

Mr. Martin was as direct. "Suppose," he said, "we consider concrete matters first. . . . What is your income?"

"Sir?"

"How much money do you make?"

(Continued on Page 98)

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KERAMIC TILES

(Continued from Page 96)

Dan felt sheepish. "I'm afraid, sir, I don't quite know, myself," he said.

"You must file an income-tax return."

"My partner always takes care of that for me," Dan said. "I never was any good at figures." He realized he would have to do better than that. "I usually put two or three thousand in bank every year; I suppose I spend that much more."

"Savings banks don't pay a very high rate of interest."

"No, sir, I don't suppose they do; but they've always seemed less trouble." He recognized the necessity of making a better impression. "You see, sir," he said, "my father doesn't practice any more, so the other partner and I split on all cases we both work on, and he keeps track of everything. Of course we can take cases separately, but I usually get him to help on all mine and give him a lot more for himself. If I needed any more money, I could just do more work."

"I see," said Mr. Martin. "Money, of course, is important only as a means to other ends, and since there is no shortage of it in either family, I don't think we need to worry about it."

"Of course, sir, I should have to insist on the right to give Patricia everything she needs."

"As long as you are able to do so, I think that is perfectly proper."

Dan couldn't penetrate that calm courtesy to get the full meaning of that, so he waited for Mr. Martin to go on.

"Now as to your plans?"

"Sir?"

"Have you any plans beyond your practice of law?"

"No, sir—unless I get to be a judge some day."

"You wouldn't care to go into business—perhaps in one of my companies?"

"I'm afraid I'm not fitted for that, sir. I'm really not such a bad lawyer."

"I'm quite sure that you're a very good one. In fact, I have taken the trouble to assure myself of it." Before Dan could say anything, he went on: "You haven't interested yourself in politics?"

"No, sir, I haven't been interested in that."

"Naturally. State politics is not such a dignified calling—unless, of course, one is governor. . . . Suppose now we consider another phase of the matter." Dan had the impression of Mr. Martin reaching into the proper pigeonhole of his mind and bringing out a card marked Phase B. Mr. Martin was saying, "You must understand, to begin with, that if there is any prejudice on my part it is in your favor."

"Thank you, sir."

"However, we must all be reasonably certain that you and Patricia are suited to each other temperamentally. So far you have met, as it were, in her territory. You have seen her in surroundings that are familiar to her. Now your mother has been gracious enough to invite her to visit you in Virginia. That, too, will be a good thing; it will give your people an opportunity to judge Patricia by your standards. It will also permit her to see your mode of life and to decide whether she cares to enter into it."

"I'll be glad of a chance to let her see us," Dan said.

"You may think I am making too much of this," Mr. Martin said, "but I believe that there are still tremendous temperamental differences between the North and the South. We are more urban and consequently more artificial, but artificialities in matters of this kind are real factors. If you will let me give you a word of advice, I don't think you should expect her to identify herself with your life all at once, nor do I think you should expect her to give up all her old associations. I feel that it would be your duty to make some concessions to enable her to keep in touch with her friends and to keep up, at least to some extent, the life she has been leading."

"I'm not sure I understand what you mean," Dan said. "You see, I couldn't very well leave my home town."

"No," said Mr. Martin, "you couldn't—unless some opportunity presented itself which would make it advantageous for you to leave."

"I can't think of any."

"Of course not. I wasn't thinking of the immediate future." He stood up. "In any event I don't think we need to worry about possible differences in temperament yet. If there are any such differences that can't be adjusted, I believe they will make themselves felt during the next week or ten days. If at the end of that time you are still as satisfied with each other as you appear to be now, I shall be happy to announce your engagement."

"Thank you, sir," Dan said. "I don't think you need to worry about that."

Later, when he told Patricia about the interview, he said, "He seems to think we're pretty uncivilized down home."

"He's terribly concerned about my happiness," she said, "but he likes you a lot—I know that." She looked up at him very seriously. "I'm so proud of you," she said. "All my friends are crazy about you. Daddy likes you better than any man who has ever come here, and even the servants show that they've got a lot of respect for you. My maid told me William had been talking about what a 'igh-clarss gentleman you are. It wouldn't make a bit of difference to me if anybody else liked you, but since they do, I'm so proud of you I can't see."

"Wait till my folks see you," Dan said. "They'll go wild."

As soon as they crossed the bridge over the Potomac, Dan began to feel better. He settled back in the seat and rested while the car rolled slowly through Alexandria and out into the country again. It had been hard work driving in the traffic that had crowded the roads all the way to Washington, especially after a week in which he hadn't had any opportunity to lie back and get a good rest. But the rest of the trip would be easy. There was no hurry—it was only eight o'clock—and he could relax and enjoy the fresh cool air that evening brought to the clearing roads. He had Patricia beside him and at the end of the trip there would be his big comfortable bed that he could stay in as long as he pleased.

Lights showed ahead through the gathering darkness; a breeze cooled his face, bullfrogs screeched as they crossed a little bridge. He looked at Patricia.

"Hungry?" he said.

"Starved."

He pulled up at a barbecue stand. "I'm sorry," he said. "I ought to have thought." They hadn't stopped, except once for gasoline, since they left Philadelphia. "Ever eat barbecue?"

"No. What is it?"

"Pig cooked on a spittle. Want to try it, or would you rather wait and get a real meal in Fredericksburg?"

"How far is Fredericksburg?"

"Forty miles."

"I couldn't wait that long."

He went inside and brought out two sandwiches on paper plates and two bottles of pop.

"Barbecue's a fine old Virginia dish," he said. "See if you don't like it."

"Do you suppose I could have a fork?"

"Sure!" He went in again and borrowed the only fork in the place and washed it for her. He ate his sandwich outside of the car so that the gravy would spill on the ground. Barbecue was messy, but it was good. Patricia was eating daintily with the fork. "Want another?" he said.

She shook her head. He got another and ate it while she was finishing hers. She gave him back her bottle half full, and he drank it and went back and paid for everything. Then he got in and started off.

"I'm sorry about the food," he said. "I wish you'd told me you were hungry."

"I thought you would stop any minute. It's all right, though. I enjoyed that."

It didn't seem to be quite all right, but there was nothing more he could say. When they got to Fredericksburg he asked her if she wanted to stop and eat. She shook her head, so he kept on.

There were few cars on the road. The headlights made the slightly bumpy surface look like a lane of bowlders. He drove leisurely.

After a while she said, "This is a good car. How fast will it go?"

"I don't know," he said. "I never had it over forty."

Then it occurred to him that she was giving him a hint and he increased the speed. It was hard to hold it, though, and in a few minutes he had fallen back into the old gait. There was no sense in hurrying, anyway; they had plenty of time.

"This is the Wilderness," he said. "They fought a lot of the Civil War here."

"Did they? I always wondered where it was. Who won?"

"I don't know. It don't make much difference now, anyway."

"No, it doesn't, does it?" she said.

"It really doesn't," he said, careful of his grammar this time. "It seems to me that that's a good sign—neither of us knowing who won. It shows that all that's forgotten."

"People in the North forgot it long ago."

"That's right, I suppose. It meant more to us. Still, I'm glad I know now how nice some people in the North are."

She didn't reply to that, and he drove silently along the straight white road toward his home.

On either side millions of lightning bugs made the fields sparkle; now and then one would crash into the windshield and stay there, glowing desperately, until he had slowed up and let it blow away. Old familiar smells came strongly to his nostrils and he felt suddenly very happy to be back in his own country again. The stars and the lightning bugs were brighter down here, and the trees that sometimes formed a canopy over the road were thicker and softer; everything moved more slowly and the people were more gentle.

He said, "I wonder if you have any idea how much I love it down here."

"It's lovely," Patricia said. "I think I'm going to love it almost as much as you do."

She moved over closer to him and they didn't say anything more until they drew up in front of his gate.

Patricia looked at the old house set back in the trees and said, "How nice and old-fashioned."

"It's not so old," he said. "It's one of the newest houses in this street. It's only about forty years old."

He opened the gate for her and took her three bags and his one and started up the walk.

"Did you lock your car?" she said.

"No, I forgot. It's all right, though; nobody'll take it."

His mother had heard them and was on the porch waiting. She took both of Patricia's hands and said, "Dan's written me such beautiful letters about you that I feel that I know you already." She held her off and looked at her in the light that came through the door. "You're just as beautiful as he said you were, and I think I'm going to be as crazy about you as he is."

His father was jovial. "Dan didn't tell me what he was up to when he went traipsing off," he said, "but I'm certainly pleased with what he found. I hope you're a sign that he's beginning to take things seriously, Miss Patricia."

Patricia just smiled at both of them, and Dan thought that all she had to do to make anybody crazy about her was to smile that way.

He said, "Mother, is there anything to eat? I think Patricia's hungry." And Mrs. Berkeley went back to the kitchen to find something. In a few minutes she called them and they went into the dining room and he watched Patricia eat cold fried chicken hungrily, in her fingers, as the rest of them did.

"I love this," she said. "I've heard so much about Virginia fried chicken, but I've never had any that was real before."

"We'll have chicken and waffles for you tomorrow night," Mrs. Berkeley said. "Lou makes splendid waffles. I'll have to take you out in the kitchen and let you see her, too; when she gets her sleeves rolled up over a stove she looks like three hundred pounds of nothing human."

"Will you?" Patricia said. "I've never seen anybody cook."

After his mother had taken Patricia to her room and he had carried the bags up, Dan went up to the third floor and enjoyed the luxury of being more careless and more comfortable than he had been for two weeks.

He sat on the bed and took his clothes off and threw them toward the chair, paying no attention to the garments that fell short. Then he lay back on the bed and went to sleep without cleaning his teeth. And the next morning it was the familiar shrill nasal voice of Lou that took fully ten minutes to wake him up.

He didn't have much time for work during the next ten days, but he didn't have much time for rest either. There was still effort to be expended, and he never had a chance to lie back and be utterly lazy and contented. Of course he didn't begrudge the effort; he wanted to entertain Patricia. He took her to near-by points of interest; he rode horseback with her all over the countryside; he took her to the horse show; he arranged swimming parties for her; and he introduced her to everybody at a dance. He asked Mildred Wood, who had refused to marry him once, to help him entertain her, and Mildred said that would be easy, because Bill Scott had told everybody about his little damyankee girl. Mildred fixed up a couple of bridge parties, at which Dan was a total loss because he didn't play bridge.

Jimmy Ball was a help too. For once Jimmy was willing to forget about law and have a good time; he played tennis with her several mornings and Dan caught up in his resting. Altogether he managed things so well that when Patricia said something about having to get back and his mother urged her to stay another week, Patricia agreed willingly. He walked down to the telegraph office with her and she let him read the telegram she sent her father. It said:

HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME MUST STAY ANOTHER WEEK. DAN WONDERFUL. MR. AND MRS BERKELEY WONDERFUL. EVERYBODY WONDERFUL. LOVE.

PATRICIA.

"You don't know how glad I am that you like us," Dan said.

"Everybody's so nice to me," she said. "I never saw such cordial people. The only trouble is that I don't know what to do when the girls my-dear me the first time I meet them and kiss me the next."

"That just shows that they like you," he said.

After that he let up a little. He felt that Patricia ought to see things in their normal tempo. Besides, he needed a rest. In another week he would have to go back with her and go through a lot of formal parties in honor of their engagement. And so for two days he didn't suggest anything but swimming in the afternoons, and they sat a great deal on the broad cool porch. Sometimes Jimmy would be there, but he was never there in the evenings, and they were the times Dan enjoyed most of all. They just sat in the swing and watched the trees and the stars and didn't talk at all.

For two mornings he dressed so slowly that Patricia had gone to play tennis with Jimmy before he came downstairs. The next morning he didn't shave—he had started shaving twice a day while he was visiting her—but there was nobody but his mother at the table when he got there.

"Where's everybody?" he said.

"Patricia's playing tennis with Jimmy," his mother said, "and your father's gone to Washington to meet Mr. Martin."

"What's up?"

"I don't know. I suppose Mr. Martin just wants to talk over things. He wired

Continued on Page 102.

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(Continued from Page 98)

your father to meet him in Washington. They've met before, you know."

"Why don't he bring Mr. Martin down? I'd like him to see that we're not so uncivilized as he seems to think we are."

"I told him to invite him. Does he think we're wild Indians?"

"I don't suppose he does, really. But they've got a lot of butlers and chauffeurs and things up there, you know, and their house looks like a hotel. Breakfast is in five courses and they always dress for dinner."

"I wanted to ask you about Patricia's meals," Mrs. Berkeley said. "She hasn't been eating much lately and I wondered if maybe she wasn't getting a little tired of the different kind of cooking."

"Lord, no," he said. "She's just too excited to eat. She'll have to get used to our cooking sometime, anyway."

"Still, I might start having eggs every morning, and toast, maybe, along with the batter bread."

"How do you like her by now?" Dan said.

"She's a little different from us, but that's natural, I suppose. After all, she's a mighty sweet girl."

Dan went out on the porch and sat in the swing and smoked contentedly for an hour or two. After a while Patricia and Jimmy came up the walk.

Jimmy said, "Hello, lazy. You ought to have been out in the sun; it was swell."

"Sit down and have some shade," Dan said; "you'll get a stroke."

He got up as Patricia came up on the porch. She sat down in the swing and he sat down beside her; Jimmy leaned against the railing.

Patricia said, "Will you get my powder, Dan? It's in the hall."

"I'll get it," Jimmy said, halfway to the door already. Dan sat down again.

Jimmy brought the powder, hung around on his feet for a few minutes, then said, "I've got to go. How about swimming tonight?"

"How about this afternoon?" Dan said.

"I've got to do some work."

"Tonight's fine," Patricia said.

Jimmy went down the walk. Patricia didn't say anything for about five minutes, then she said, "You weren't very polite."

"Wasn't I?" Dan said. "What did I do?"

"Well, you let Jimmy get my powder for me and you didn't even get up when he left."

"He beat me to the powder; I was getting up. And he'd been up hopping around for five minutes before he left. I couldn't stand up all that time. He's so energetic he makes me tired."

"Everything makes you tired."

"What's the matter, Pat?"

"Don't call me Pat."

"Sorry, Miss Martin. What's wrong?"

"I'm afraid my being here is causing you too much trouble."

"Don't be silly. I enjoy doing things for you."

"You haven't done much lately."

"I thought you'd like to see things as they are ordinarily, and I didn't want to interfere with your tennis with Jimmy."

"Oh! I thought you were pushing me off on him."

"You told him to come around tonight."

"I thought I'd relieve you of having to take care of me."

"You know I'd rather sit out here with you at night than anything else in the world," he said.

"You'd rather sit here. If you had to move, it would be different."

"Oh, well, don't let's fight; it's too hot." A little later he said, "I suppose I had the wrong idea about things—I'm sorry." She said, "It's all right," and that apparently ended it. But for the rest of the day he felt a slight tension between them, although she was very sweet, and he didn't forget about it until after the swimming party, which turned out rather well. The next morning he was down in time for breakfast but she had already promised to play tennis with Jimmy. He said he would drive down to the courts later and bring them back.

He was dozing on the porch when Mr. Berkeley came back. Mr. Berkeley looked more pompous than usual.

He said, "Good morning, Daniel," and went into the house. A few minutes later he came out and said, "I want to talk to you, if you'll come inside."

Dan followed him into the study his father used chiefly for sleeping when he didn't want anybody to know he was asleep. Mr. Berkeley sat down and spent several minutes studying the ceiling.

Finally he said, "I thought you might be interested to know that I have been appointed to the Interstate Commerce Commission."

"What?" said Dan. He swallowed his surprise. "Congratulations."

"Of course," said Mr. Berkeley, "it's a distinct step up from the House, although it doesn't compare with, say, a cabinet position. But it will enable me to live here part of the time and your mother won't have to move." He looked even more complacent. "And the prominence it will give me will increase my chances if we should win the election. In fact Mr. Martin, whose influence extends to both parties, indicated that he would be interested in helping me further."

"Oh, he fixed it, did he?"

"He was rather instrumental in my being asked to fill a vacancy on the commission. I don't mind telling you that it was his interest in you that led him to interest himself in me."

"Where do I come into all this?"

"I was coming to that," Mr. Berkeley said. "Naturally, my seat in the House will become vacant. I went to Richmond after leaving Washington, and I am glad to say I was able to persuade the present governor to agree to appoint you to fill it."

"Oh, good Lord!"

"What's that?"

"I was just talking to myself. Whoever told you I wanted to go to Congress?"

"I didn't doubt that you would appreciate the honor."

"I suppose I ought to," Dan said, "but I don't."

"You must think of Patricia. Her father thinks she would be unhappy living here all the time."

"She hasn't said anything to me about it." He resented the whole business. They were pushing him into Congress for their own ends, not to help him. Mr. Martin wanted to get Patricia away from here and his father wanted a better job, so Mr. Martin traded his influence with the Administration for his father's influence in Virginia. He hadn't had any idea Mr. Martin had that much influence. Well, he had money. . . . "I'm sorry," he said, "but I won't take it."

Mr. Berkeley looked frightened. Dan saw the look, although his father didn't give any indication that he was frightened when he spoke.

"Very well," he said, "I'll have to refuse the appointment."

"Why?"

"Because Mr. Martin's chief interest, as I told you, is in you. I couldn't accept unless he received his share of the benefits."

"Oh, Lord!" Dan said. . . . "Well, I'll think it over."

"I'm afraid you'll have to decide now. I have agreed to accept and the appointment will be announced tomorrow morning. If I decline, I'll have to wire within an hour or two."

There didn't seem to be any way out of it. He owed it to the governor and he owed it to Patricia. If she had asked him to go somewhere else to live he would have done it gladly. But she hadn't asked him—he appreciated that.

What he disliked most about this was his not being consulted; they were pushing him around and dressing him up to show him off like a tailor's dummy. Still, there didn't seem to be anything he could do about it.

"All right," he said, "but it makes me sore as hell."

Patricia was back when he left the study. He was too occupied with his thoughts to notice if she was mad because he hadn't driven down to the courts for her. Nothing was said about the plan at luncheon, but afterward, sitting on the porch with her, he said, "It looks like you're going to marry a congressman."

She looked at him quickly. "It's all fixed then?"

"Did you know about it?"

"Oh, yes," she said; "I suggested it."

"Oh!"

"I told daddy I thought it would be nice if we could live in Washington. I know a lot of people there and there's so much to do. He worked out the plan, of course. I hope you appreciate it."

"Sure," he said, "I appreciate it all right." He did appreciate it, in a way, but what made him feel bad was that she had done it all before she came down here. She hadn't even tried to like it here.

She was explaining something else: "That wire I sent him was to tell him to go ahead. I was to wire him if I was sure I wanted to marry you after I got down here."

"Then you weren't sure before?"

"Not quite. I knew I was in love with you, but there are other things to consider, you know."

"Yes," he said, "I'm finding that out."

He was finding things out rapidly. He lit a cigarette and smoked it slowly, chewing the inside of his mouth between pulls. He was losing things. He didn't know just what things he was losing, but many things were missing that had been there a little while ago. He looked at her and then reached over and smoothed her hair with his hand. It was beautiful hair. At least none of her beauty was gone. She moved her head.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"You'll mess it up. . . . Let's do something."

"What?"

"Anything—I don't care. But let's do something and stop sitting here like a couple of fools."

"All right, let's go swimming."

"That's all you ever think of. Let's go, anyway."

They met Jimmy at the gate and took him along. Dan drove up to the old reservoir. He had gone in the old res naked when he was a very young boy, but recently bathhouses had been built and something put in the water, and now women could go in and you had to wear a suit.

He chose it today because Patricia hadn't been there and he wanted to show her something new. It was the shape of a triangle, with woods on two sides and the dam on the third. You went in from the dam or the shore beside it.

They had the pool all to themselves. Dan dived once or twice and then came out and lay on a big rock in the sun and watched Patricia and Jimmy diving. In a few minutes Jimmy came out and sat on the rock beside him. Patricia stayed in. Dan watched her body moving cleanly through the water and marveled at its activity.

She had been swimming up toward the far end. Suddenly she gave a yell and began splashing violently. Dan punched Jimmy.

"What's she up to?" he said. Then he heard her call, "Help!" and saw her go under water.

Jimmy ran down the bank and plunged in. Dan followed and turned over on his back and swam as fast as he could, but before he reached the middle of the pool Jimmy passed him, swimming back with Patricia.

He turned and followed them back. When he reached the shore she was sitting on the rock, coughing for breath. Finally she got it back and looked up.

"Are you all right?" Jimmy said.

"Yes, I'm all right now, thanks—thanks to you."

Jimmy looked embarrassed and all three were silent for a moment. Jimmy walked out on the dam.

"What happened?" Dan said.

"What happened? I was tired out, that's what happened." Her eyes were very scornful. "You wouldn't hurry if I was drowning. You swam on your back."

"I don't see how you could have drowned," he said. "The water is only four feet deep where you were."

She looked confused for an instant, but only for an instant. "All right," she said, "I admit it was a trick—rather, it was a test. I wanted to see if your laziness was a pose. Even if the water was only four feet deep, something else might have happened to me. But you wouldn't take the trouble to find out. You were too lazy even for that."

He opened his mouth to tell her that he couldn't swim any way but on his back, but he didn't say it. It wouldn't make any difference.

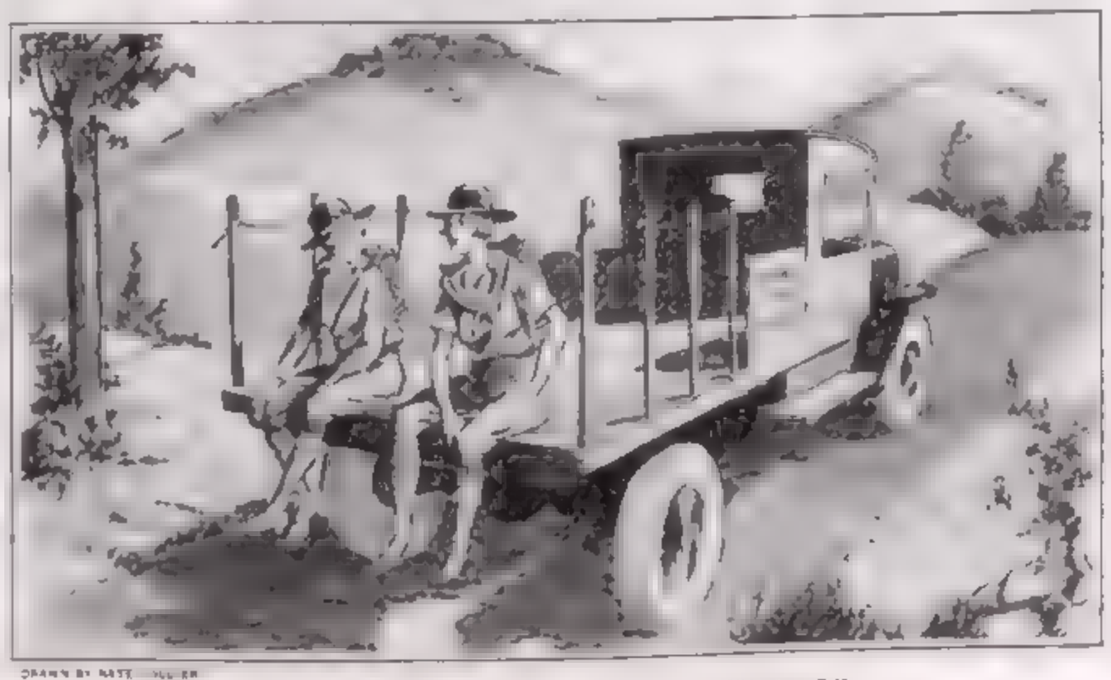
After a minute or two she said, "I'm going home tomorrow."

"Are you?" he said. "By yourself?"

She nodded. Her eyes weren't scornful any more; they were soft. "I'm sorry," she said. "I don't believe I've quite got over loving you, but there are other things. It's better that way."

"Yes," he said, "it's better that way."

She walked out on the dam and dived into the water. He lay back on the rock and closed his eyes and tried to think. His father would keep his appointment; Mr. Martin was much too much of a gentleman to let him give it up, especially when he learned that he wouldn't be going to Congress. It was funny: the very thing that would have made him have to go would now make him have to refuse to go. . . . He opened his eyes and saw Patricia and Jimmy racing up the pool, then he closed them again. The sun was warm upon his body. He felt a little sad now that everything was over, but for the first time in weeks he felt perfectly comfortable and perfectly contented. He didn't have a care in the world. He went to sleep.



"Oh, Grace, Don't You Just Love Hiking?"

The PAGEANTRY *without the* TYRANNY

An Editorial by F. A. Seiberling

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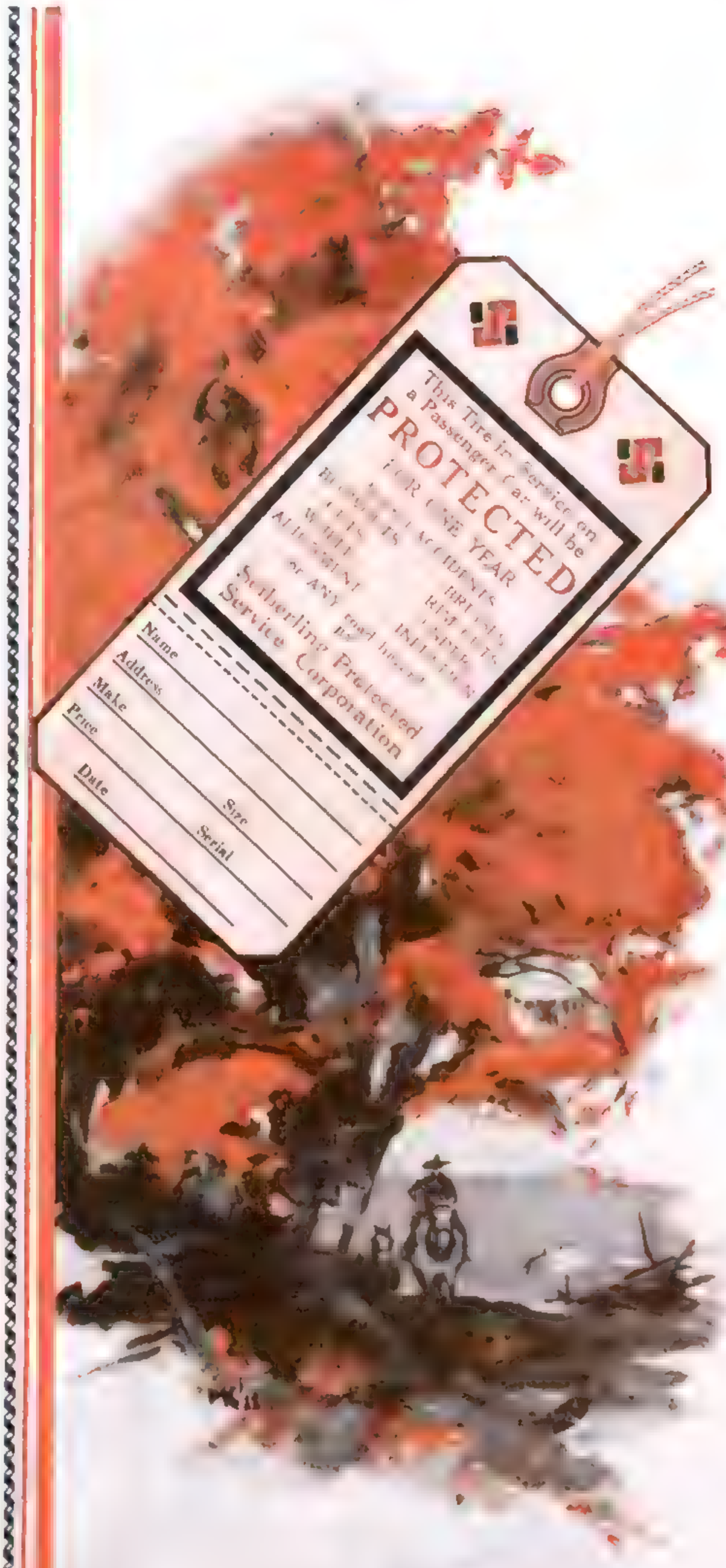
F. A. Seiberling



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"AT DAWNING"

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DYNASTY

Continued from Page 5

that this exclamation was directed rather at the strikers who had so far forgotten their places as to threaten her husband than at the young man who had extricated him from his predicament.

"The men seemed afraid of him, and I am not ashamed to say I was very glad to have his escort home."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Worthington, "what a bully would be able to do. I hope you will discharge every one of those men. It will serve them right. The very idea!"

"I am thinking," said Mr. Worthington, "of dealing firmly with the situation."

As he said this, any prejudice aroused in his mind by his wife's attack upon Bond disappeared before that curious sense of dependence which he had experienced earlier in the day. Bond might be a roisterer and a bully and of questionable morals, and even an atheist, but by some incomprehensible psychological affinity he had become indispensable. How indispensable, and to what destination this affinity would carry their future relations, he did not dream

Nevertheless, whatever his wife's prejudices, he determined to make use of Bond. Perhaps it was because of his wife's prejudices, for there was a stratum of stubbornness in him as well as in her, and a contrariness, not frequently manifested, but present, which must be considered in any dealings with him.

Having eaten his pie, he went upstairs to the room which was referred to as his study and sat down with a ten-cent cigar to consider the problem which confronted him. He was a man who studied his problems, or believed himself to be studying them; but he had not that power of concentration which is needful to such a task. Nor had he the quick intellect, given to sudden inspirations, which can solve difficulties by some suddenly arrived at expedient. He sat down, believing himself to be thinking, but he was only struggling futilely to make headway against a sort of feather bed mass of bewilderment He could not hold his mind to it, and presently was thinking about Hiram Bond and reviewing such facts regarding Hiram as were his property.

He knew that Hiram had been born on the Bond farm three miles from town some twenty-nine or thirty years before. He knew that farmstead had been occupied by Bonds for generations—thrifty, prosperous farmers who had added to their holdings, loaned their savings upon mortgages, and so become persons of consequence in the county. They might be accounted well-to-do, or even wealthy, for that day. Hiram had been held to it until he passed through grammar and high schools, when the ambition of his parents had laid out for him a career in the law. But one year of Harvard had seen the last of that.

Of his experiences in college Worthington had no knowledge. He could not know how a mind of rare independence lifted the banner of revolt against the cut-and-dried, nor how the rustling parchment technicalities of the law had irritated. A splendidly active mind grew restive at the occupation of merely storing up facts and craved to exercise its powers That superb body could not tolerate the necessity to bend over books in the light of a student's lamp, and restless youth driven by a magnificent health sent him out in search of the physical action which in that day was but inadequately supplied by athletics He would gladly argue through the night with an independent or an original mind, and he thought much more profoundly than was suspected by any save, perhaps, the Professor Witmer of his letters Where there was noise you would find him, where songs were bellowed and huge mugs of beer were emptied he spent his evenings, and if there could be found a reason for physical conflict with legal authority he rejoiced. Of his accord he would have abandoned what he recognized to be an impossible ambition, but the disciplinarians of the college saw fit to cut short his academic career before the end of the last semester. He was expelled, and if specific charges had been preferred by one competent to formulate charges against such a youth, they would have read that his offense was a too ornate and abounding vitality.

He came home to his mother's tears and his father's angry chagrin. So he comforted the woman whose gentleness was always dear to him, quarreled with the father whose sturdy uprightness was to the end of his days a source of pride to him, and found employment in the Amasa P. Worthington mills.

It was the talk of the town. To every man and woman resident there, Hiram had been known from earliest childhood; they knew his proper place in the world and resented his relinquishment of it to become a common mill hand. But it could not forget him. He was not the sort of man people are allowed to forget. True, he was more or less *déclassé*, but still he was a Bond, and one day would inherit such fortune as his father possessed to devise. Had he sought to join in the genteel social life of the town, it is probable he would have been readmitted after a period. But he did not knock for admission. He found his friends among the wilder young men and drank and fought and took what he wished of life in a manner almost splendidly barbaric. Church people declared he was going to the dogs, but Hiram never had any idea of going to the dogs. He was letting off steam, and there was a great deal of surplus steam. Ten hours in the mill did not suffice to tire him.

He read such books as interested him, and they were many. He studied men more than books, and he studied events more than men. Inevitably he became head of his department, but he was not content. There was not enough of anything. There was so much surplus energy of mind and body which went to waste. It cannot be said he was personally ambitious, but he required to use the mechanism with which he was endowed to the fullness of its capacity. He was growing more and more impatient, and it is probable Carthage would have seen the last of him very soon had not his horizon grown suddenly broader. He did not pick Amasa P. Worthington deliberately as the ladder by which he should climb. The beginning was largely fortuitous—an opportunity. But opportunity having come, Hiram Bond knew how to employ it.

And his mind having dwelt for an hour upon Hiram, Amasa P. Worthington determined to employ him. This would mean a certain amount of dissension in his home, for Mrs. Worthington would oppose any advancement of the man she considered a bully, a drunkard and an atheist. How persistent and how long-lived that opposition was to be he did not imagine. The determining factor in Amasa P.'s decision was this—that Hiram seemed to know what to do, while Amasa was nonplused. Hiram had plan, while everything was incoherent to his employer. And finally there was that curious physical dependence! In the years to come this was the foundation upon which the whole structure was to rear itself.

At the hour when Amasa Worthington was reaching this conclusion, Hiram Bond thrust open the swinging doors of King's saloon and walked with studied arrogance to the bar. The room was crowded, and there was not present a man who was not a striker or a sympathizer with the strike. It was their headquarters; their committee met in the back room, and now, as idle men were so prone to do in that day, they were strengthening their convictions and bolstering their courage with beer. The place smelled of beer and of smoke and of sweat Cheap luster reflectors diffused light from half a dozen oil lamps in brackets along the walls, and over the bar itself dangled two more big-bellied lamps with flyspecked tin shades.

Sudden silence and scowls testified to the hostility of the habitués, but Bond paid no more attention to them than as if the place was empty.

"Beer," he said, and waited until the bartender placed before him a huge mug, which he drained without removing it from his lips. The silence became a harsh murmur and a voice—noticeable in the background—uttered the word "scab."

Hiram turned, leaned his elbow on the bar and stared at them with curled upper lip.

"You're a lot of fools," he said—"a lot of fools who have been led into this thing by two or three bigger fools."

"Look here, Hiram," interposed the bartender nervously, "don't go making trouble."

"You can't win," Hiram went on without noticing the interruption, "and when you go back you'll be worse off than you were before. Because you'll have been licked, and you'll know you've been licked, and Mr. Worthington will know you've been licked."

"We'll show ye who'll git licked!" shouted a workman—also from the background.

"Send out your man," said Hiram. No one stirred. "Send out two men," he invited. Still no hostile movement. "Make it four then," he said, shrugging his great shoulders inside the looseness of his coat, but still his invitation was not accepted.

"All right, boys, the whole caboodle of you." He smiled, but his eyes were narrowed. "It's my last night, so let's make it a good one. Tonight I'll fight with you or drink with you. I'll fight you one by one or in a crowd, and then I'll drink you under the tables. It's my valedictory—if you know what that is and I want to remember it."

Not only was there no forward step to accept his challenge but those in front showed a disposition to tread upon the toes of those behind. Hiram turned to the bartender.

"Mike, they won't fight. Let's see if they'll drink. Who's the champion drinker? Mug for mug, and I'll put him under the table. And I pay for the beer."

The strikers laughed that sort of laugh which men use when suddenly relieved: became suddenly boyish, good humored, Rabelaisian. An uproar arose over the merits and capacities of famed drinkers until two names became audible above the confusion. Hiram smiled sardonically.

"Set a table," he said. "I'll take them on one after the other. Bill first, then Tim. Mug for mug, and the one who walks out in the morning is the best man."

A table was placed and the champions seated; about them gathered the noisy ring of spectators, which grew as news of the drinking bout spread down the street. It spread rapidly that night, but not as it was to spread tomorrow and the day after until the event passed down into history as something titanic, gigantic, Gargantuan. The last night of Hiram Bond—his final riotous adventure—the sudden high-flaring termination of the dissolute phase of his career. It was such a carousal as the hard-drinking gods of Valhalla might have made for the reception of a hero.

Mug followed mug, and the bartender kept the score with a piece of chalk upon the bar. At midnight Bill reached fumblingly for his glass and could not find it His eyes closed and he slid from his chair At four in the morning, with his mug halfway to his lips, Tim subsided limply and slid beneath the table.

Hiram emptied his final glass, banged it upon the table so that it shivered, leaving only the handle in his fist, and lifted himself to his feet. There he stood for a moment, steadying himself against the table and eying the cheering spectators all gravely.

"The end!" he said; and turning, walked steadily if somewhat heavily out of the barroom into the gray of the morning. He walked on and on, through the village to the river beyond, where, under an elm, he bared his magnificent body and plunged into the swift cold current. Nor did he swim downstream, but up, against the surge of water, battling, breathing deep, pitting his tremendous strength against the never-abating rush of the stream until his head was clear and the fumes had been washed from his brain. Then he swam back leisurely to the place of beginning, put his clothes upon his wet and glistening body and walked again to the village. He was ready for his interview with Amasa P. Worthington!

III

ALONG the wide unpaved main street of Carthage maple trees found leisure to grow magnificently—huge round-topped maples which shaded the wooden sidewalks and seemed to be trying to touch leaves across the road itself. It was a pleasant, homelike, gracious avenue, embellished by the arts of man as well as by those of Nature, for there was scarcely a house in that enviable quarter which had not before it an ornamental iron hitching post. Amasa P. Worthington's was the most admired of these, for it was nothing less than a negro boy of life size, barefooted, painted in a very realistic manner, who held courteously in his hand a ring through which the halter might be tied. The next hitching post to this was the property of Henry J. Bell, senior member of the banking firm of Bell & Son. It was not a work of art such as its neighbor, but it was satisfactory, representing as it did a sturdy sapling from which the branches had been lopped. It was newly painted and the roughness of the bark was done to admiration.

Mr. Bell's house was not so large as Mr. Worthington's, though it was ample, but it boasted a mansard roof, a vast number of turned columns, innumerable intricate patterns of scrollwork, and one set of French windows which gave upon a vine-covered porch. At the left was a fine crab-apple tree, and no less than five cherry trees grew at the back and sides. There was also a red rosebush, a white rosebush and a yellow rosebush. Mr. Bell was a stout gentleman with a highly scrubbed pink complexion. He shaved his chin, but tolerated mutton-chop whiskers on his jowls and wore a four-inch band of crape around his silk hat to signify his bereavement. He was not visible at the moment when Hiram Bond walked up the street, after his hearty breakfast, to escort Mr. Worthington to the mill. But his horse and buggy stood before the hitching block.

This would not be an event worthy of chronicle had the buggy been empty. Hiram would not have paused to lift his hat to the finest horse in Carthage. But Henry J. Bell's daughter was quite another matter. At that time she was eighteen years old, very slender and lovely and petite. It would have been vain to search for any feature or attribute in her which was not the direct opposite of its corresponding feature or attribute in Hiram Bond. She might have found a comfortable seat on the palm of his hand, and it is quite conceivable he could have carried her so without inconvenience to himself.

"Good morning, Libby," he said.

Her name was Elizabeth, but the homelier time-honored diminutives were not frowned upon in Carthage; indeed, Carthage was not to discover for a generation that they were not stylish.

"Good morning, Hiram," she replied.

"You're up early," said Hiram.

"I always drive papa to the bank. He's the most annoying man!" Hiram could well imagine this, but he wondered how Libby came to notice it. "He always," she

Continued on Page 111

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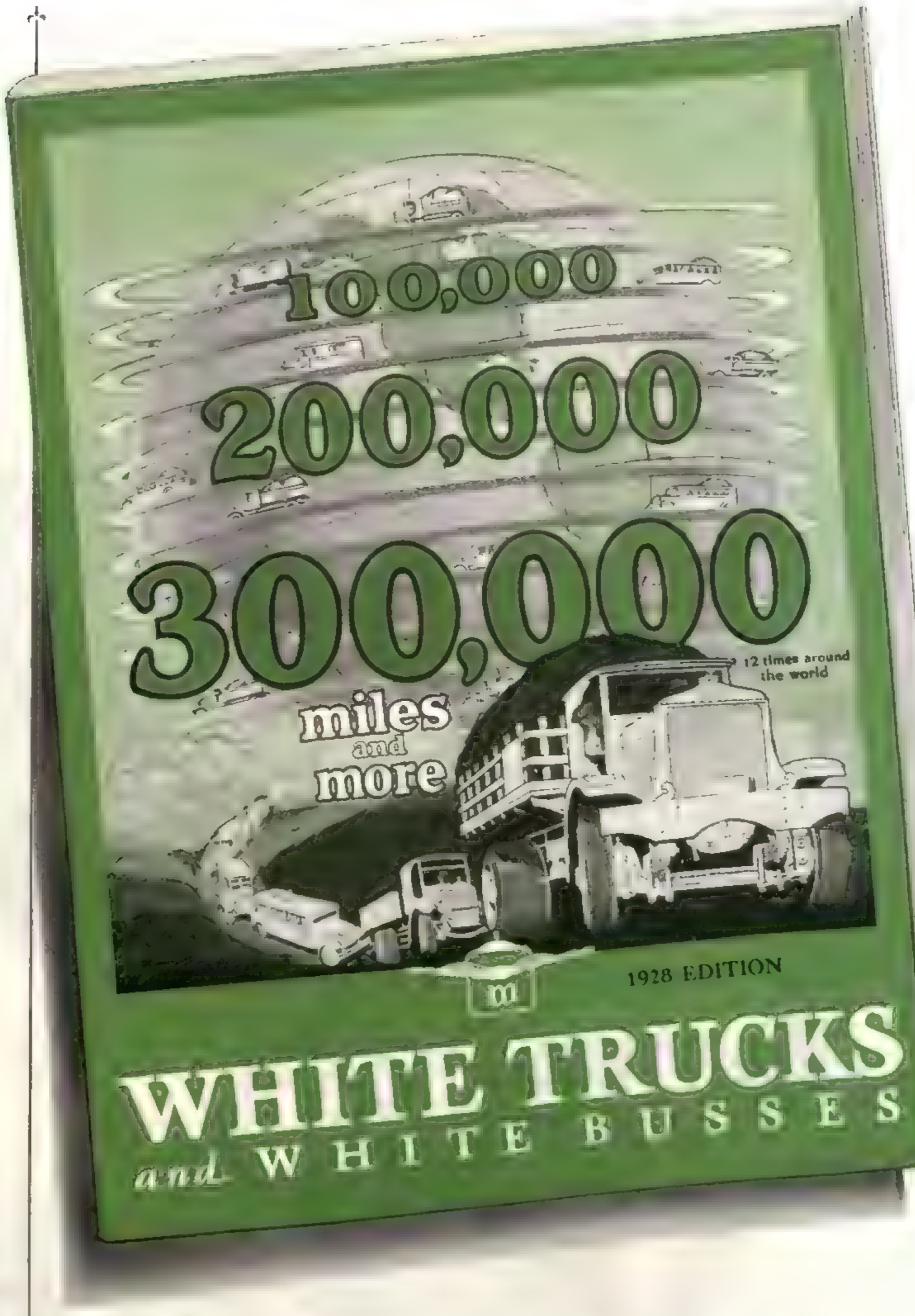

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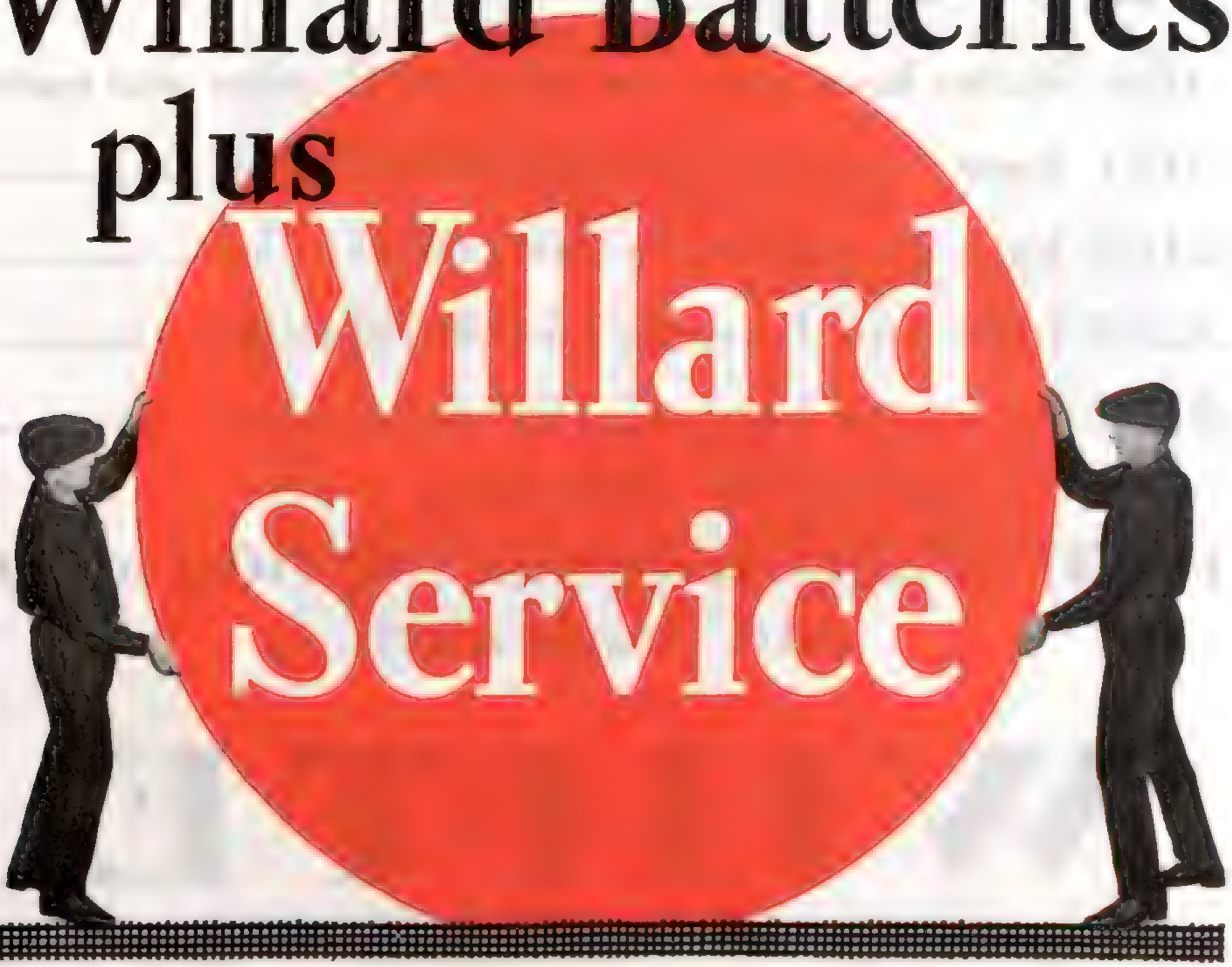

(Continued from Page 106)

explained, "finds something to do to keep me waiting. He's in such a hurry, and breakfast has to be ready, and I have to drive the horse around, and then he just dawdles."

Hiram was thinking how fresh and sweet and gentle she looked—and how smart. He did not use that word to describe her appearance, but her mind. Libby Bell had the name of being the smartest girl in the last graduating class, and her valedictory had been much admired if little comprehended.

"Hiram," she said seriously, "it just seems as if this was meant to happen—I mean seeing you like this. Don't you believe things are meant to happen?"

The huge young man was somewhat startled. "Why do you think this was meant to happen, Libby?"

"Because," she said, "there was a lecturer here last night and he threw pictures on a cloth, at the Congregational Church, and it was terrible! And afterward we formed a new society. And every one of us pledged ourselves to—to try to get someone else to join—who ought to join."

"What kind of a society?"

"It's a temperance society. And, Hiram—I don't want to say anything mean or to hurt your feelings or anything, but as soon as I saw you just now I knew you were one of the ones who ought to join. Because you do drink, don't you?"

He considered his last night's exploit and felt that he could not deny the charge. "Why, yes," he admitted.

"I haven't hurt your feelings, have I?"

For the first time Hiram smiled; it was a kindly smile, with something of gentleness in it. "No," he said, "you haven't hurt my feelings."

"If you could have seen those pictures—of—of your stomach!" Her modesty managed to pronounce this word in so good a cause. "There was one of a drunkard's stomach, and it was all over the most horrible spots."

"I shouldn't care to have my stomach all over spots," said Hiram.

"And so I knew you were the one I should ask to join, and it would encourage everybody so much if you would, because ——" But here her gentle heart compelled her to pause. Hiram finished the sentence for her without embarrassment.

"—— because," he said, "Carthage considers me one of her principal drunkards."

"I—I'm afraid so," she said in a very small voice. "I wish you would join, Hiram, and take the pledge and be reformed and come to the meetings."

"Would you have to take me to the meeting, Libby?"

She hesitated the merest fraction of a second at the prospect of going anywhere with so notorious a character. "Yes," she said, "I would have to take you to the first meeting."

"It would be a feather in your cap, wouldn't it, Libby?"

It would, indeed, be a feather in her cap, but Libby felt it would be wrong, almost wicked, to harbor the feeling of pride which was commencing to make itself felt. That she, Libby Bell, had been able to fetch Hiram Bond to a temperance meeting and make him take the pledge! It would be the talk of the town!

"I'm only thinking of your good, Hiram," she said.

"When is the meeting?"

"Next Wednesday. . . . And you'll come!"

"Yes."

"And take the pledge?"

"Yes," he said, "because you have asked me."

There spoke Hiram Bond. He was one to make use of facts and events, and for his uses, to make such facts and events appear in a light most useful to him. When he left King's saloon after his drinking bout it had been never to enter it again. That phase of his life was completed. He was through with saloons and with drinking. No pledge was necessary. Such pledging as was to be done he had done with himself, and for reasons known to himself. But now it seemed he might derive notable benefits from utilizing his reformation. This girl would be tremendously proud to believe she had accomplished this plucking of a brand from the burning, so he would let her believe she had accomplished it. It would establish a certain relationship between them and would create in her a feeling of responsibility for him.

His heart was capable of great and deep emotions, but his head would ever be present to curb or to direct them. It was his brain now which was busy with calculations. He was considering the advantages which would flow from marrying Libby Bell. They were not inconsiderable. He was considering if she were the sort of woman he would desire for his wife. She satisfied his requirements.

Very well then, he would see. If, after assuring himself Libby would be a wise selection, his heart should engage itself, well and good. If her attraction for him should become something stronger and more tender, he would be content.

She leaned toward him and her eyes were bright and her color high. "Oh," she said, "I'm so glad!"

"I will call for you Wednesday evening," he said.

Mr. Bell, having finished his dawdling, came down his walk and through the gate in his picket fence. He frowned at sight of Hiram Bond in conversation with his daughter and compressed his shaven upper lip against the lower so that his mouth became a thin straight line, and a jerk of his head was all the greeting he gave the young man.

"Drive to the bank," he said brusquely to Libby. "I can't be kept waiting."

Hiram did not look after them, as almost any young man would have done, nor was there upon his massive face any outward sign that Mr. Bell's obvious disapproval of himself had given offense. He walked along to Amasa P. Worthington's smiling-African hitching post and waited. He did not go to the door and ring. In that day young men did not stand so much on their dignity in their relations with employers. They admitted by word and by conduct that a man such as Amasa was a superior sort of person, and they were not above waiting at hitching posts for him to make his appearance in his own good time.

Presently Mr. Worthington came down his steps and walked in his erect way to the gate; his state of mind was one of affability, for he had made up his mind to a course of action. He was irritable only when in doubt.

"Good morning, Hiram," he said.

"Good morning, Mr. Worthington." The young man's voice was sufficiently deferential to confirm his employer in the opinion that he had decided wisely.

"Let us walk a block or two. The carriage will catch up with us. Er—Hiram, I have slept upon our conversation of yesterday. I find it well to sleep on matters of importance. Hasty judgments are not always best, eh?" His tone was almost jocular. "Second thought is better than first."

"Yes, sir."

"I have concluded to handle this strike with firmness."

"As I would have expected of you, sir."

"And, Hiram, as I have important matters of—er—business policy to consume my attention—very important matters—I have made up my mind to leave in your hands the details of bringing the men to reason."

Hiram nodded his head, but made no verbal reply. Mr. Worthington hesitated a moment before he spoke again, and cleared his throat as an important man should before venturing upon a statement which might give rise to hopes of advancement in an employe.

"I have been watching you, Hiram. The reports from your department are—er—satisfactory. You have, as the Scripture puts it, been faithful over a few things and"—here he cleared his throat again—"give promise that you may have the ability to be ruler over many things." This approached too perilously near to being a definite commitment, and therefore rather alarmed Mr. Worthington. "That, of course, lies in the future—possibly the distant future. I may say, however, that I shall watch your handling of the present situation as a—shall we say?—guaranty of your fitness for greater responsibility."

Again Hiram nodded with the right degree of deference, but did not consider the moment one for rejoinder.

"There is one matter, however, Hiram. I am a much older man than you, and though I can condone, possibly, certain excesses due to youth and—er—vitality, I must express it as my unalterable opinion that a man who cannot conquer himself cannot rule others." He uttered this platitude with the air and manner of one who had just made a tremendously important and revolutionary discovery in the realm of ethics. "Your health, my boy, and your advancement in this business depend upon a modification of your habits. You should settle down and—er—marry."

"After my talk with you yesterday, sir, I came to the same conclusion. You made me see, without mentioning it, that something of the sort was due not only to myself but to you. I shall never take another drink."

Mr. Worthington beamed. "I am glad to hear it, my boy; and I am gratified to know that my influence and—er—example, if I may say so, have moved you to this wise determination. I only hope the will proves stronger than the flesh."

Hiram turned his head so that for the first time he looked squarely into his employer's eyes. "When I say I will do a thing," he said, "I do it. When I say I will never do a thing again, I never do it."

Again the manufacturer sensed the latent strength of this young man—sensed it as the weaker character must always become conscious of the force of the stronger. Here was something robust, solid, powerful, upon which he might lean and be sustained. This came to him more as a sensation than as an idea. He would have resented the thought that any man could be stronger than he or that he could require to be sustained; but this feeling, this intangible drawing toward Hiram, was pleasant, reassuring, warming. He permitted himself to smile affably.

"In that case, we shall see—we shall see."

It is worthy of note that, within one half hour, Hiram had made use of the fact of his sudden reformation to further his fortunes in two directions. For reasons of his own, not stated, he had changed his mode of life. The change became a fact and his own property—an asset. From it he did not scruple to derive as many benefits as were possible from its adroit use. He had given Libby Bell to feel that she was the gracious inspiration which had drawn him out of the darkness into the light. He had strengthened, even solidified, his position in Mr. Worthington's esteem by causing that gentleman to believe it was his worthy example which had opened the young man's eyes to the error of his ways.

Yet use the fact as he might, Hiram Bond was sincere with respect to the fact. Whatever his private reasons, whatever impressions he might give to various persons in order to benefit himself, the basic fact remained. Never from that day did liquor pass his lips; and if he were guilty of other reprehensible conduct, it was with such discretion the gossips of the town did not discover it for their uses. Last night's carousal marked the end of that phase of his life. When he emerged from that cold swim against the current of the river, he entered upon the second phase, which was equally worthy of observation.

IV

THE strike, to Hiram Bond, was but an incident and an opportunity. Observation had instructed him that labor was not yet in a position to make itself dangerous to capital; and though there was a certain amount of agitation looking toward organization, the union had not yet reached the point it arrived at ten years later, when it could pit its strength against money. The days of such troubles as came to the coke regions of Pennsylvania, the Homestead strike, the railroad strike which caused President Cleveland to send troops to Chicago, were still in the future. It was clear to Hiram that no strike can succeed unless the strikers have greater power to rely upon than resides in any local union. There must be money to support the men during their struggle. It must have the backing of a mass of public opinion, and it must be able to bring widespread pressure to bear upon business. The sympathetic strike had not yet been invented, or, if invented, there was no machinery to bring it into action.

Even capital had not seen the necessity of massing itself into great combinations. It was the day of partnerships. The corporation was almost an experimental thing, emerging from the limbo of the illegal, and the nation regarded it with suspicion. To say that a certain concern was corporate in its structure was, in the eyes of a great many people, to accuse it of something malign.

There was no union whatever in the Worthington mill. The strike was the result of local irritation, of a certain spirit of adventure among men of Anglo-Saxon or Celtic blood. The common labor of the day was not Italian, Pole, Slav—speaking an alien tongue and unacquainted with the free institutions that have come down to us from the men who spoke their opinions in the witenagemot. In these mills were more artisans than laborers, and there existed still much of the independence and individual self-respect of pioneer days. Hiram Bond understood these men and he understood the times.

He perceived that no means was in their hands for enforcing their demands, and he perceived that their demands were unreasonable in that day. He did not believe there was in them a serious purpose to get for themselves concessions which the whole structure of business made it impossible to grant. The whole thing was a symptom, something sporadic in its nature, small, without ramifications and easily to be checked by a strong hand.

The carriage had overtaken them and driven them to the office, and now Hiram stood over Mr. Worthington's desk, looking down at his employer, ready to put his plan into execution.

"It will," he said, "be useful if you are called to Boston for a couple of days—say, until Monday. If you return Monday morning, you will find the mill in operation."

"Eh?" Mr. Worthington was somewhat taken back at this suggestion, which savored of getting him out of the way summarily.

"If," said Hiram adroitly, "the men feel they can appeal to your kindness of heart, it will hamper me. I need a free hand."

"I see—I see. There is something in what you say. Yes, I can very well go to Boston at this time. The idea is excellent. And by the way, you will find a desk in the outer office. Suppose you occupy that place until this affair is settled."

Hiram felt an upsurge of elation. This was, indeed, the entering wedge he had required. It placed him close to the fountainhead of authority, and so conscious was he of his own abilities that he was confident he would remain. He would see to it that Amasa P. Worthington never would find it possible to dispense with his presence. And so he took his place at that desk which was to be his own as long as that office continued to be adequate for the management of the Worthington properties; he assumed a position of nearness to Amasa Worthington which he was not to relinquish. Only upon the withdrawal of his employer to a realm of whose very existence Hiram was in doubt did the relation terminate.

(Continued on Page 113)

In 4 ways THIS FAMOUS TOOTHBRUSH is NEW

To give your teeth new whiteness—through better cleansing. That's the news in this announcement of Dr. West's *new* Toothbrush.

No extra effort or care is required of you. The extra results come from the correct size and shape of this famous brush—plus the premium-cost materials now used in it.

Get one. Use it twice daily. Brush always away from gums, towards cutting edges of teeth. That's all. But your teeth will quickly show the results you desire.

For now, in addition to correct design which dentists long ago approved, Dr. West's brush gives you: (1) costliest bristles *(used in this brush only);* (2) new accuracy in spacing, grouping, and trimming of bristles—for still more thorough cleansing of all crevices; (3) handles that are rigid, unbreakable, for easier use; (4) amazingly thorough cleansing and polishing action, resulting from these combined advantages.

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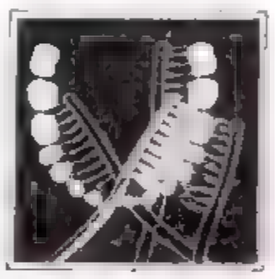
Each brush is sterilized, specially sealed, and fully guaranteed.



Fits every size and shape of dental arch, of course. See how it cleans behind teeth far back, inside as well as outside; and how it sweeps clean all crevices

Did the toothbrush you used this morning look like these?

People have to judge by what they *see*. And they see our teeth every time our lips part. Each smile is a test. When it is so *easy* to have teeth beautifully clean and white, isn't it just common-sense to give our teeth the best possible care—the care that brings real, visible results? Correct brushing, with the right brush, will do it—quickly

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(Continued from Page 111)

Mr. Worthington left for Boston on the evening train. It was Thursday. On Friday morning Hiram acted, having spent the day before in adequate preparations. He placarded the mill fences with notice to the workmen which ignored the causes of the dispute. They read:

All men except Simon Cooper, Patrick Sheridan and James Haig may return to work on Monday morning. There will be no reduction in wages. Any man now on the pay roll who does not come to work when the whistle blows will never find employment in this mill again.

The mills start at seven o'clock. We prefer to retain men previously employed, but they start with old men or with new if necessary. This is final.

And to this not the name of Amasa P. Worthington but of Hiram Bond was signed. The men would know he meant what he said and was not to be moved from his position.

A committee waited upon him promptly. "You can't do it, Hiram," they said. "You can't git the men. You can't take our jobs away from us."

"You are taking your jobs away from yourselves. The jobs are there. Come to work Monday and forget your foolishness."

"We won't let no scabs come in. There'll be trouble."

"Come out into the plant," said Hiram, and he led them from the office to the mill yard, where a hundred strangers were eating a breakfast prepared by a camp cook.

"There's the new crew," he said. "Look them over. They eat and sleep in the mill—and they love trouble."

"We want to talk to Mr. Worthington."

"I'm running this," Hiram said. "Mr. Worthington is out of town. You've seen. Come to work Monday or stay away. But the mill starts. I would rather have the old hands than these strangers."

"How about Cooper and Haig and Sheridan?"

"They are through. We want no trouble-makers here. If you men are as smart as I think you are, you'll go out and advise everybody to come to work."

"Hiram Bond, you're a hard man."

"You haven't money to support a strike. In a week you'll be starving. Steady jobs and with pay as good as the average are here for you. You've asked the impossible. You know it. You can't win. The whistle blows at seven on Monday. That's all I have to say."

They hesitated, glancing at one another uncertainly, and then one of them grinned sheepishly. "I guess you got the right of it, Hiram. But where'd you git all them scabs?"

"Where I can always get them if I need them," said Hiram.

"I guess the boys'll be back to work," said the spokesman. "But all the same, you're a hard man, Hiram." He became conversational. "How'd you git to be bossin' this?"

"By being a hard man," said Hiram, and they filed out of the door defeated, but, more than that, impressed by the manner and thoroughness of their defeat.

"You can't budge him an inch," the spokesman said presently. Which was the message they carried to the meeting, which was well acquainted with Hiram, his courage, his will, his personality. It was these things more than the presence of a hundred men in the mill premises which broke the strike.

On Monday Mr. Worthington returned to find the mill whirring, the crew at work and the strike a thing of the past. It had become only a matter for conversation, a brief adventure, a holiday. If there remained rancor, it was against Hiram Bond, which did not trouble him. If he considered it to his advantage, he would know how to abolish it.

"But, Hiram," said Mr. Worthington, "what I cannot understand is where you got so many strike breakers so quickly."

"I borrowed them from Brooks & Sons. Lumberjacks they had swamping out new roads in Blind Brook town. I pointed out that employers must stand together against unreasonable demands of labor and they were glad to help out."

"H'm.——" Mr. Worthington cleared his throat. It was an expedient he never would have thought of. It impressed him. The promptness, the firmness, the efficiency of the whole thing impressed him. "I hope it turns out all right," he said.

"It will," said Hiram, and his mere assertion of the fact impressed Amasa with the truth of it.

On the following Wednesday night, dressed in his best and driving a hired rig, Hiram called at the home of Libby Bell to escort her to the meeting of the temperance society at the Congregational church. In a more effete civilization it might be that he would appear an absurd figure to attend such a meeting and to take the pledge. In that simple and sincere day, in such a village, he would not appear absurd. The gains, he figured, would far outweigh the losses. It was an excellent way of establishing publicly his new character and would be the first foundation stone of a different reputation. In his future he would require a reputation of this sort; and he knew that in the eyes of the neighbors, as well as in those of God, one sinner brought to repentance was vastly more important than a hundred righteous men who lacked his romantic background.

As for Libby, her experience had been that of a minor martyrdom, which, it must be confessed, was more gratifying than painful to her; for the miner would have found a workable vein of sentimentality traversing her character. She was suffering for righteousness' sake—a bit of Scripture which she quoted to her father's confounding. He fumed and frothed and declared he would not have that hoodlum darkening his doorway, much less being led to a meeting by his daughter. He used the simile of a trained bear, which was not altogether inept, and laid down the law as parents dared venture to do fifty years ago.

But Libby was stubborn, as so many sweet women have shown themselves able to be. She ignored his blustering and demolished his arguments until he resolved into a state of helpless fury in which he behaved as a disgruntled pouter pigeon. He threatened. He even ventured to say that he would publicly horsewhip Hiram Bond—a mode of exhibiting one's disesteem then greatly in vogue.

"Hiram is very big, papa," she said meekly at this point.

"I don't care if he's bigger than Goliath of Gath. I won't have him coming to this house. I won't have my daughter's name bandied about with his. I've talked reasonably with you. I've been patient. Now I set my foot down. Libby, I forbid you to go to this meeting with that beer-swilling rough."

"You forbid me," asked Libby, "to do God's work?"

"I forbid you to get yourself talked about by every tabby in this town."

"I'm sorry, papa, but I have thought about this, and I have prayed over it, and I see my duty. It makes me feel very bad, papa, to—to disobey you; but when a thing is your duty and you know it is right to do it, then you must do it at all costs. And Hiram has a soul, just as that lecturer said about drunkards, and they lose it as they sink lower and lower, and I wouldn't dare to be to blame if Hiram was to lose his soul."

She was very sweet and very meek—and very firm, and so she continued to be until her father snatched his silk hat and stamped out of the house in defeat. He recognized defeat and his vanity quivered to the ache of it. He felt his helplessness—he, the owner of the bank and the second most important man in Carthage. And so, because he could not reëstablish himself in his own self-esteem by showing his daughter the door or by otherwise conducting himself as an outraged parent, he transferred his rancor to Hiram Bond. Perhaps Hiram's reformation gained him many friends; it aroused against him one enemy who, from that day forward, was as implacable as a wounded self-important man could contrive to be.

But Libby drove to the meeting with Hiram, who, by his size and his portentous silence, and by that impressiveness of bearing which always was his, embarrassed the gathering more than the gathering embarrassed him. A bear among rabbits! At the proper moment he arose gravely and took the pledge without loss of dignity. When it was done he turned to his companion, who was glowing with pride at this great moment and blushing because her modesty required that she blush in being thus dragged out into the public gaze.

"Well, Libby," he said, "that's that. Now we'll go."

"But the meeting isn't over," she objected.

"Now we'll go," he repeated, and rising, stalked out of the church. Perforce, Libby followed. He handed her into the carriage, unconscious that she was wishing she had never meddled with forces she could not control.

"It's early," he said.

"Yes," she answered.

"It's a nice night."

"Yes," she answered.

"Shall we go for a drive?"

She was shocked, frightened. To go for a drive with a young man was a significant thing in Carthage. To go for a drive with Hiram Bond was unthinkable: it would mark her; it would get her talked about; it would smirch her reputation, and she was very particular about her reputation. On the other hand, there was an element of romantic adventure and something of exciting elation that he should desire her to drive with him. Discretion counseled that she decline; the woman in her urged that she accept. But apprehension was the stronger.

"No, Hiram," she said in her low, sweet, gentle voice.

"Why?" he asked with that directness which, perhaps, if all were known, was more characteristic than the deviousness with which tradition has invested his every act

"It—wouldn't be right."

"Why?"

"Well, for one thing, papa wouldn't like it."

"Would you like it?" asked Hiram.

To this she made no direct answer, but sought refuge in a certain vagueness. "It would be wrong," she said.

"Why?"

He exasperated her. Nevertheless he impressed her. He was so big, so forceful, so portentous.

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Hiram."

"Go ahead and hurt them," he said.

"Well, Hiram, you know just as well as I do that you haven't been respectable. You've been—kind of notorious. So a nice girl couldn't go driving with you, could she?"

"How long," asked Hiram impassively, "does it take to get over being notorious?"

"That depends," Libby Bell said righteously, "on how you behave, and if folks believe you're sincere in—in your reformation."

Hiram grunted. "If I was respectable, would you go driving with me?"

"I don't think papa would want me to."

He was persistent. "But if your father didn't object, would you go driving with me then?"

"But he does object," she said, avoiding the question.

Hiram directed his attention upon Henry J. Bell and considered him grimly, if briefly. It would not have alarmed Mr. Bell had he been made aware of it. Presently Hiram spoke, and his tone and expression, more than his words, disturbed Libby vaguely.

"He's going to quit objecting," said Hiram.

The remainder of the drive was completed in silence. Hiram sprang over the wheel to hand her to the hitching block, and

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walked to the door with her, but she did not invite him in.

"Good night, Hiram," she said, "and I'm so glad you've taken the pledge, and I shall pray that you—you are strong enough to keep it."

"I'll keep it," said Hiram.

"Good night."

"When your father quits objecting," he said, "I will ask you again to go driving."

He made her feel breathless somehow, and smothered. He alarmed her. She wanted to be away from him, alone, free from that intangible something which seemed to envelop her and grip her and bend her.

In a voice so low that he did not catch her words, she murmured something and then turned and ran up the steps. Hiram did not look after her, nor did he linger to look up at her window. As a matter of fact, he was not thinking of her directly, but of Henry J. Bell.

"I've got to make him sing another tune," Hiram said to himself, and as he drove back to the livery his mind was already occupied with plans for altering Mr. Bell's choice of music.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE FISHHOOK LAWYER

Continued from Page 19

Fields, negro cabins, plantation homes, towns, filling stations. Roads, roads, roads—roads that leaped into his face at dizzying speed. Two hours, almost three, and just as Dan expected, there stood Sawney Ross on the gallery of Buntyn's dingy store. Sawney in a suit of new overalls dashed out to the center of the gravel and flagged him down.

"Well?" Dan blazed like a mother that rushes to her shrieking child; then spanks the kid for not being killed. "Well, what's the trouble now?"

"No trouble. Got another lawsuit for you." And Sawney scrambled into the car, pointing ahead. "Keep goin'."

"Where?"

"I'll show you."

The ex-jailbird seemed hazy and vague as to explanations; though his directions were sufficiently explicit. "Here's where we turn off."

At that lonesome spot a wheel trace left the highway and wriggled over marshy ground into a dense swamp through which meandered Starlight Bayou. No civilized mollycoddle ever hazarded into the unknown depths of Starlight; nobody went there except an occasional hunter or fisherman and fugitives from justice.

"Sawney, what kind of case is this?" the lawyer inquired as they jostled along the ruts.

"Don't quite understand it myself. You'll soon know."

That's all the information Dan got out of Sawney until they both got out of the auto at a tumble-down bridge.

"That bridge won't hold," Sawney warned him. "Jest leave yo' car."

Here Dan's guide took the lead, plunged into a jungle path and kept so far ahead that he couldn't answer questions. After a mile or so of fallen timber and brier patches, an unseen dog began to bark, which suggested the presence of human beings. At the bayou's bank they crashed through a thicket, where Sawney parted a curtain of vines and pointed downward, saying:

"There's Pa. He wants to hire you for his lawsuit."

If Dan had not been so angry, the poverty and dilapidation of this prospective client might have made him smile. He saw a grizzled bayou rat, sitting on the gunwale of a shanty boat that lay moored below. Pa was just sitting, bristly-bearded and with a shock of tousled hair. Barefoot, gingham suspenders supporting a pair of cottonade breeches. Like its owner, the boat itself seemed a castaway, its cabin partly covered with scraps of tar paper—a rotten derelict that floated by the mercy of Providence. There sat Pa, chewing his quid of tobacco, ruminating upon the black and stagnant water.

"Hello, Pa!"

At Sawney's hail, Pa spat into the bayou with a copious splash; then slowly turned his head, turned hair and whiskers, and a pair of eyes that surveyed the newcomer.

"H'lo," he answered, turned back, spat again, was still.

"Who is he?" Dan whispered.

"We calls him Pa."

"What's his real name?"

"Oh! Pa claims his real name is Sam—Sam Dodds."

Denizens of Starlight are apt to throw away their identification tags, and Sawney had reason for qualifying his answer. Somewhat curious to see the thing through, Dan followed aboard the shanty boat and listened while his recommender opened negotiations.

"Pa, I sent to town for my lawyer."

"You hadn't oughter did it. Ain't I tole you how them buzzards pestered me at Bardstown until I moved over here to git shut of 'em?"

"But, Pa," he persisted, "we need fishhooks and sinkers. My friend here is the best fishhook lawyer on earth. He can git 'em for us."

"An' git me some chawin' tobacker?" Pa asked.

"Sure. He rakes in chawin' tobacker with both hands."

"Mebbe so. Mebbe so." Pa appeared to be considering. His muddy toes wiggled, a sign of deep thought. Presently he admitted, "I could manage to handle a few dozen catfish hooks. An' four hanks o' cord to make my nets. An' tar."

"He'll get 'em. He'll get 'em. Show him yo' paper. My friend can milk forty-two or three dollars out o' that lawsuit, for half o' what he collects. Which 'lows us more'n twenty dollars."

"Possible. Possible." For a contemplative period Pa chawed and spat; then called to someone inside his cabin:

"Pet! Oh, Pet! Fetch the paper!"

Behind him, half stooping out of a low doorway, a slattern woman showed herself, tall, angular, withered like a weed that had grown up sappy, then dried.

The document that Pet brought was the triplicate of an ordinary oil lease, conveying rights in sixty acres, accurately described. An undivided three-quarters of this property belonged to one Richard P. Vannell and Sarah J. Vannell, his wife, the other quarter to Ezra Vannell, all of whom had signed at Bardstown, with Joseph M. Shaw as witness. Nowhere did the name of Samuel Dodds appear.

As Dan read it Sawney eyed his countenance and failed to note a flicker of enthusiasm. Thousands of such worthless contracts were kicking about the oil country. Every farmhouse could show its specimens, of less value than expired lottery tickets.

"Ain't it a good case?" Sawney questioned, while Dan, for answer, inquired of Pa:

"Mr. Dodds, what interest have you in this contract? Who is Richard P. Vannell? And Ezra Vannell?"

"That's some more o' yo' business," the shanty boatman snapped.

"Tell him." Sawney kept nudging Pa's elbow. "Tell him, so we kin git our fishhooks an' tobacker."

"Well, if you're bound to know—Richard P. Vannell, that's me, my genuwine maiden name. And Pet thar, she's Sary. Now, you got it straight."

"Ah? So you changed your name and moved over here?"

"Yep. To 'scape the botherment. Lawyers nigh deviled the soul out o' me after I signed that paper. They've been sarchin' these swamps for me, but"—the old fellow chuckled cunningly—"I dodged 'em."

Queer. Dan leaned against the cabin, extracting bits of fact mixed with shanty-boat philosophy, but not all in one mouthful:

"Mister Lawyer, I wouldn't live in nary town ef you give it to me. Have to wear shoes and socks. Me an' Pet don't love to do nothin' regular. On the farm at plowin' time I had to plow regular. Chop out regular. Nigh broke my back pickin' cotton regular, regular. Once Pet had a cow. Too much trouble milkin' regular. We give her away. When that pack o' lawyers commenced barkin' on my trail, me an' Pet left thar. We admires to live right here."

On their return to where they'd left his car, Dan opened the door and paused while Sawney remarked, "I was just considerin' that lawyers and flies don't buzz around where there ain't no 'lasses in the barrel."

"Exactly! And I'm going to find out about it right now."

At the highway Dan's roadster turned left instead of right, then steered for Bardstown, straight into a most amazing affair. The situation staggered him, bewildered him as if he'd blundered upon the password to Ali Baba's cave. And Jephtha could never have accused Dan Field of idleness. The lawyer didn't loaf around anybody's gate or hesitate near a gate, but whizzed by hundreds of them as he flew back toward the shanty boat.

It all seemed unbelievable. The nightmare of debts and deluged acres had changed to a rosy dream. He'd force that dream to come true, in spite of several men in two swift cars that raced after him. Plainly the pursuers were determined to see where he went, and perhaps find Richard Vannell. For in a village like Bardstown it had been impossible to keep his inquiries away from certain ears.

No matter. Dan was stepping on gas and treading on air. Optimism bubbled within him livelier than champagne; a confidence that nothing could now go wrong. His brave little car seemed to know every inch of road, pausing daintily at the rough spots and skimming like a swallow over the smooth. Again he turned off at the wagon way, just as a sedan sped past, slowed down and stopped in the concealment of a thicket. Then a second car. Never mind. Sawney would handle those spies—Sawney of the Seventh.

After crossing the broken bridge on foot, Dan flashed his lamp and followed the same path to Starlight, calling as he went, "Sawney! Sawney!" The dog barked and Sawney stepped from behind a brush pile. "Well, Dan, did you find anything?"

"Yes. Big. Big!" There was no use struggling to smother his excitement. Brief, jerky sentences betrayed him. "Sawney, tell me, quick! Who was the man that Pa spoke of? Has such confidence in? Keeps a hardware store?"

"He's Mr. Frazee—Henry Frazee at Benzonia. Loaned Pa a dollar when Pet was sick. Pa'll do anything he says."

"Henry Frazee—the name's all I want. I'll stop and see him on my way home. Now, listen; two cars tracked me out here. Think they'll try to locate Pa. Don't let anybody get at him until I come back here tomorrow morning."

"Over my dead body. Wait, Dan—wait. Did the case turn out good?"

"So good I'm afraid to believe it." A very few words caused Sawney's eyes to bulge, to glitter brighter than a bobcat's in the dark.

"Geerusalem! An' you git half for collectin'."

"No," the lawyer shook his head, "that's my written contract with Pa, but I haven't the nerve to charge such a fee. Anyway

(Continued on Page 116)

MEILENHOCH GELEGENE WEIDEN, BEWÄSSERT VON
REICHEN GLETSCHERWASSERN, GEBEN DEM SWITZERLAND CHEESE DEN
GESCHMACK DER NICHT NACHGEMACHT WERDEN KANN.

Mile-high pastures . . . glacier fed streams give Switzerland Cheese the flavor that can't be copied

The cheese connoisseur will tell you this—in the making of the true Swiss Cheese there can be no substitute for the pastures and forage of Switzerland. The juicy grasses and scented hay, the spicy herbs, the pure water give Switzerland Cheese a flavor all its own. It is a mystery of nature. It cannot be duplicated in the "Swiss Cheese" of other countries.

You must taste Switzerland Cheese to realize its superiority. Break off a portion and bite into it. The flavor is as rich and full-bodied as a nut. There is a subtle zest that stimulates the desire for more. Try Switzerland Cheese in a sandwich and you get a new phase of this flavor. With fruit or vegetables in a salad you sense still another. It is marvelous how much better this *genuine* cheese from Switzerland blends or creates contrasts with the foods you like.

It is decidedly appropriate to serve Switzerland Cheese at any occasion when the zestful, savory note is needed in the food. The buffet supper, the luncheon, the soup or salad course of the formal dinner offer unusual opportunities to introduce Switzerland Cheese. It is served in hotels and restaurants everywhere.

In the center is a triumphant red tomato stuffed with chicken salad. Then on tender leaves of lettuce, surrounding it, are circles and triangles of Switzerland Cheese. A masterpiece that is easy to make and a joy to eat!

You will find that Switzerland Cheese is more enjoyable—brings more of its exquisite flavor to your taste if you eat portions cut from pound or half-pound pieces instead of wafer-thin slices.

Ask for Switzerland Cheese by name and look for the many imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. This exclusive identification mark protects you from getting so-called "Swiss Cheese" or that which is "Imported" from countries other than Switzerland. The natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from cream to butter-yellow. The size of the eyes also varies from large to medium large. But the rare, true flavor never varies. Write to the Switzerland Cheese Association, 105 Hudson St., New York City, for the illustrated booklet, "Switzerland Cheese—How to use and how to serve." Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

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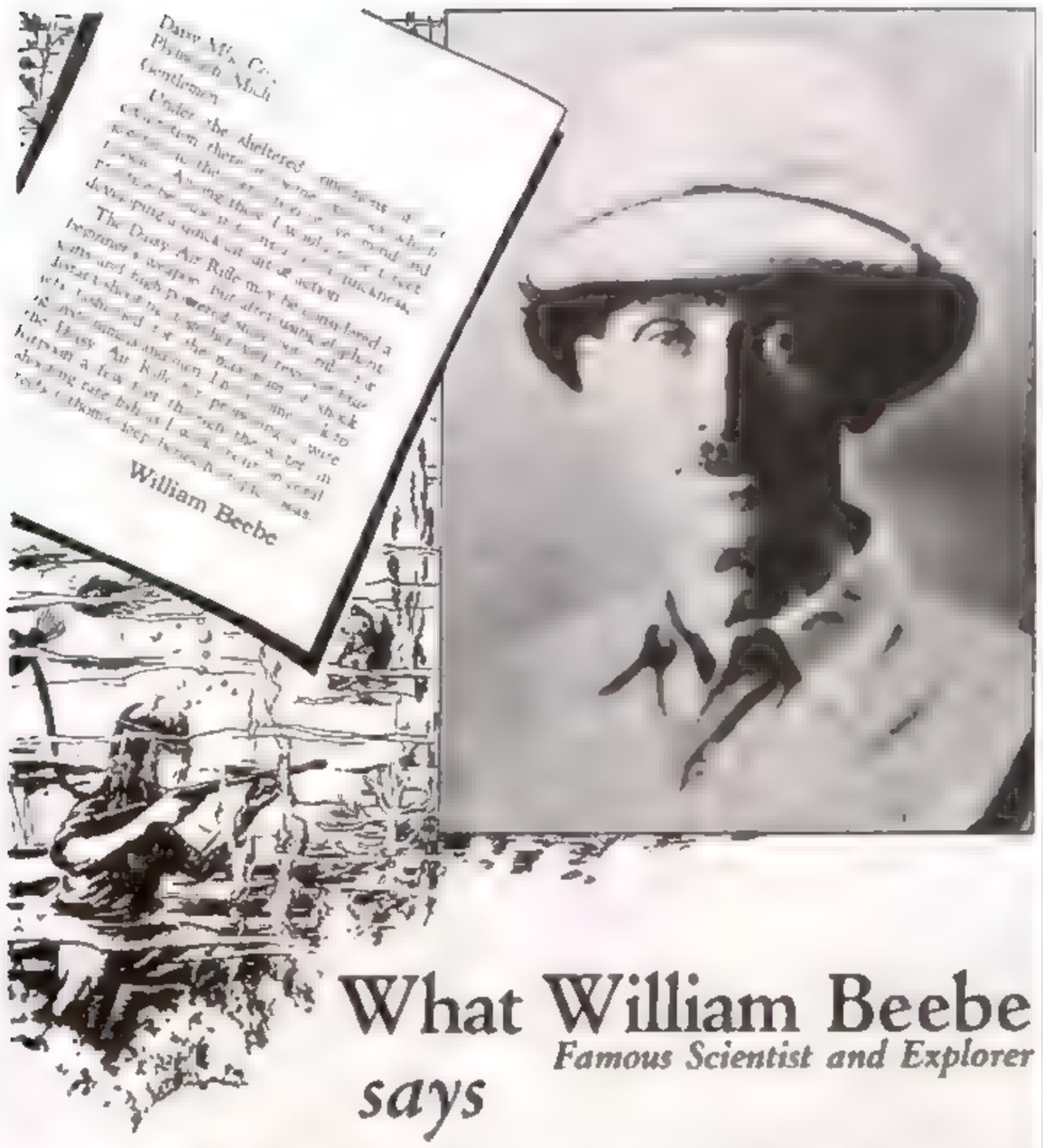
She loves up so high her head is "in the clouds"

Here comes a Swiss milk wagon drawn by a dog



What William Beebe *says* about Rifle Practice for Boys

Famous Scientist and Explorer

MORE and more, parents are awakening to this important truth in boy training. To build sound, rugged character, you must watch a boy's play hours as closely as you watch his school hours. Many prominent men, educators and sportsmen, have expressed their faith in target practice for training boys in alertness and self-reliance.

"Target practice trains a boy's quickness, developing a quick circuit of action," says William Beebe, eminent ornithologist, and Director of the New York Zoological Society, Department of Tropical Research. The author of *Beneath Tropic Seas, Galapagos, The Arcturus Adventure*, and other fascinating books, knows rifles, and their value in training for alertness of action, and acuteness of senses.

On one of his expeditions, he himself ingeniously changed the ordinarily safe Daisy into a harpoon-throwing weapon that suited his purpose admirably for stalking strange fish under the sea.

Mr. Beebe is but one of the many well-known experts who have expressed their belief in the value of target practice in building boy character. For 40 years the Daisy has been the standard boy's rifle, giving to millions of boys now grown their first training in target practice, and helping them learn the lessons of self-reliance, alertness and quick action, that lead to success. It should be your boy's first gun—for it is safe.

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DAISY AIR RIFLES

(Continued from Page 114)

I'll get plenty. Now watch those fellows and keep 'em from botherin' Pa."

"Dan"—Sawney spoke seriously—"me an' you heard a heap o' shootin' in the old Seventh. But that warn't a patchin' to the gunfire I'll make before one o' them bullies sets foot on our boat."

It yet lacked an hour until day when Daniel Field, Esq., industrious burner of midnight oil, rose from his desk, giving a last examination to three carefully prepared documents.

The hasty contract that Pa signed yesterday might not hold water; might not hold several hundred thousand dollars against the assault of Bardstown lawyers. Therefore Dan was carrying this power of attorney, a notary to attest it, and Mr. Henry Frazee as father confessor to advise with Pa.

Last night Dan had conferred at length with Frazee and agreed upon what was best to protect the ignorant shanty boatman.

"These papers are hog-tight," he thought, and stowed them in his pocket. Off went the desk light, on went the headlights of his car.

Around the corner Dan took in the notary with his seal. After two hours' hard drive through the dawn he found the punctual Frazee sitting on the gallery of his home at Benzonia, where Dan picked him up, then picked up speed.

Eleven miles to Buntyn's store. No sign of the cars that had shadowed him last night. With a feeling of relief Dan swung in at the dewy little road, hoping to settle his business without interference, until the sudden exclamation broke from him:

"Look! There they are!"

There they were, not the men themselves but a sedan that had crashed the wabbly bridge and blocked a smaller car behind it. Both abandoned, both empty. Their occupants had evidently rushed on to Starlight Bayou.

The blood of fighting Nordics flamed in Dan's face as he sprang out and called his companions to follow. For lack of better weapon, he clutched a stick and tore furiously through the briers. Behind him trundled a short-legged merchant and a short-breathed notary, two noncombatants. But Sawney Ross would be holding the front.

Above the yap, yap, yap of a frenzied cur Dan now heard his warning voice: "Stand back, you fellers! Stand back!"

"I demand to see Mr. Vannell!" a high-pitched voice protested. "He's my client!"

"Vannell's not your client!" Another voice. "He's mine!"

"Don't give a damn!" —from Sawney.

Their wrangle raged hotter, when Dan burst the last barrier of brushwood and gained the bayou banks. Immediately below him he saw five men wading in water as they attempted to scramble aboard Pa's craft, from which the gangplank was removed. The head line, too, had been cast off That end of the boat swung outward on a sluggish current. The stern line held, and above it stood Sawney Ross, brandishing his ax. "Keep off! Pa, must I cut this line?"

"Nope. Better save it." Pa's skinny arm reached inside the cabin and brought out a competent-looking rifle.

"Here, you black-coat rooster, you!" He indicated a gangling person whom Dan recognized as an attorney from Bardstown. "Ontie my rope! I mean you!"

There could be no error as to whom Pa meant. The rifle identified him. "Ontie that rope! Ontie it sudden!"

With fumbling fingers the attorney tried to obey, when Dan shouted from the top of the bank, "Wait, Pa. Mr. Frazee wants to come aboard."

Out went the gangplank. Frazee, Daniel Field, Esq., and a notary with his seal crossed it to the shanty boat. At a nod from Dan, Sawney's ax fell and five dazed Bardstonians saw their hopes of fortune drift away on Starlight Bayou.

"Now," Pa chuckled, "I reckin we kin have some peace."

For the next six days Dan Field did not show himself at the town that bore his name. Friday midnight, weary from travel, he let himself in at home, to find Jimmy Brisco sound asleep on the old-fashioned sofa.

"Bully kid!" Dan smiled and touched Jimmy's shoulder. Up sprang the scout, wide-awake, alert.

"Jimmy, I'm sorry to be so late. Here's what I telephoned for." From his table drawer Dan gave the boy a typewritten paper. "This is a list of people I owe. Start early and get their accounts to collect, on commission. I'll pay everybody at eleven o'clock."

"Fine! Fine! I been tellin' Mr. Pegee that you'd pay." The boy was glad for his friend, not himself

"Get all the bills you can lay hands on. Then tell the wide world that this is Dan Field's pay day. Everybody come to Darden's bank at eleven o'clock."

"Gee whiz," Jimmy grinned, "that bank sho will be jammed!"

The methodical Scott Pegee could not have planned his day with more exactitude. At 8:20 A.M., when Jephtha Darden left home, there stood Dan, as usual, hanging over the gate. If Jephtha had been half as shrewd a judge of daughters as he was of debtors, he must have observed that Polly was feverishly jubilant. Yet he saw nothing.

"Oh, Dan!" Plump-breasted Polly with the partridge eyes squeezed her sweetheart's hand. "I'm bustin' to tell him!"

"Sh! Happen into the bank at eleven and see the real fun."

No premonition of fun at the bank when its doors opened. The first customer was a young attorney who hadn't a cent to his credit, nor credit for a cent. Old Jephtha glanced up from his table behind the rail, but made no move to unlatch the barricading gate. So Dan performed that service for himself; then sat down without invitation

"Mr. Darden," he began in a voice appropriate to such occasions, "I should like to make certain financial arrangements and "

That's as far as he got.

"Dan," the old man interrupted, tapping impatiently on the glass top of his table, "the fact that you are a somewhat regular visitor at my home must not influence me. Your affairs are so badly involved that ——"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Darden, but ——"

"Sound banking is sound banking. Previous accounts have been unsatisfactory, a constant annoyance of overdrafts forbidden by law ——"

"Have you lost any money through me?" Dan queried gently as he spread some papers before the banker.

"No, but I lost a lot of sleep."

"I'm sorry, sir."

Slowly, as if disappointed, Dan half rose and began to gather up his documents; the only papers that lay upon that uncluttered expanse of table. Uppermost were two certified checks.

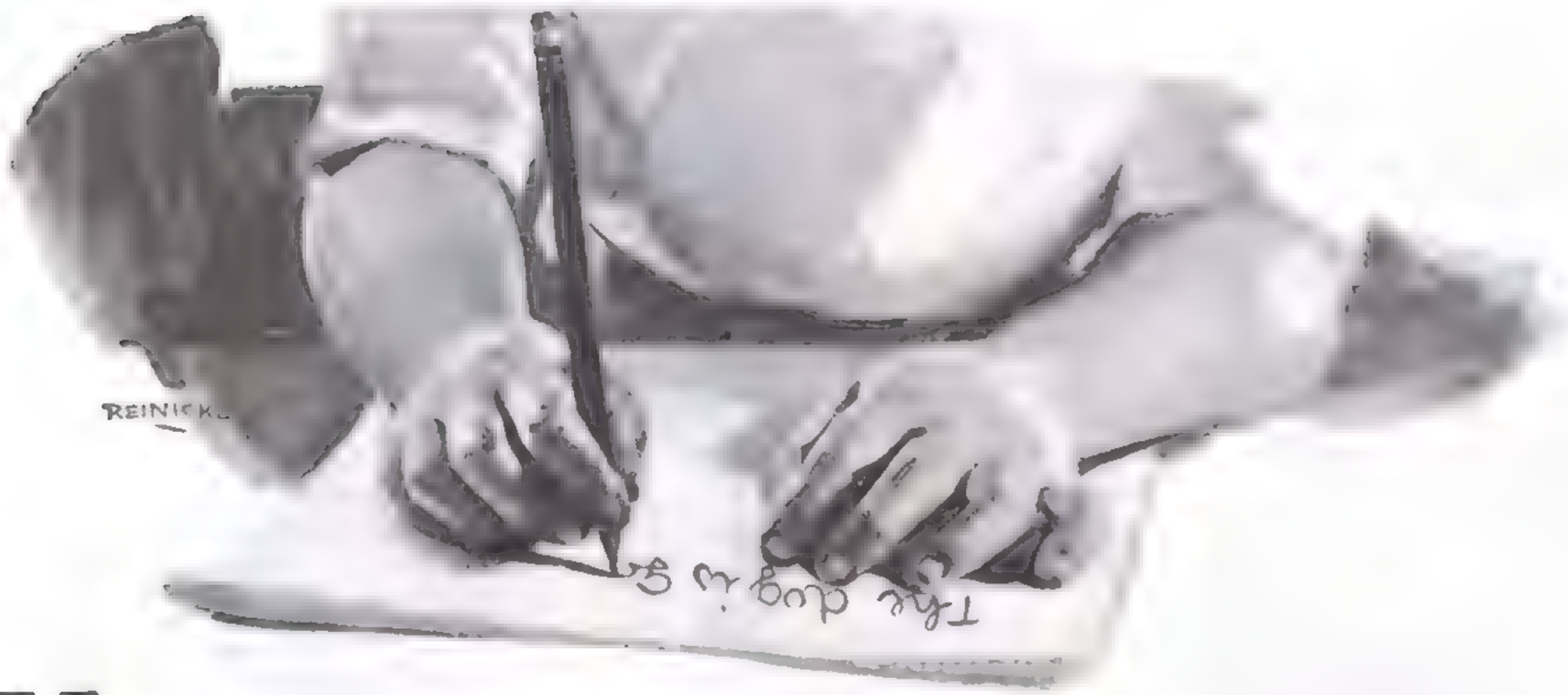
To carry off this premeditated tableau, Dan preserved the countenance of a graven image while Jephtha batted both eyes at the checks. Adjusted his spectacles, blinked. Examined amounts, signatures, indorsements; then gasped and sank back flabbily. A hysterical arm shot out, grappled Dan's elbow—the bruise is there to show—and dragged him down into the chair.

"Dan, how—did you—get—all that money?"

"Made a collection for one of my clients."

Second inning. Field at the bat. Jephtha listening to the story of how Richard P. Vannell, alias Pa Dodds, and wife, leased their undivided three-quarter interest in sixty acres to an oil prospector; the remaining fourth being owned by Ezra Vannell and included in the same lease. At the

(Continued on Page 119)



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Little hands . . . striving so hard to form the difficult words that will record child thoughts . . . little, inexperienced hands, so thoroughly unskilled in the hard work of writing . . .

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Five—Because children are picture spellers, and the typed word is the one they picture.

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SPUR GARTERS. SPUR SUSPENDERS. SPUR BELTS—QUALITY HIGH AND SMART AS SPUR TIE

(Continued from Page 116)

first symptoms of oil on the land, speculators and lawyers got after Vannell so hot that he disappeared.

Well after well came in gushing. Royalties piled up. No one had authority to represent the missing Richard. Six years ago Ezra Vannell brought suit for his quarter interest, whereupon the oil corporation paid their entire royalties into court for distribution.

Ezra collected his share in cash and one-fourth of accruing royalties thereafter, while Richard's portion waited and accumulated.

This was the simple situation that Dan Field discovered at Bardstown. Nothing to do beyond establishing the identity of Richard Vannell.

"Then, Dan," the paralyzed banker asked, "this hundred and twenty-odd thousand dollars is yours? Your own?"

"Yes. That's my fee of 25 per cent."

"And this other check—three hundred and sixty-odd thousand—belongs to the old fisherman?"

"Right. And that is the financial arrangement I wanted to make with you. Old Vannell is incapable of investing his wealth. Wants nothing except fishhooks and chewing tobacco. So we have formed a guardianship trust, approved by the court. Three trustees are to handle this fund. Not a cent can be withdrawn except upon the joint signature of Mr. Henry Frazee, Judge Durham and myself. Of course we are empowered to provide for Sawney Ross."

A transaction which more than trebled the bank's deposits kept Mr. Darden busy making necessary entries and settling details with his most important patron. Nearly eleven and he was still so utterly absorbed that Jephtha failed to notice the extraordinary numbers of people that shoved inside—mostly small boys, of whom Jimmy Brisco acted as ringleader.

The scout had proved a prophet. Darden's bank became jammed, packed full, standing room only, with the snapping-eyed Polly wedged into a corner.

"Excuse me one moment, Mr. Darden," Dan apologized. "This is Saturday and I notice several collectors with accounts against me. . . . Jimmy—oh, Jimmy, can't you sit over there at that table and pay off?"

"Me pay off?"

"Certainly. Here's my check book, with a check already signed for each bill on this list. All you've got to do is tear 'em out and get receipts."

"Shucks, that's easy!" So Jimmy wormed his small self to the table, sat down and announced: "Sharks, fetch yo' bills."

Unanimously a mob swarmed round the center of disbursement. "Fire an' fall back," Jimmy ordered, having a bully time.

The bank did a prodigious business. Polly edged over to her father's barricade as she saw him warm up at Jimmy's gags:

"Git yo' coin an' git. Lemme have air. Grab while grabbin's good. Pay car ain't comin' roun' no mo'. . . . Oh, Mister Dan, this feller claims you owes him nine dollars an' six bits. Name ain't on yo' list."

"Who is it?"

"Ed Shuster."

"All right. Make out a check and I'll sign it."

"But, Dan," the banker objected, "you mustn't pay him without examining his account."

"Look here, Mr. Darden"—Dan winked at Polly—"it's not my fault if I don't owe Ed Shuster. Tried to owe everybody. . . . Pay him, Jimmy."

Noon—the zero hour for dinner. Jephtha unhitched a key from his private ring and whispered, "Polly, that stumpy bottle, plenty crushed ice, mint. Dan's coming home to take potluck with us."

WORMS CAN TURN YET

(Continued from Page 38

his voice beseeching her for her own sake—for her own sake—not to go out into the world. What would happen her there? For her own sake—yes, that was like him; thinking of somebody else—even in that high crisis of his life, thinking of somebody else. That was it; that was the essence of the trouble—thinking always of somebody else—Niggemeyer, Schuckenburger, and now herself.

He fell to begging her then as he had begged her so often before. He had his twelve hundred dollars in the bank. Wasn't that enough? Wasn't that enough for them to start with? Tonight Delia Pentz was ruthless; she did not argue; she laughed. Twelve hundred dollars after seven years in business for himself!

Shocked, humiliated; even so, he could not let her go. Why, they had been promised for nine years; for a third of their lives they had been promised. A promise of marriage was based on Holy Writ itself; it wasn't moral, it wasn't religious even, to think of—he couldn't say the word. He stood before her, breathless, his fair hair blown down as by some soundless wind. And Delia Pentz said the most terrible thing he had ever heard from woman's lips.

"I ain't religious," said Delia, "and I don't know even if I am moral or ain't I."

He left then. He turned as he reached the oval mat before the threshold, reached toward her in a single gesture and started to speak. But he did not speak. He went out.

She walked about stiffly after he had gone. She straightened a tidy, she looked out of the window, she stood before the bird cage. She found herself finally upon the oval mat, turning as he had turned. This was too much! What was the matter with her? She strode across the room to the couch and sat down severely. One arm relaxed, the other, all of her. She lay the length of her at last, limply. And in that defenseless attitude she cried; Delia Pentz, who had not wept since her girlhood days, wept, despised her tears and wept again.

Joel Klarmann, full of resolves and persuasions, went early to the millinery shop the following night. He was met at the door by Cousin Mehitabel. Delia was gone. Gone? Yes, that afternoon. No, she didn't give any reason for leaving so abruptly. But then, when had Delia ever given reasons for anything she did? She was always one to hold things behind her teeth, and heady; yes, Delia was always one to take her own head for things. Full much so, averred Cousin Mehitabel, and passed her scant fingers over her scant lips after the manner of one who could say much more if she would.

Joel went down the street a trifle unsteadily, though the paving was smooth.

Delia Pentz went strongly into the larger town and reveled in it. She was in the world now; the world which she had glimpsed but briefly before; the world which Yingstown so decried and feared. She went strongly into the world and the world received her strongly. She retained her natural reserve, but there was always about her the wide capacity of mind, the wide capability of hand which were bound to make for her a wide place wherever she moved. Without conscious effort she gained for herself promotion in the factory; she gained an increasing circle of friends; and equally without effort she drew to herself suitors.

The first one was a man shorter than Delia herself.

"Pack yourself off!" advised Delia, laughing. "I don't feel for fetching a stool by me always."

She could say things like that without offense; the little man continued to follow. Along came a big man, a foreman of one of the departments. Aha! thought Delia. But he insisted upon her hands, her lips one night. Delia smacked him smartly.

"All youse men are little somewheres!" she scorned, but again no offense was taken. He would yet have what he wanted; he went off swaggering.

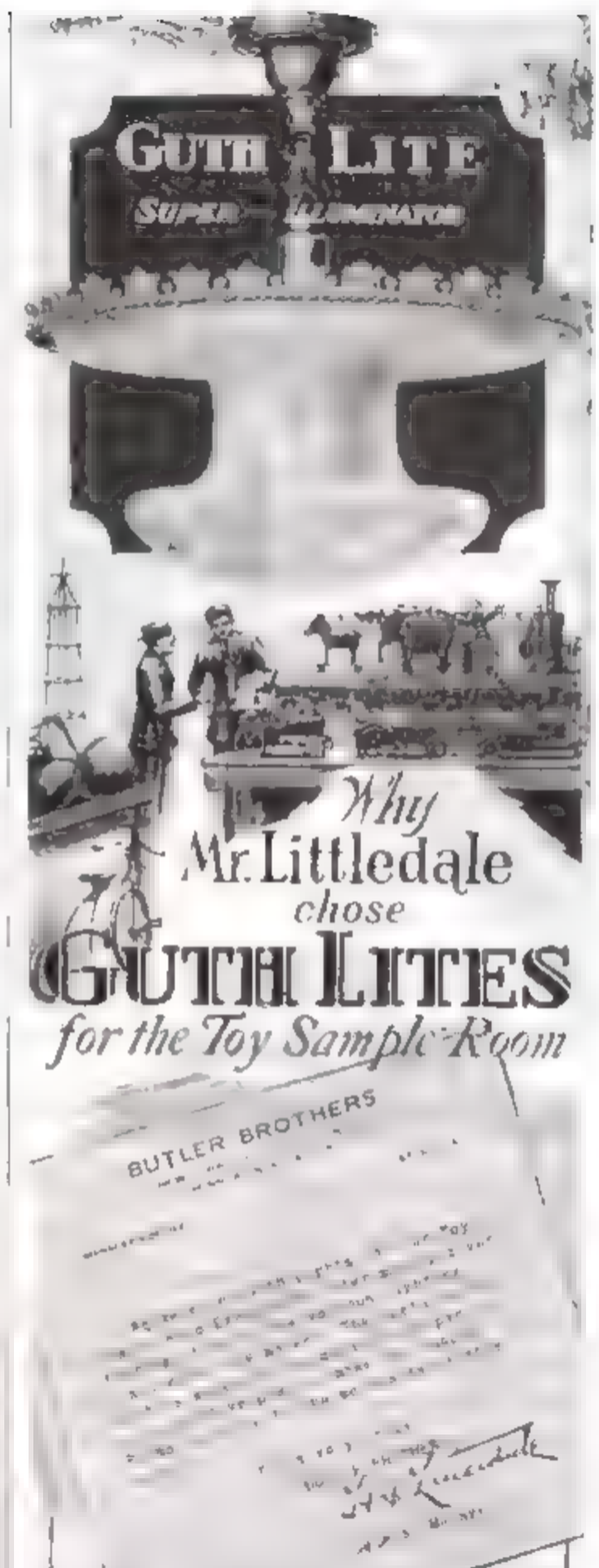
An odd thought came to Delia, reflecting upon that incident. The man was a big man; he was called handsome; he had, in their world of factory and boarding house, position. Yet in that moment when all his possessive instincts had rushed into crisis and he had held her in such grip that she could not even struggle, he had seemed little to her. It must be because away inside he himself was little, Delia thought; her fine gray eyes widening until it seemed a light was set behind them. She thought inevitably then of that time—that other moment of crisis—when Joel Klarmann had seemed to tower over her; when she had looked up, up, when his eyes had seemed the color of steel. But of course there had never been such a moment. Anything big in Joel Klarmann? Kind, yes—how kind! sighed Delia in all justice, but steel-like—how silly!

"All men are little somewheres," said Delia, and said it so often that she came to believe it.

Of course she thought of Yingstown and of course she thought of Joel, but no more than she could help. In reality she did think less and less often of them as summer passed and autumn came. The news from Yingstown was scarce; her main informant was Cousin Mehitabel, and her letters were scant like herself. Cousin Mehitabel had always a grievance. When the grievance had generated sufficient force it set her off upon a single-track letter in which the grievance blew off short explosive steam and snorted to sudden stop. Thus sometimes Delia received a short diatribe against the church membership; it was now something scandalous the way the young folks was falling off from grace. Mehitabel had caught the Kleinschmidt boy reading on the hymn book during the sermon. Leah Hittelmaus had been seen taking a pleasure walk with such a drummer. And if it was only the young folks! But, och, no; would Delia believe this now? Old man Hipfer had went to sleep during the prayer meeting—the prayer meeting yet!—and his wig had fell onto the stove and burned. A dispensation of the Lord, nothing less; for everybody knew he was perverting his natural appearance with the ungodly, prideful thing, and now it was good and proved onto him. Och, my, if the Almighty was to up and throw down brimstones the size of duck eggs, yet it wouldn't wonder Cousin Mehitabel none, the kreistled He must be anyhow! And she hoped that Delia, out there where the Evil One could get at her every which ways, would look a little out.

Twice there was grievance about the millinery shop. Cora Pewterbaugh had come in and had picked her a bonnet and a yard of inch-wide black ribbon in which to trim it around; but when the yard wouldn't stretch itself for to make a bow, too, she wouldn't have it; so there it was laying, the yard of black ribbon and cuttened off from the bolt. And that worldly Schropfer piece had wanted a hat trimmed around with roses—red roses, now mind!—and if she couldn't have that she didn't want nothing. Well, you could bet she got nothing—nothing but plenty of Scriptures clacking after her ears as she took herself off. Och, my, the patience of the Almighty would certainly give out on Him sometime and they would all fall awake to find themselves being swept off somewhere like Noah and all his houses.

This gloomy prophecy was well nigh fulfilled. More than two months passed without a letter; then came a short but mighty grievance against the unprecedented rains. Of course Delia must have heard, for the whole world must have heard, how Perch



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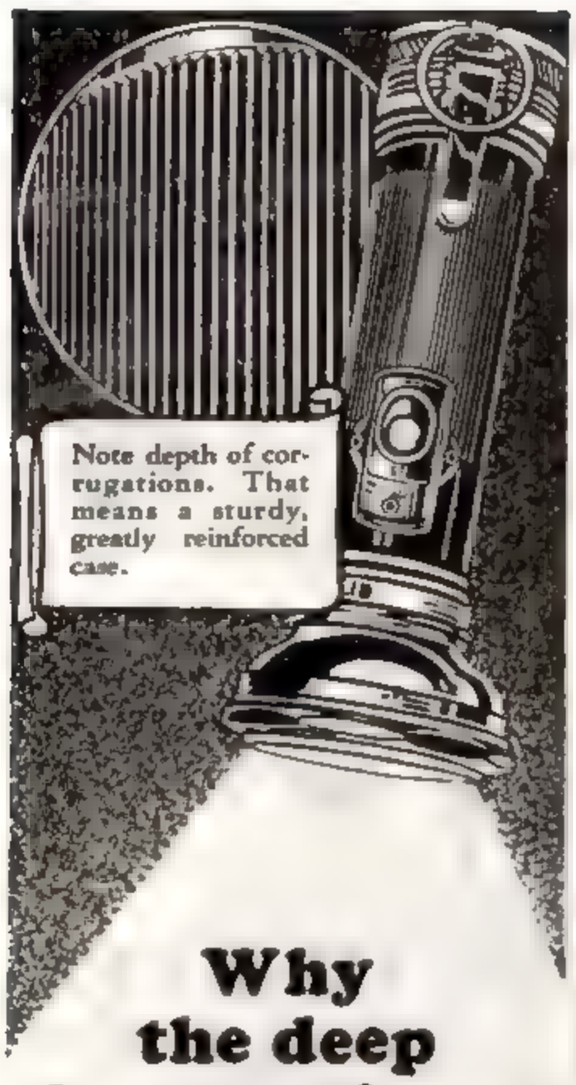

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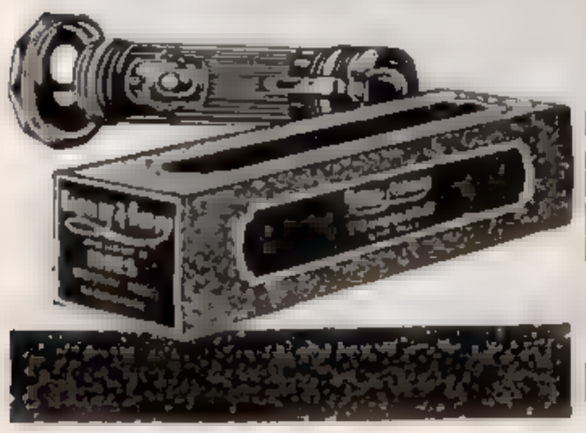


River had swellened itself up and had busted its banks over and had near drowned the town off. The awful it was nobody could near believe who hadn't witnessed it for themselves. The millinery shop had escaped, but them nearer the banks—och, my, how it had now made with them! And the noises the bridge made when it brokened loose, it was now wonderful. But the Almighty had laid His finger upon the raging floods just in time and had —— .

Delia sat with the letter upon her lap. The bridge was out. Then the little store was isolated upon its farther bank. Or was it there? She started up; then sat down again. After all, what concern of hers?

Anyway, reason told her that it wasn't gone. It was a sturdy little structure, its hand-hewn timbers deeply rooted in the clay. The worst that would happen would be the slimy yellow residue of mud which would beslime it inside and out. Had they been able to remove the stock in time? Thus Delia, who was determined not to think about it at all.

Osie would help, of course; that was his one remarkable mental trait—let Joel tell him to do something, and nothing—not death itself—would swerve him from it. Death! Och! Delia shook herself out of her chair and began angrily to wash anything, everything, whether it needed to be washed or not.

Of course—and she could smile a little at this—Schuckenburger and those others who had evaded their obligations so long could not evade this one. They would have to help rebuild the bridge, for they, too, were dependent upon it. Joel would see at last that they could produce money when it was to their own interest to do so. Yes, anyhow! And it wouldn't take long—why, a couple of weeks, with all of them working and pulling together—och, again what concern was it of hers?

But, after all, they didn't help, those others. Cousin Mehitabel told her so some two weeks later. Delia had done an unpremeditated thing. Ten days after the receipt of the letter she invited Cousin Mehitabel for a visit. She told herself and she told Cousin Mehitabel that it was the slack time of year for the millinery trade and therefore the proper season for replenishing the stock.

Cousin Mehitabel came, carrying the bird. In a scant two days she had departed, carrying the bird. In the meantime, aside from a meager excursion to the wholesale house, she had sat scantily perched in Delia's room, and her mind, skillfully directed by Delia toward the flood, ran there in single-track circles hour after hour.

"And the bridge," suggested Delia casually, "I guess it's a new one by this time, ain't?"

"Och, no," sighed Cousin Mehitabel—"not just yet, to say I could have such pity for Klarmann. The money he has got to spend out on them fancy carpenters, it is now wonderful. And the hard he is working himself, och, anyhow!"

"Carpenters oncet?" cried Delia sharply.

"But to be sure, carpenters. You couldn't expect to go to work and carpenter without no carpenters; that ain't according. He couldn't near pack them timbers himself, the heavy they are; and besides, the trade he would be losing away from our side of the river every day he ain't got the bridge."

"Where's Schuckenburger and — "

But Cousin Mehitabel had not completed her particular circle. "You know for yourself the most part of his trade is from our side of the river; for so good-liked as what he is, the folks would sooner go a pieceways for to buy their wittles off Klarmann. Och, yes, I guess anyhow; but how be is being tried out into the furnaces of affliction, that good man! Well, who the Lord loveth He chaseth."

"Where's Schuckenburger?" shouted Delia.

"I ain't deef to my ears," reproved her guest. "Schuckenburger oncet? Yes, where was Schuckenburger anyhow? And all them others, ain't?" Cousin Mehitabel passed her scant fingers over her scant lips as one who could tell scandalous volumes if she chose.

Delia was silent for a moment. She stood, her arms slowly stiffening. "I hate and despise folks where are soft at their head!" she burst out.

"What do you mean anyhow by them strong words?" Cousin Mehitabel demanded with asperity. "You look plain onreligious at your face."

"And the glad I am I left Yingstown!" stormed Delia. "I hope if I never set eyes into it again."

Cousin Mehitabel reared back. "The town where you was born from a'ready!" she gasped. "Was you gone loony or what? Somepin could happen you making speeches like them. You draw my breath! Now listen and mind to what I say: The day will come till a while yet that you will come packing back to Yingstown, and glad you will be to do it too. Take another thought if you don't think it!"

Again the minor prophet spoke truth. Delia Pentz landed in Yingstown at the end of the eighth day after Cousin Mehitabel's departure, and glad she was to do it. Yes, she was glad; she did not know why she was glad any more than she knew why she had come back. But she had a deep sense of peace as she went along the quiet street in the dusk, and when she reached her own door she rejoiced guiltily that Cousin Mehitabel was not there. No, Mehitabel still retreated at night to her own home farther down the street. Delia felt for the key in its accustomed place and let herself in. She would be here for two days; that foreman with a swagger of his shoulders and a predatory cast in his eye had gained for her the leave of absence.

Delia herself still wondered vaguely why she had come as she went toward the river in the early morning. The feeling that she must come had pushed her and pushed her until at last she had started almost without volition; curiosity to see the town after the flood, she supposed. She stood upon the bank around a bend which hid the new bridge from her view, and an odd thought came to her as she looked down upon the little stream bearing so evenly, so peacefully upon its destined way. What had it accomplished by this sudden bursting from its bounds? Nothing but havoc. It had gone sweeping and tearing away, and now it was back in its channel, quiet once more. But others had had to pay. Delia felt suddenly out of sorts, but oddly enough, not so much with the river. With what? She didn't know. She twitched her shoulders and walked on.

She stumbled against the root of a small tree which had been uprooted by the torrent; caught in the caked slime about it were dried stalks of goldenrod. Goldenrod! One of the new patterns of dinner ware at the factory which she had most admired had borne a design of goldenrod; the yellow sprays glazed against their white background had looked so real. Real? But here was the real; even these dead stalks were more essentially real than the brilliant sprays painted and glazed—copies of the real, that's what they were, only. Delia raised her eyes. And those trees, those houses—when they were copied only passably folks said they were so real. Real? Why, here was the real, here before her eyes, in Yingstown.

She did not resent the thought; it bore no especial significance for her—not then. She was merely amused by it. Her mind was not given to whimsey; it had unexpectedly entertained her. Delia went on around the bend.

She saw the bridge then, and a man working upon it—Joel. Her eyes flew to the bank opposite. There was the store, sturdy and comfortable at the foot of the oak. With the dried mud flaking from it, it looked more than ever like an aged, peeling mushroom. Delia drew slowly beneath the locust trees toward the man. He was working near the end of the structure, upon one of its railings. She was almost directly behind him when he straightened suddenly, hammer in hand, his back to her.

"Osie! Look oncet!" he called; and Delia started at a sharpness in his voice she had never heard there. He seemed to be gazing at a wagon which was approaching the store from the other side.

There was a movement at the foot of the oak. A thin, hollow laugh, with the husk, not the substance, of maturity in it, rang happily. From the side of the tree protruded a thin arm, a sling shot in its hand.

"Let that thing, you brat!" shouted the man upon the wagon, and there was something of terror in his tone. "What's a matter of you anyhow?"

"It's you, then, Niggemeyer!" called Klarmann. "The sun was at my eyes. All right then, Osie. Leave him pass oncet."

The man started his horses with an angry click and came across the bridge. His face was still red as he came abreast Klarmann.

"Think you're some smart, ain't you?" he ground between his teeth.

"I give you dare to be the judge for that." Klarmann straightened again with the hammer and stood gazing after the other.

That quiet metallic ring of voice—and how tall he looked!—and his eyes were stern, implacable and the color of steel. Delia started from beneath the locust as though not conscious she was moving.

He saw her then. Wordless, motionless, he looked at her as she stood before him. He seemed to tower over her; she seemed to look up, up—Delia passed a hand over her eyes.

He changed then, but not so much—not so much. "You're back then," he said quietly, and looked and looked.

"Yes, I'm back," repeated Delia, and added in some sort of vague defense: "For two days." Her eyes veered toward the bridge. "You got you a new bridge a'ready."

"Yes, I got me a new bridge."

"I guess it cost plenty expensive too."

"Eleven hunert, yes, and some better than that."

Eleven hundred from twelve hundred ——

"I got nine hunert," said Delia simply.

She had not intended to say it, but it seemed the thing to say; at the time she was not even surprised at herself for saying it. It was only afterward she wondered at herself; why had she not at this moment burst out about Schuckenburger and those others? Why had she not felt triumphant over her predictions coming true? Triumphant—over this man who was somehow so strange?

He seemed not to take note of her remark; he invited her to walk with him across the new bridge. Delia did so, feeling oddly pent, her eyes for the most part upon the edges of the new clean boards, which had not yet been soiled by the muddy wheels. The bridge was a short one, but she seemed a long time crossing it in step with this man—in step with this man who was at once so familiar and so strange.

"Och, now, Osie!" Klarmann suddenly raised his voice in protest. The elfish face was peeping from behind the oak; a thin arm was upraised; in its fingers, aimed directly at her, the sling shot!

Delia curdled back; she had never known such an instant of agony; this eerie creature she loved aiming a deadly missile at her!

"Let it," Klarmann was saying to the boy. "Why, you know Delia. This is Delia come back again oncet." He turned to Delia with a slight chuckle of embarrassment: "You mustn't fault him for it. You see, he ——"

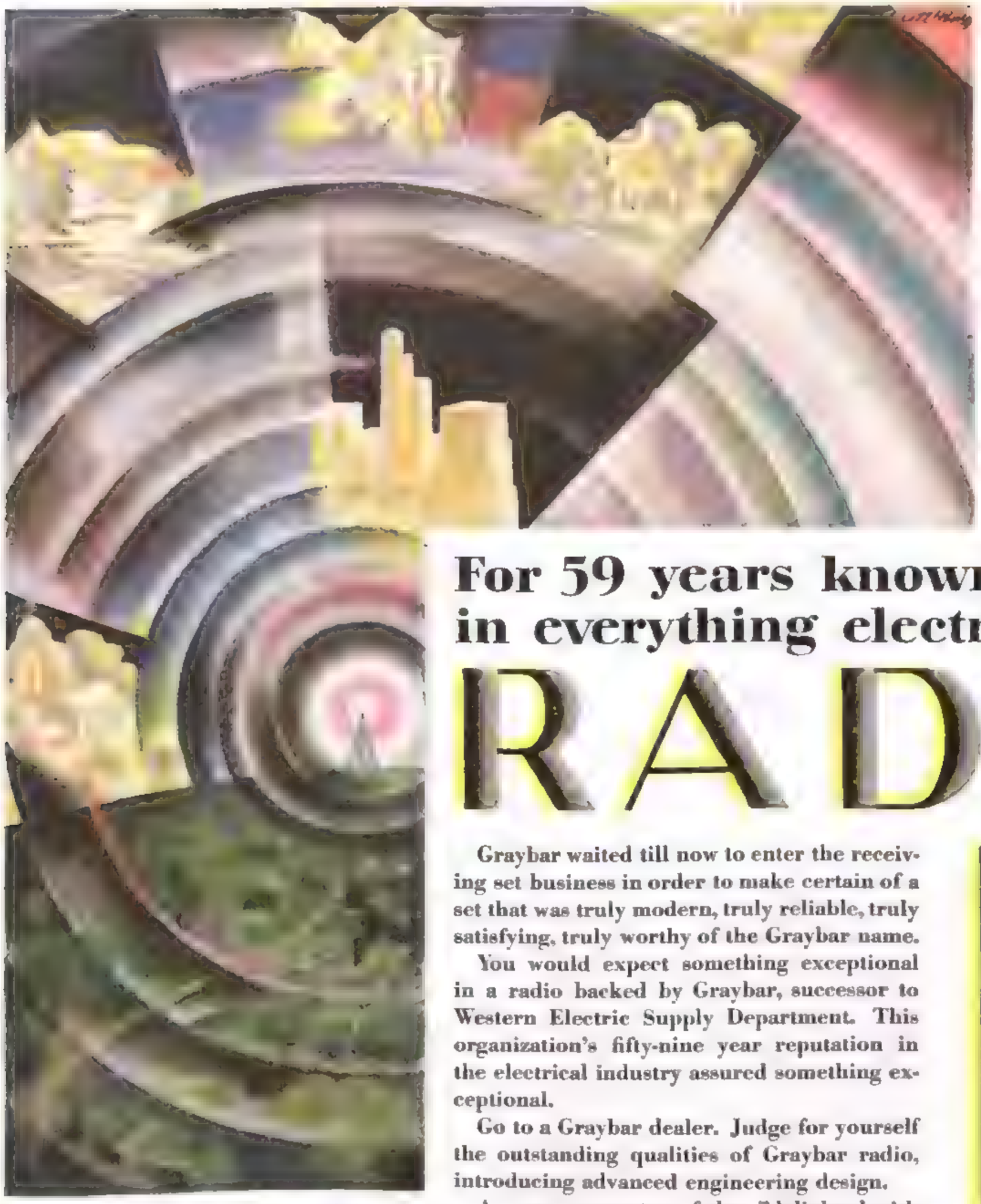
"But was she paid a'ready?" persisted the boy.

"She's paid. Now let it, like I tell you."

"Paid oncet?" Delia's voice rang high in startled reaction; for the first time she was the old Delia again. "What for dopplig talk is that—paid?"

Klarmann told her then, but first he pointed to a sign upon the bridge. The boy, satisfied, had thrown down his sling shot and had flung himself upon Delia in his old-time way; he was clinging tightly to

(Continued on Page 122)



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You would expect something exceptional in a radio backed by Graybar, successor to Western Electric Supply Department. This organization's fifty-nine year reputation in the electrical industry assured something exceptional.

Go to a Graybar dealer. Judge for yourself the outstanding qualities of Graybar radio, introducing advanced engineering design.

As your guarantee of that "delighted with it" feeling, look for the familiar blue and white Graybar tag—on radio, on clothes washers, on ironers, on vacuum cleaners and on everything else electrical.

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Graybar 320. The 310 built into beautiful console, with speaker. $195.
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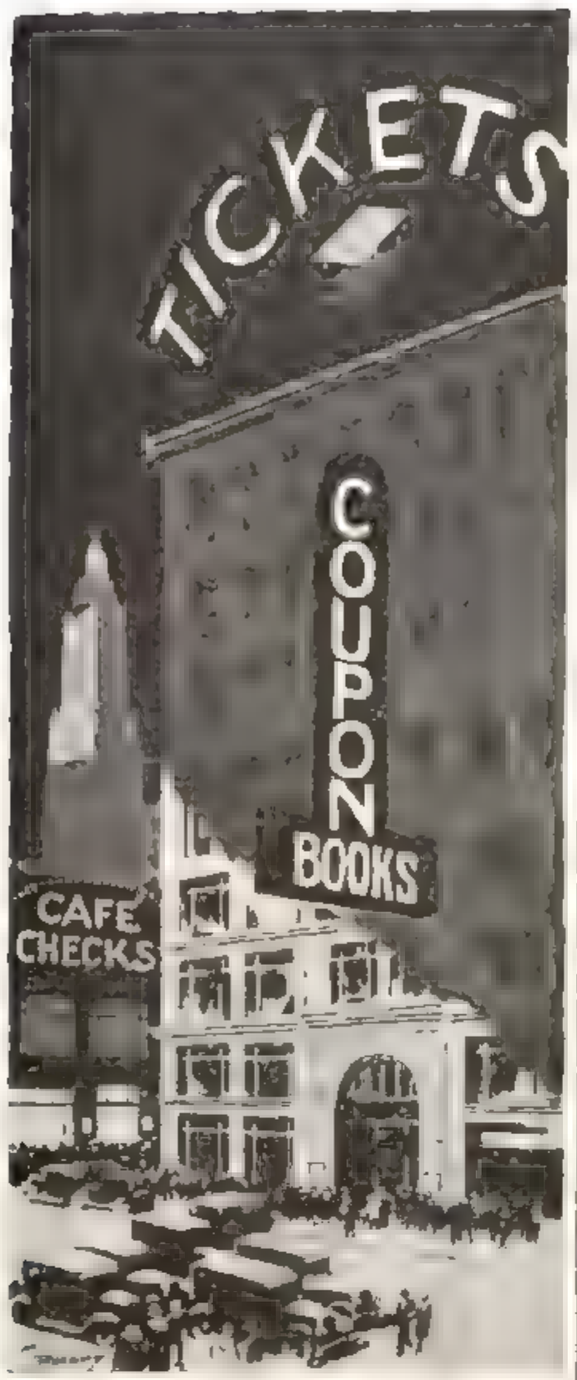

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Specialists in Numbered Printing

(Continued from Page 120)

her, and Delia read the sign, pressing unconsciously the spritish head to her bosom.

I GIVE DARE TO PASS ONTO THIS BRIDGE TO SUCH WHO ARE NOT OWING TO ME. STOP BY AND PAY ME OUT OR TAKE THE CONSEEQUENCES
J. KLARMANN

Delia's arms fell slowly from the boy; she looked at Klarmann numbly. "You—you wrote that off?"

"Worms can turn oncet," said Klarmann grimly. He began to tell her then, and as he did so he straightened in stiff anger; his brows drew, and new downward lines etched themselves as though with steel in his cheeks. Those others had refused to help him build the bridge—yes, they had even laughed in his face. They didn't need the bridge—not for almost a year—not until their next year's crops were harvested, even. Weren't their cellars and granaries filled for the winter? They had everything they needed excepting what they conceited they could still wheedle from him.

Klarmann drew a deep breath. They knew they had him in a corner. He had to have the bridge; he had to get his goods from the railroad station; and he had to have his trade from across the river. Och, yes, let him build the bridge; let him build the bridge that they would later use.

"Somepin in me begun to stir around—somepin hard!" Klarmann struck his breast. "Yes, somepin I didn't know I had it in me come up to the surfaces then. I went to work and I never said nothing. I drawed me my money off the bank and made me my bridge a'ready and I never put a word out of me. But the day it was finished all, I put that sign at and I says to Osie: 'Set oncet with the sling shots,' I says, 'and don't let nobody pass till I see oncet who it is a'ready,' I says. Och, yes!"

He gazed fondly at the laughing boy.

"It was Osie here done the tricks for me. . . . Ain't, Osie? One by one they come the road down and one by one I told them what would happen them if they tried for to set hoofs onto the bridge without paying me every cents where was on the books. And then what do you conceit they up and done? They called themselves into such a meeting and they counted it up what for cash was owing to me off them all, and if it would be to their adwantages yet for to take it and build oncet their own bridge. Och, yes, if they didn't! But, no, it cost them cheaper for to pay me out, as I knowed all the time it would; and I had them then where I could twist them under my thumbs. So that," said Klarmann, and his shoulders sagged a little wearily, "is how it has been going with me, Delia. For six weeks, thinking them stir-around thoughts and working hard at the bridge. Six weeks yet!"

Cousin Mehitabel's furnace of affliction—the steel which had been there all the time fused now with the softer stuff. Not that Delia thought these things. The moment was not one for thought; it was for the amazed seeing of the eyes, the incredulous hearing of the ears. Before her stood Klarmann, tanned of face, muscled of arm and straighter than she had ever seen him; in her ears was his voice with a timbre of resolution she had never before heard.

"Och, yes, Delia, you had right; but then, you always had right."

He was gazing at her widely, wistfully, as though his eyes could never have enough of her. But something was gone! He had lost something. What was it? She could have beat her palms.

"But what's over you? What makes you stare so in front of yourself?"

Delia roused. "I was just thinking"—she felt her way vaguely, only half realizing that she spoke—"that I guess maybe most men are big somewheres."

"All men are big somewheres," said Joel Klarmann. He paused and shook his head a little. "Two days ——" His lips framed more in unconscious sigh than in speech.

"Two days!" said Delia sharply. Her eyes roved the little store, the river, the locust trees, the old roofs of the town; all so real, so real! But she was still Delia Pentz, for whom surrender was hard. "And I ain't saying for how much longer," she compromised.

And then she saw it—the thing she had missed, the thing in him which was seemingly gone! For once more upon his face had come the expression of one who trembles upon the edge of joy. Once more she heard his audible sigh as though he were sinking to rest—to rest in her own pleasant parlor.

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MAMMA'S, AND DIMITY GAY

(Continued from Page 9)

"We must get in on it somehow, Balm," continued Gainsborough. "That's only fair. Come now, what do you propose? You are a business expert."

"Yes, I know," admitted Julius cautiously. "I know. But I am not a business expert, gratis, my dear Gay, and consequently it is highly necessary to know how we stand in the matter. Do you wish, for example, to engage me as a business expert to handle your interests in this affair? Or would you prefer to work with me in a sort of—um—informal partnership, our mutual object being to obtain directorships and a serious interest in the new company?"

Again the good Gainsborough reflected. Not so long before, Julius would have suggested no alternative to his retention as Mr. Gay's business expert in the matter. But since that time he had married Eleanor Savernake, with eight or ten thousand a year, which he was rapidly increasing for her—and himself. This, plus what he had himself, put him quite cozily in a position where he could participate in a deal on more or less equal terms with Gainsborough.

It did not take the nimble-witted publisher long to realize that if Julius came in as business expert only, he would require one of those truly staggering fees with which Mr. Gay in the past had made rueful acquaintance; whereas if he came in as a partner, he would bring in his business expertness free.

So Gainsborough smiled. "United we stand, Julius," he said with the air of one who quotes. "Let us go in as partners."

"That's capital," purred Julius. "Eleanor will be delighted. Very well then, we are agreed. I will begin to take discreet steps in the direction of ascertaining Mr. Avery Hackett's plans. Later we can formulate a proposal."

"When we have something to offer," smiled Gainsborough. "And apropos of that, I have not been entirely idle. It is just possible that I shall have a very interesting surprise for you before long. It is too—um—nebulous to discuss now, but it may not be so for long."

"Splendid!" said Julius.

They understood each other as well as a piston understands its cylinder. It wasn't necessary to talk any more about it. Each had, or conceived he had, something up his sleeve which, duly produced, would do much to convince that rather hard and solitary-minded battler, old Avery Hackett, that he would do well to share with them what he would have preferred to keep for himself—if he could.

So in the most benign and indulgent of moods they went in to see Elaine and her bouquet of daughters.

III

IT IS hardly necessary to state that the charming sisters were delighted that mamma had been sufficiently courageous to withstand daddy's perfectly ridiculous request that mamma should ditch, as it were, her old sweetheart in favor of scouting across to Bilsberry Magna, there to renew acquaintance with the Wesleys.

Probably no mother can produce from her past anything more interesting to her daughters than an old sweetheart. It tickles the youthful feminine fancy first to compare what mamma could have had with what she actually got, and then to compare it with what they look like getting themselves.

Torfrida was calmly confident that Colonel Haslar, D.S.O., M.C., would prove quite a nice person—a little old-fashioned, perhaps; yes, maybe a bit behind the times, but still quite nice. Maulfry and Bethoe, younger than Torfrida, were quietly sure that he would prove a rather harsh, curt, withered up, highly military man of no great blandishment, who wore a white mustache and white spats, and said "Humph!" at regular intervals.

Dimity, on the other hand, maintained stoutly that mummy's old sweetheart would be a darling. "Everybody knows that mummy was just too lovely for anything when she was young, and she could have married almost anybody she liked, if she hadn't happened to go failing in love with daddy," said Dimity. "And she was always sweet and kind and rather shy. I am sure she was better than any of us, except perhaps Frida, and I bet you all anything that Colonel Haslar will be just an adorable man for an old sweetheart. I shall ask him to tell us all about mummy when she was a girl."

Dimity was right. Entirely by chance, the child happened to be in the hall when the colonel was admitted. His eyes widened as they fell on her, and he stopped short, staring a little. Dimity did not mind; indeed, she rather liked being stared at by very tall, very thin, soldierly men, quietly arrayed, cool, correct, tranquil and undeniably handsome, even if their hair was going a little gray at the temples. The colonel was one of this type, and it is not such a plentiful type that one feels jaded when an example of it stares at one with sheer admiration, affection and something of wistfulness in his eyes. Dimity smiled invitingly. "I should think you must be Colonel Haslar," she said.

"Yes," he smiled. "And I should think that you were your mamma as I knew her so many years ago, if I did not know that you must be her daughter."

"How lovely!" said Dimity. "Am I truly like mummy was when you knew her years ago?"

His steady gray eyes really were wistful as he smiled at her. "Like her?" he said. "Child, you are so like her that it seems to me as if a dainty little ghost had risen out of the past and come back to greet me across this—this great gulf of years."

Somehow Dimity loved him for saying that like that—so sincerely and frankly. She had not missed that touch of wistfulness in his eyes, nor a certain queer remote weariness which, she fancied, lay upon him. She loved him and she was somehow sorry for him, and she wished she could give him something or other that he would like. She wondered if it would be correct to give an old sweetheart of mamma's a kiss to cheer him up. Her kisses had a great knack of cheering folk up—so, at any rate, Archie, her fiancé, always enthusiastically said.

Probably not, she decided. "After all, I should think he has been kissed a good many times, he is so good-looking, and so it wouldn't be much to him. And I don't blame him, either. Still, I do like him, and anybody might have known that mummy would have had good taste." So she smiled

(Continued on Page 124)

"I'm expecting you!"

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The finest foods . . . both imported and domestic . . . are always included in A & P's ANNIVERSARY SALE.

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This is your invitation to attend A & P's Anniversary Sale . . . planned to be the most interesting of all. Entire week, beginning Monday, October 22nd.

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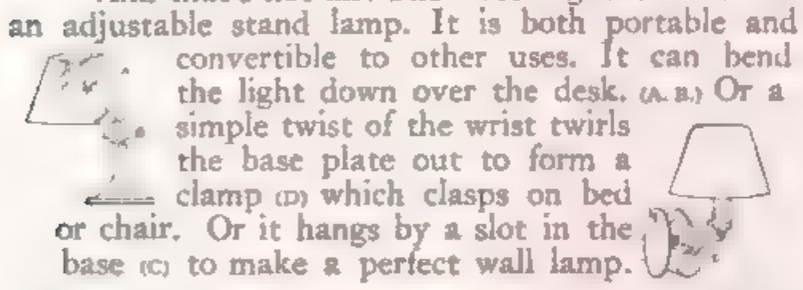

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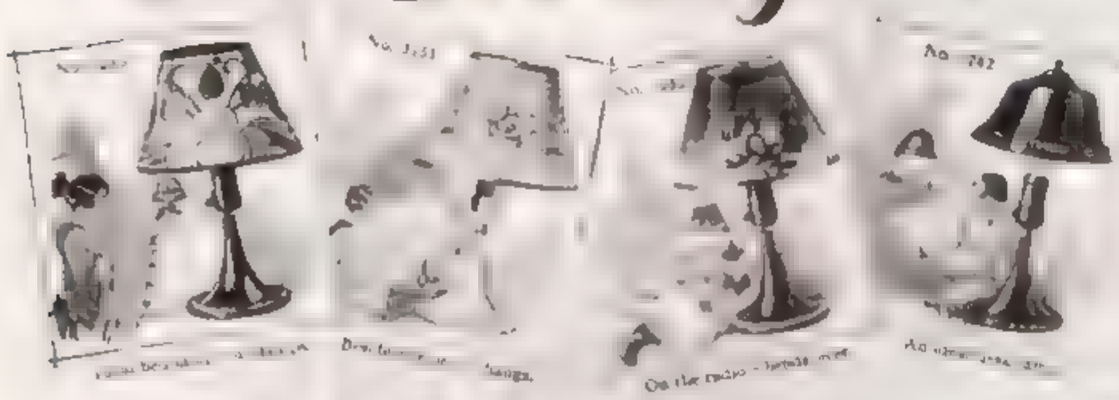
"The light that twists and turns for you instead of your having to twist and squirm for it."

When you see the handsome quality and fine design of a Buss Light, you will wonder how it can be sold for only $3. Ask at department stores or electrical stores anywhere.

BUSS *Lights*



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BUSSMANN MFG. CO. [illegible] ST. LOUIS, MO. [illegible] Buss Lights [illegible]

(Continued from Page 122

her friendliest smile upon him and invited him to come with her into the drawing-room.

If the four fair sisters had romantically expected—even, perhaps, hoped for—some display of emotion when mamma greeted her old sweetheart, they were sadly disappointed. The mother of four fair daughters and the wife of a fairly fair publisher can usually be reckoned a lady, with her emotions in tolerably steady control; and a man does not become a colonel and a D.S.O. in four years of intensive soldiering if he is given to registering all his feelings freely on his face.

Mamma and he exchanged the friendliest of greetings, and even friendlier compliments upon the complete failure of the years to corrode each other's youthful charm, and then, introductions being completed, they all settled down to make, so to speak, a jolly little afternoon of it.

Haslar was quite palpably a man worth while, and in manner about as much like the colonel of fiction as a Scotch comedian is like the average Scotsman. He was exactly the type of quiet, well-bred, good-looking man of early middle age that every mamma would like to produce as an old sweetheart of hers.

Before he had been there half an hour, the three eldest girls thought him adorable. Dimity, of course, had thought that long ago, and mummy had thought it twenty years before.

He was only staying in Ernemouth for a short holiday. They gathered that the celebrated Ernemouth sea air was going to do something about a slight hitch in the working arrangements of his chest, originally started by a marked overdose of gas during the war. After the holiday, the colonel told them, he was going back to town to see about getting into harness again. The nature of the harness he did not specify, though Dimity rather skillfully gleaned that it had some connection with a poultry farm somewhere.

But, as mammas so ably and often do, Elaine contrived to glean a great deal more than her daughters. Possibly she concentrated her attention rather more closely on the conversation of the haggard D. S. O., but more probably it was the arrival of Clarence Rackstraw with an Alsatian pup, designed as a present for Maulfry, and duly inspected on the lawn by all the girls, that gave mamma and the colonel a chance for about twenty minutes' quiet chat by themselves.

And when presently the old sweetheart departed, regretting politely that he had not experienced the happiness of meeting Mr. Gainsborough Gay, it was Dimity who, noting a certain sadness in Elaine's mien, patted and cajoled her into confiding all about the old days with the colonel, and everything else to do with him. Mamma confided with such thoroughness that long before the good Gainsborough returned from his labors in the city, Dimity knew that the distinguished-looking old sweetheart was really in a pretty parlous condition.

Immediately before the Great War, Lindsay Haslar had been an architect—struggling. Immediately after the said war he had been an invalid, continuing so for some eighteen months. A couple of years' renewal of the old struggle in the architect's business had broken him down again completely. He had limped along for the intervening years in a cottage on the west coast, fighting back to something like health, and now was completing that fight with a fortnight at Ernemouth. After that he hoped to do something worth while with a little poultry farm.

"Oh, but, mummy darling, he mustn't. Daddy always says the words 'a little poultry farm' are the saddest in the English language. Everybody thinks they will make some money with a little poultry farm and nobody ever does," said Dimity impulsively. "Why, he will lose all his money—truly he will. Everybody always does. It's the custom."

Elaine smiled rather ruefully. "Why, Dimity, I am afraid he hasn't very much to lose. At least, I suspect so."

"Well, then I think it's a shame, and somebody ought to do something." Dimity jumped up and hugged her mother. "Never mind, don't be sad, darling. I am so sorry your old sweetheart has been so unlucky, and I think he is perfectly lovely, and if nobody will do anything for him, then I will, you see, mummy. I was going to think of a plan to give you a nice present, but now I shall wait for that and give it to Colonel Haslar instead."

Mamma instantly looked anxious. "Dimity, you mustn't do anything wild. It is very sad, and you are a good, sympathetic little soul, but you must promise not to do anything that is silly or in bad taste."

"Why, mummy, of course not! Only sometimes it just happens that—that something happens, you know, mummy ——" And with her customary intelligence, she broke off just as Mr. Gay entered after what evidently had been a trying day among the paper merchants and compositors and bookbinders and printers' devils and authors and things.

IV

CONSIDERABLY to her surprise, the attractive Elaine and her even more attractive bevy received a welcome from Mrs. Esmond Wesley which was so extremely enthusiastic that quite obviously it was given without reservation:

"It is perfectly sweet of you to come over, Elaine, and if I hadn't forgiven you for dropping Esmond years ago, I should certainly forgive you now. I understand him better now. I realize that the poor dear was born to be dropped, and I am rather thinking of dropping him myself," said Muriel airily.

"You wear wonderfully, Elaine," she ran on, "and the girls are too lovely. How do you think I seem? Not so bad, considering that I have lived ten years with an unpublished author, do you think?"

It was pleasant for Elaine to be able to say that nobody in the world would have believed that the looks of any human wife could have stood such a ten years' strain. And it was true. Muriel Wesley had borne up against ten years of her author quite as well as Elaine had borne up against twenty-odd of her publisher. Never a plain woman, she had become more and more attractive with every year that brought its addition to her store of knowledge and its harvest of inventions for the preservation of natural beauty and the arresting of grim old Anno Domini. She was a slim, tall, three-quarter brunet model, about thirty-five gross—or, less discount, twenty-six net. Her eyes were pensive, her habits expensive. She gave off an impression that she was extremely flexible in traffic, could accelerate from five to fifty-five in surprisingly few seconds, and might advantageously have been fitted with four-wheel brakes.

Esmond, himself, she remotely explained with the air of one imparting good news, was out. "He may be strolling round hating the orchards, but he will inevitably come in for his tea. Meantime let's have tea—and talk."

That suited Elaine, Torfrida, the rather lazy but adorable golden fatty, Maulfry, who asked nothing better than to be allowed to nibble at sweet things and daydream of her fiancé, one Clarence Rackstraw.

But Bethoe and Dimity were less restful. They had caught sight of a young Greek god in shirt sleeves doing something to an apple tree some distance down the orchard, and they promptly invited themselves out into that fairyland of full bloom.

Muriel, hinted at, told them that somewhere in the orchard they would find a rather good-looking youth who would show them round, explaining that he was Rupert Fanshaw-Fielding, whose parent had quite recently paid Esmond a very respectable sum to accept Rupert as a pupil in the art of cider-apple raising.

(Continued on Page 127)

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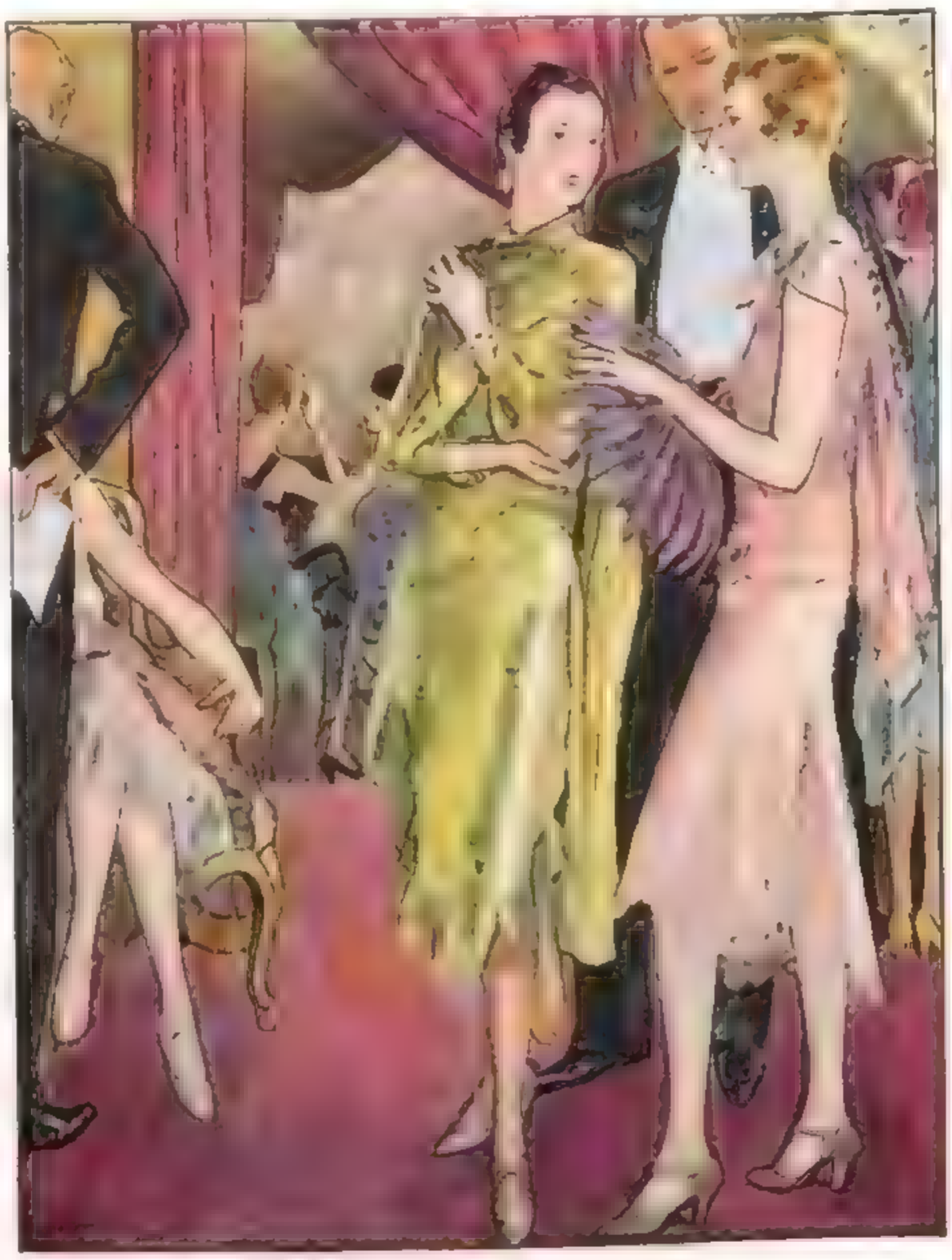

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"I think it's rather jolly to find a pupil here, don't you, Beth? If he's nice, we'll come again," prattled Dimity.

"Yes; but don't forget that you're engaged to Archie, Dimity," said Beth, who had rather a weakness for the Greek-god style of beauty.

"Oh, Archie wouldn't mind my being just civil to dear Rupert," said Dimity.

But the child rather lost interest in dear Rupert when, in closer touch with him, she perceived that his Greek-god beauty was neither so Greek nor so godlike nor beautiful as distance, lending its usual enchantment to the view, had led her to believe. He was a nice enough boy, and he and Bethoe seemed to get on so well that Dimity thought it would be a pity to disturb them. An old hen, accompanied by about a dozen five-day-old balls of fluff, went past, and Dimity, taking a fancy to the chicks, went with them.

It was very pleasant wandering about the old orchard with Mrs. Wyandotte and family. The trees were foaming with pink-and-white bloom, and the bees were busy seeing what could be done about said bloom; the sun came filtering through the close trees, so that the orchard floors were arabesqued in black and gold and pale emerald, enameled here and there by the bright bells or fringes of some spring flowers; the wind was no more than a warm and drowsy air. It was dreamy there, and enchanted, like a fairyland, and Dimity was somehow glad to be alone and, strangely, somehow sad that Archie wasn't with her.

The shadow of a hawk high overhead shuttled across the grass, and Dimity's friend, the hen, with every symptom of extreme agitation, commanded her family to come indoors.

They all disappeared under her wings, and Dimity, very interested, sat down under an apple tree to see them emerge. It was drowsy work waiting for the wyandotte to give the all-clear signal. . . . Drowsy, dreamy work. . . .

When Dimity woke up the hen was gone, but a new acquaintance had arrived and was standing close by, watching her with some interest.

Dimity smiled sleepily up at him for a second. "Oh, I am so sorry. I think I must nearly have fallen asleep," she explained. "It was so dreamy here in the orchard that I should think almost anybody would fall asleep, shouldn't you?"

"Well, it is rather exceptional here today," he admitted grudgingly. "You see, you happen to be seeing the beastly place at its best."

Dimity surveyed him with dancing eyes. He was very close to the entrance of that tunnel which is called middle age; he was tall but stooped; he had a middling-quality brow, a quite impressive and shapely nose, gray-green discontented eyes, poor teeth, and his chin fell away altogether too abruptly. The quantity of his hair didn't signify.

He was as much like a disappointed author as anything else, and Dimity had no difficulty in guessing that she was reclining in the presence of the gentleman who was approximately an uncle of hers, Mr. Esmond Wesley.

"Oh, don't you like the orchards when they are in full bloom?" she asked with an air of some concern.

"I detest them," he said temperamentally. "I hate them—all orchards, all apples, everything connected with them."

Dimity stood up. "Oh, I am so sorry for that," she said. "Perhaps it must be because you are somehow tired of them."

"Tired, child? Tired?" His gesture indicated illimitable fatigue.

"I think that you must be my Uncle—Uncle Esmond," she said shyly. "And I am Dimity, you know."

"Dimity? That's rather a pretty name. But Dimity what?"

"Dimity Gay, you know."

"Dimity Gay?"

"Oh, yes. Daddy is Gainsborough Gay. You know daddy, don't you?"

He thrust out the place where his chin would have been and scowled upon her. "Oh, yes, I know him. He most frightfully insulted my literary work when last we met."

Dimity moved close to him and caught his hand in both hers, looking up with eyes full of sympathy. "Oh, Uncle Esmond, how sad! I should think there was a—a misunderstanding somewhere. I feel sure daddy didn't mean to do that. Why, he is a darling when one understands him."

"Huh!" said Mr. Wesley. "I don't know about that. All I know is that he discouraged me—disheartened me—practically condemned me, in a way, to be a beastly apple grower and cider squeezer all these years for lack of a little kindly encouragement."

"Well, Uncle Esmond, it is a great puzzle to me, truly," said Dimity. "And daddy was quite pleased because mother wanted to bring us—my sisters and me—over to have tea with Auntie Muriel."

It was all news to Mr. Wesley. Then the hot sparkle of the perfect diamonds in her engagement ring caught his eye. "Why, child, are you engaged?"

"Oh, yes—in a way. Just to Archie, you know; only Archie."

"Archie whom?"

"Oh, only just Archie Crust. He is the son of Sir Bessemer Crust."

"Sir Bessemer Crust—the millionaire?" Uncle Esmond's eyes bulged.

"Oh, I expect so," said Dimity carelessly. "He is always working, so I suppose he is a millionaire. Not that it matters much. He is awfully nice, all the same—when you get used to his eyebrows. I mean, the way he frowns and looks cross when he isn't. But never mind about Archie and his daddy, please. Tell me about the orchards and things, dear Uncle Esmond. Do you really and truly hate them? If you hate them, why don't you sell them? If you like, I would tell Archie to buy your orchards for a present to me. I love them when the blossom is in full bloom. And then you could be an author all the time. Would you like that?"

It is painful to relate that the look with which Mr. Wesley favored his niece was less one of gratitude for her naïve sympathy than one of extreme if furtive artfulness.

"You are evidently a little lady with a very kind heart and a beautiful nature, Dimity," he observed. "But could your Archie quite afford to buy orchards and cider plants so casually as that?"

"Oh, I should think he could, quite easily," trilled Dimity. "You see, his daddy will leave him thirty-five thousand pounds a year, or two hundred thousand pounds a year or something or other, and he adores Archie and me."

"Really? But that's most frightfully interesting!"

Mr. Wesley's interest was extreme and unfeigned. He knitted his brows, unknitted them, gnawed a little at a finger nail, fidgeted, and then steeled himself. "If—if apple orchards mean so much to you and—er—Archie, I have no doubt that it would fit in with my plans to sell these orchards to Archie for you."

Dimity stopped and stared with wide eyes.

"Oh, but you don't really mean that, do you, Uncle Esmond? That would be lovely, if you really and truly meant it. Could you bear to part with anything so beautiful?"

Mr. Wesley glanced round at the trees about them; at the unkempt buildings in the distance where the cider was made; at the small house in which he had written so many unpublishable masterpieces; and he could not decide whether he loathed the trees as much as he hated the cider plant or more than he despised the house.

Oh, yes, he could bear to part with them all; and here, it seemed, was a fairy from fairyland, with a face that would have enchanted Jean Greuze himself, ready to tell a person so rich that he was practically nonplused with sheer weight of money, to buy these things for her. It was like asking an ironed slave if he would care to accept a fair price for his shackles.

If he had any conscience at all, Mr. Wesley promptly smothered it to death. "I would not part with it all if it did not happen that I have a call to a larger, freer, more creative and artistic life, Dimity," he said. "But I feel I can serve the world better by producing literature than by producing cider. So if your friend Archie could find four thousand pounds with which to buy this corner of paradise, I would let it go to him for you. From anybody else I should insist on five thousand pounds."

Wider and wider went the wonderful eyes.

"Only four thousand old pounds!" cried Dimity. "Oh, Archie or his daddy will give me that. Why, some day when I marry him they are going to give me the Crust family jewels, and mummy says they are worth twenty thousand pounds or seventy thousand or something—I don't know. Will four thousand pounds be enough?"

Mr. Wesley hesitated, then reflected that, in the unlikely event of real business being done, there would inevitably loom up behind this charming but totally irresponsible little thing men, lawyers, with a more perfect appreciation of the value of money and orchards. He may have been a man with a literary-shaped mind, but even so he had sense enough to realize that the shark that opens its mouth too widely is in danger of lockjaw. There was nothing to gain by being more than reasonably greedy.

So he nodded, smiling. "Oh, yes, Dimity, four thousand will be enough."

"And, please, would you write it down in a note for me to give to Archie tonight? He is coming over to dine with us tonight."

"A note? How do you mean, child?"

"Oh, well, something or other to say that you have agreed to sell me these orchards and your dear little house if Archie will pay for it."

"Oh, I see! That's a contract—no, no—what do they call it? An option—that's it, Dimity. It's an option. I will write out an option to Archie to buy at four thousand pounds at any time from today until—until when?"

"Tonight, I should think, shouldn't you?" suggested Dimity.

But Uncle Esmond was less impulsive. "A little longer than that," he thought. "Say, a week. Men like to think things over, you know, Dimity, and I should not care for anyone to imagine that I was urgent. That would look as if I were trying to—er—rush things, which of course I am not—far from it."

"Would it? Oh, I didn't know. Men are so funny about business, aren't they?"

"Very funny, indeed, Dimity."

"And we will keep it just a secret between ourselves, shall we?"

"Oh, certainly, child." That suited Mr. Wesley admirably.

"Then I think everything is lovely," declared Dimity happily.

So they went in to tea. And if honest Uncle Esmond felt dreamily rather like a man who has had a large nugget of gold fall out of the sky on his head, he managed to conceal it extremely well—almost as well as he contrived to conceal the extremely carefully and clearly written option which he handed to Dimity just before they all left.

Sitting quietly next to mother in Gainsborough's big car, Dimity listened dreamily to the prattle of her people on the way home. Uncle Esmond Wesley was promptly written off by unanimous opinion as a total loss. He was clearly considered by all a man devoid of charm. But Auntie Muriel was approved.

"She is just dying to leave that poky little house and village, and I don't blame her," said Bethoe. "The only attractive thing in it is that pupil, Rupert, and he isn't such a magnet as he looks at a distance."

"I think they should be living in London," suggested Torfrida. "It would suit them both far better."

(Continued on Page 131)

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THE NICEST PARTY THAT EVER WAS . . It had been such a gay, buoyant party. Such a merry flock of youngsters so evidently having the time of their lives. And Dorothy, like a little wood nymph in her new shimmery green frock, pirouetting around the room and explaining just how it felt to be seven years old.

And now the house is quiet. And Dorothy, tired but radiant, is being tucked into bed. And her mother leans over to kiss her goodnight.

"Did you have a good time?"

"Oh, *Mother!* Did I? . . . . . Wasn't it funny in the game when Billy tried to be a cow

and Warren said he sounded like a donkey? . . . . . It was the nicest party that ever, ever was."

And presently her mother slips downstairs, a little tired, but happy herself. And Jim looks up from his chair and smiles . . .

And as she picks up her sewing she knows that within a week Dorothy will have forgotten all about this glad party. But twenty years from now when Dorothy is grown, with children of her own, it will remain as a vivid red letter day of her childhood.

For someone has said, "God has given us memories that we may have *roses in December*" . . . And it is one of a mother's privileges to create happy memories for her children.

You see, the idea for the birthday party came from McCall's. And we know how Dorothy felt about her birthday party and how her mother felt, too, because her mother, who lives on McCall Street, wrote us a grateful little note and told us all about it.

We in turn are just as grateful to such mothers who write us these letters because from them we learn that McCall's is fulfilling its function—to be of constant help in the life of 2,300,000 fine-minded American homes.

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A MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN

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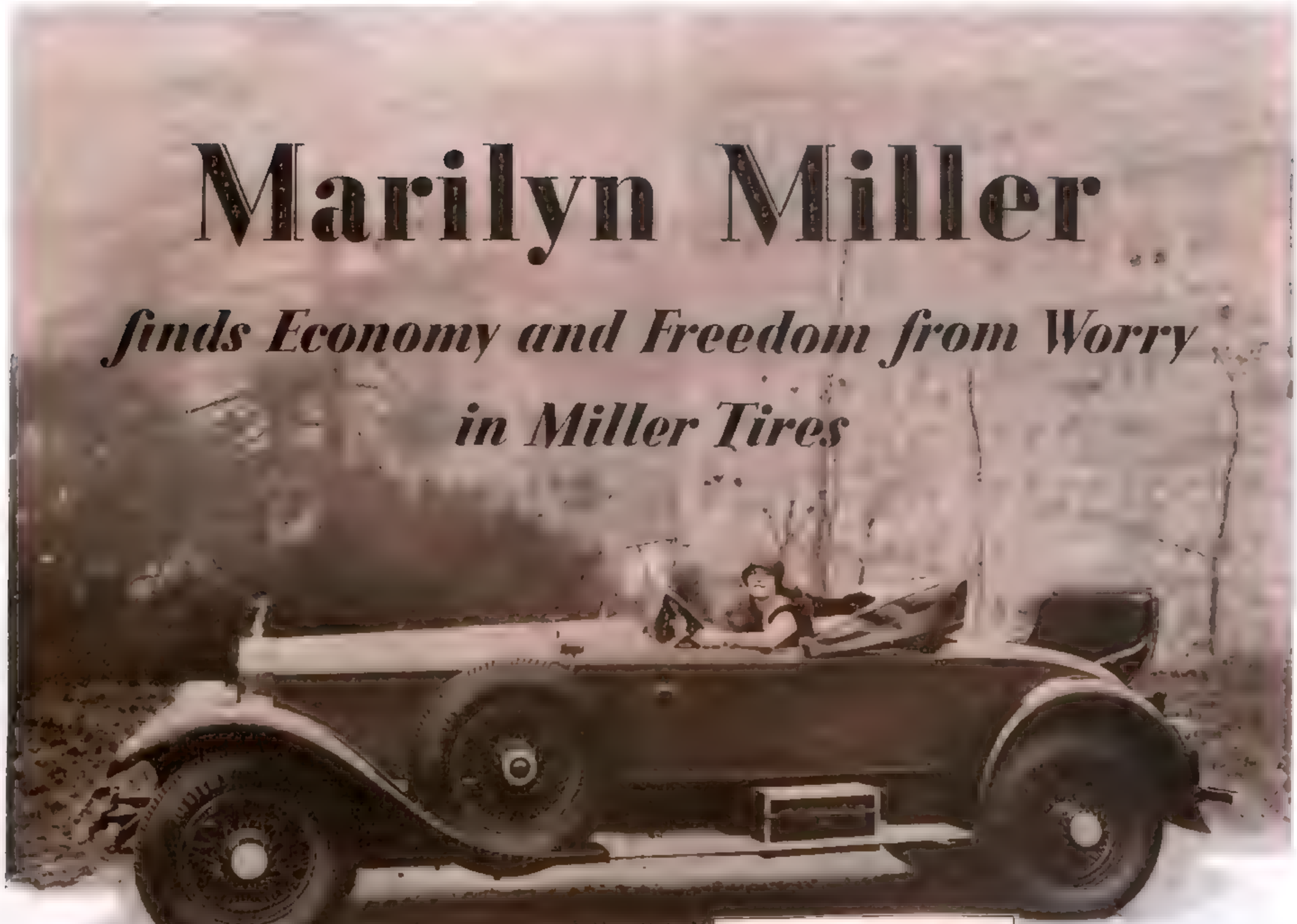

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The new Miller De Luxe 6-ply Balloon pictured below is a new super-type tire for those who demand the utmost freedom from blowouts and punctures. It is built to give extra long mileage and to withstand the roughest service.

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And, in order to bring an entirely new significance to the words *"freedom from worry,"* Miller has created and perfected a new type tire—the De Luxe Balloon. It is built for those who want the best balloon tire money can buy, and who realize that the best is always cheapest in the end. It is for those who want thousands of extra miles with total freedom from road delays on long drives. It is for those who want a surpassing degree of safety and non-skid protection. And for all who want a tire in which the puncture hazard is practically eliminated.

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Elaine beamed on them all. "I expect that is exactly what will happen. Your auntie told me that Esmond Wesley will be glad to get rid of the place and I think it will suit your daddy to buy it. As I told you on the way there, it is really one of the things I called on Muriel to find out."

"Well, I think it was good and clever of you, mummy darling, to do it so well, and I should think daddy will give you a beautiful present for that," chimed Dimity.

But Elaine looked dubious. "Why, Dimity, a wife should not expect a present every time she helps her husband," she chided gently.

But Dimity only gurgled.

GOOD Mr. Gainsborough Gay, arriving home that evening worn and exhausted—or so he implied, as usual—by a hard, hard day's warfare with those keen, dangerous, hard-headed, lightning-sharp, avaricious masters of business commonly known as authors, was greatly refreshed and gratified at the report of the beautiful Elaine.

It was conveyed to Mr. Gay that it was practically certain that if he cared to offer Esmond Wesley four thousand pounds for his property, Applegarth Holde, and at the same time gave him a little encouragement by publishing one of his books, and included his photograph in a catalogue some time, then the unattractive Esmond would certainly sell out and hasten to London. There he could write and live on the interest from his four thousand, plus as much of dear Muriel's little private income as dear Muriel could spare.

"The obvious way out of his difficulties, Elaine, yes," purred Gainsborough. "Quite. I am glad to be able to lend the good fellow a helping hand. I shall do so. Now—nothing was said or implied concerning the possibility of his accepting the really much more equitable figure of three thousand five hundred? No? That's a pity. Four thousand is stiff—decidedly stiff. Still, we shall see."

Here Archie Crust was announced and Gainsborough broke off. Dimity soon spirited her good-looking adorer out into the garden, and there allowed him to kiss her—one of his more respectful ones, for she had taught him that unless it was specially indicated to him nothing incandescent was desired.

"I am awfully glad you have come tonight, Archie," she said. "Because I have seen something I want you to buy for me."

"Yes, Dimity darling. What is it?"

"It's a little house with orchards in full bloom all round it."

Archie brightened up. "My hat, Dimity, that sounds jolly nice!" he exclaimed, probably seeing visions and dreaming daydreams.

"It is four thousand pounds. Do you happen to have four thousand pounds, Archie dear?"

Well, no, Archie didn't happen to. He confessed it, but added that he thought his father would be glad to buy the little place, which, he suggested, would be handy for week-ends or for a bit of a change when he and Dimity were married, if ever she got tired of Crust Court or the house in London.

But Dimity made it clear at once that she didn't want the place—Applegarth Holde—for an occasional residence. She merely wanted someone to buy it—for her—from its present owner and hold it—for her—until it was resold at a profit.

That sounded perhaps a little odd, so she began to explain in simple words that he could understand: "You see, Uncle Esmond has promised to sell his stuffy little property to you for four thousand pounds, and you must buy it and then sell it again when I say so. I should think your daddy will buy it for you when he knows that it is quite certain that you will be able to sell it again at a profit for me. But if he is doubtful, then you must come and fetch me and motor me over to see Sir Bessemer and explain to him."

She passed him Esmond Wesley's option. "And perhaps you had better show this thing to your daddy so that he can tell us if everything in it is right. And, Archie, I do love you very much, so don't worry your head about that."

Archie said that he wouldn't, and was then steered back to the house, where several fresh arrivals had joined the Gay family. These were Eleanor Savernake and her comparatively new husband, the big, bland Julius Balm, with, rather unexpectedly, Grandpa Avery Hackett.

Dimity was a great favorite with Aunt Eleanor, with Julius Balm, and, in his careful, unextravagant way, with Grandpa Hackett; but the men seemed oddly distrait this evening and the affectionate greetings they proffered the little one were a shade mechanical. Mummy noticed that, but Dimity kindly explained that probably they were arranging about some stuffy old business or other.

Elaine perceived that the little one was right when, immediately after coffee, the trio disappeared into Gainsborough's study, there to conduct a tolerably intensive business séance.

Grandpa Hackett, flanked by a large glass of Sfitz, the popular table water from the manufacture of which he had made a large fortune, naturally wished himself into the position of informal chairman of the conference—a little weakness of Mr. Hackett's—and signed to Julius Balm to speak. Julius was by no means averse. He beamed toward Mr. Gay and, with the air of one who is about to unload large quantities of very good news, began to announce in detail the story of old Mr. Hackett's great discovery. He talked for ten minutes, but he told the good Gainsborough nothing new. It was nothing but a confirmation of what Mr. Gay and Julius had already guessed.

"So you may take it as certain that Mr. Hackett has discovered the ideal table beverage at last, my dear Gainsborough," he explained. "Now Mr. Hackett's first intention was to market this beverage, which he has temporarily named Roselle—that is, the red sparkling—er—vintage—and Amberelle—that's the pale golden brilliant vintage—alone in conjunction with his justly renowned Sfitz. But this morning he consulted me upon that point in my capacity of business expert, and I felt it my duty very strongly to urge him to reconsider that decision."

"Wise—wise," murmured Mr. Gay.

"Hey? You think so, too, do you, Gainsborough?" rapped out grandpa, fixing his stepson with very bright eyes.

"I do, indeed. I feel very strongly that you have here an article which can easily stand on its own feet," said Gainsborough.

Grandpa nodded impatiently, like one who has already come to the same conclusion. "Go on, Balm, get on. Tell him about the price trouble," he urged.

"Unfortunately, there is a serious flaw. It is Mr. Hackett's intention to put Roselle and Amberelle on the market at a price per quart, pint and half pint which will sweep all the popular imported wines off the market." And here Julius recapitulated in almost tedious detail the difficulty of obtaining the raw cider that was needed in the manufacture of the new sparkling light wine at anything like a reasonable price.

Gainsborough saw that. "One could, of course, plant some hundreds of acres with young apple trees," he began.

"And what good would that be to me at my time o' life?" demanded Grandpa Hackett quite violently. "I'm not what folk could call a very old man, I know, but I'm too old to plant orchards and wait for 'em to grow into full bearing. I want to get my wines onto the market now—this year—as soon's I can. We've got to buy some good apple orchards and buy 'em quick. And if you, Gainsborough, and you too, Balm, want to come into my wine company with me, you've got to help find them. It's a matter for men like you—young, active men—to do, not for a man o' my age."

Gainsborough Gay laughed a little like a man pleasantly surprised. "But, curiously enough, that's quite simple. I know of a cider orchard which can be bought quite easily. It belongs to a—um—writer who is anxious for me to publish his books—a book. If I agree to publish a book of his, I am completely certain that he would gladly take a fair price for his orchard, which—although it is quite a good orchard—he hates."

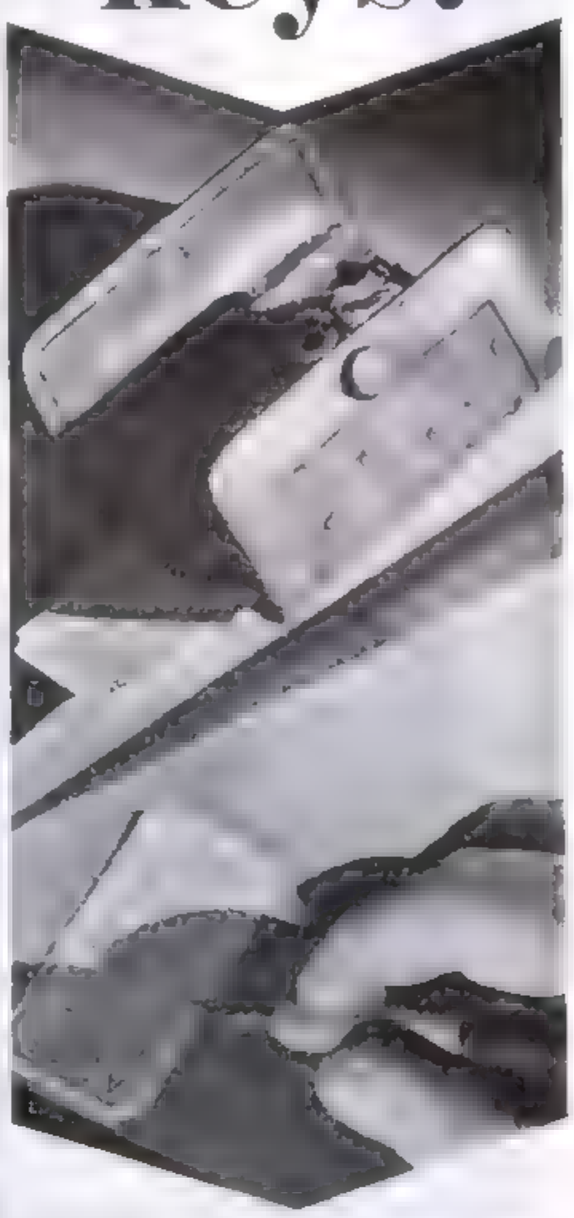
Grandpa Hackett's mouth must have gone dry with excitement, for he took a draft of Sfitz that seemed almost to sizzle as it sank.

"Well, then, buy it," he said violently; "no need for more words. Buy the orchard as cheap as you can get it. Sitting here talking, somebody else might buy the place. You go and buy it tomorrow, mind, Gainsborough, on behalf of my—well, our new company, British Vintages, Ltd. See now? It'll do to start with. And now about the company. As the inventor of this wonderful wine, I shall require shares to the extent of ——"

And here the battle began. By the time they had dealt with what old Avery required, and apportioned what was left over, both Julius and Gainsborough Gay were ready for a rest, though grandpa seemed as fresh as ever, if not fresher. But then he was one of the old brigade.

TO BE CONCLUDED

Back come your lost keys!



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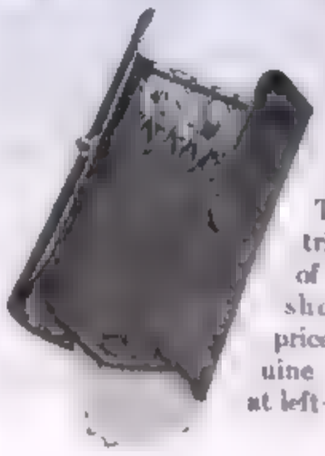

The distinctive Ostrich Inlay model of the Key-Tainer shown above is priced at $5. Genuine Pin Morocco at left—$2.50.

IN THE HOUSE OF WA LEE

(Continued from Page 25)

The voice of the thunder was heard as the last of Wa Lee's guests left the party. Large drops of rain hurried them away. They noticed the Chinaman's manner was strained and that his hands shook as he bade them good-by. Now the last of his guests had gone and he stood on his empty lawn among the cane chairs and the wreck of the feast. And suddenly he stiffened and suddenly he gave a cry!

"Maung Maung! I see you, Mad Dog!"

He caught up a table knife from a side table and ran down the garden. The servants stood staring after him in amazement, for there was no one there—only the empty garden, wind-swept with the rising storm, and the cane chairs and the swinging fairy lamps.

"I see you!" shouted Wa Lee, and ran, as if in pursuit of someone, out into the road. The servants watched him running wildly, until he was out of sight—running toward the little lakes where the palace stood, as if pursuing someone.

Only there was nobody there. Just the empty streets with the rain falling on them. They decided the best thing would be to tell Vital Das. But Vital Das could not be found. So the servants went on with their work of clearing up after the party.

"Presently," they said, "he will get tired of running. Then he will turn back. He is a little mad, being old."

Wa Lee did not turn back. He ran, shouting at intervals. Before him through the wind and rain he saw the figure of Maung Maung in his orange-and-black-checked *loungyi*, his hair streaming in the wind. And sometimes it seemed to Wa Lee that the running figure ahead of him turned and smiled, his teeth shining white through the rain and the darkness of the night.

"I see you, Mad Dog! You cannot escape me now!" gasped Wa Lee. He ran

(Continued on Page 134)

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(Complete with Body)

$795

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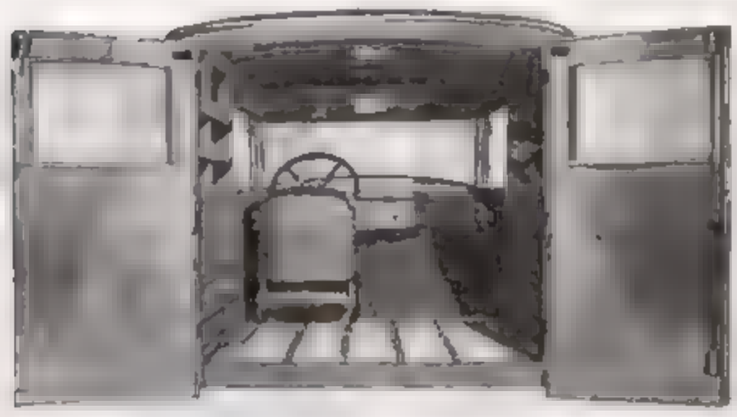
FARGO CLIPPER SEDAN—*ideal for salesmen, for merchandise display, for station wagon or bus service. Seating capacity can be provided for nine, with seats instantly removable to permit use of compartment for standard load.*

Vast production permits such engineering and manufacturing refinements as the die-moulded rear corners that add to Fargo beauty and construction. Rear doors are equipped with heavy-duty door checks. Key-locking handles are also provided for the rear doors, with key interchangeable for front and rear doors.



Selected hardwood interior is in natural finish. Handsome instrument panel, vision-ventilating windshield, rubber mat, well-placed controls, floor draft plates, genuine leather seats unusually comfortable for the driver, are Fargo features, unusual in commercial cars. Pillars, roofrails and sills are of sturdy construction.

NOW, in the New ½-ton Fargo Packet and in the ¾-ton Fargo Clipper—first of a new series of delivery trucks—Chrysler enters the commercial car field. Announcement of the 1-, 1½- and 2-ton trucks will be made later.

In these commercial cars low-cost transportation receives tremendous advantages from the smartness, power, dependability and economical operation which have lifted Chrysler, in four years, to its present position of leadership.

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The New Fargo is essentially and unmistakably Chrysler.

It brings to the business world commercial cars, *designed and built for commercial purposes,* which are in themselves advertisements of the progressiveness, high standing and efficiency of the merchants whom they serve.

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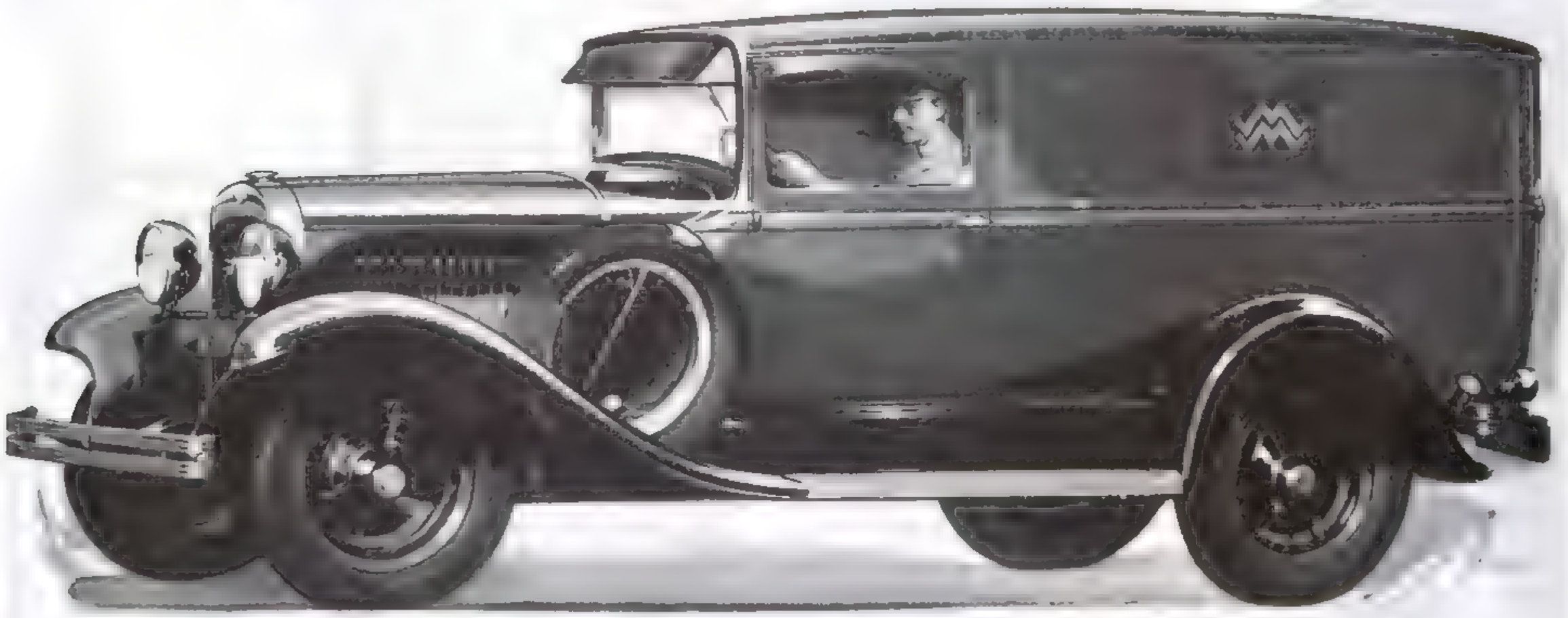

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IN ALL WEIGHTS. Carter makes the right weight and style union suits for all kinds of weather and every sort of job—wool, cotton, or wool-and-cotton, with long legs and sleeves or short legs and no sleeves. Knit of soft, elastic yarn and the pattern suit tested on a living man, they have the fit that lasts. The edges and seams will not pull out or fray.

No sagging shoulders, stretched or shrunken sleeves, or binding crotch. This is style 14.

Carter's

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 131)

through the carved gateways of the derelict palace and into the door and up the wide dusty stairs, his sleeves blowing in the gale, his Chinese slippers flapping on the floor.

The wind came roaring up the river and entered the town. Trees bent and cracked before it. The corrugated iron roof of the customs shed broke loose and sped away over the water. The wind reached the town house of Wa Lee and ripped the colored fairy lamps down from all that remained of the garden party, like an autumn gale clearing apple trees in an orchard. Over the small lakes went the wind, stirring them into a sea. Presently it reached the derelict palace at the back of the lakes and wrenched off the turret as a mischievous child breaks a toy. There was a sickening crash in the darkness, and then came the rain and drowned all the garden where Wa Lee cultivated his lettuces, his cabbages and pumpkins.

For five hours the storm held the town in siege. Toward morning the voice of the wind died suddenly, like the end of a song. Out of the débris there emerged here one and there one, to see what the damage was, and to collect what remained of their scattered homes.

But no one came out of the house of Wa Lee.

At eight o'clock in the morning Vital Das returned to the Chinaman's town house and was told how Wa Lee had behaved very strangely the previous evening—how of a sudden his eyes had grown great with terror and he had shouted out that the Mad Dog had come, and, seizing a knife, had chased him down the garden and out into the road beyond, in the rain, and so out of sight.

"And was it in truth Maung Maung the Mad Dog?" asked Vital Das, changing color.

"Was not Maung Maung hanged more than a year ago because of his crimes?" said the servants. "How then should he be here present in the garden? Upon the lawn stood only the cane chairs. Other than ourselves, behold, the garden was empty!"

Then Vital Das drove out to the palace and found it nothing but a colossal mass of wreckage. And the old man who lived at the gates there, wept tears, saying:

"At nightfall, when it was raining, the master came. Yes, in truth Wa Lee came running, and very wildly. Into the house he went, and up the stairs, though the wind was already upon us, and I shouted to him to beware of the tower, which must surely come down."

Vital Das asked, his knees feeling weak and unsteady, "Was there one with him who ran ahead?"

The old man shook his head. "No. There was nothing but the wind and a great rain and the master running through the rain, shouting."

Vital Das surveyed the wreck, stroking his chin. It was wonderful the way things had fallen out for him. If only Maung Maung had really been caught in the wreckage, too, he would have had nothing left to desire.

Vital Das then sewed a crape band onto the sleeve of his European coat and informed the police and the commissioner in person of the tragedy that had happened. Then he waited for nightfall and went out quietly and alone, with a lantern and a suitcase, driving himself. It was lucky that the fall of masonry and tiles on the spot where the hiding place was, was only light. Vital Das cleared it off, pulled up the floor boards and scraped the earth away. He opened the iron box hidden there. It was full of jewels. Heavily wrought ornaments of an Eastern fashion lay side by side with bracelets, rings and priceless pearls; diamonds stolen from every part of the Empire and sent by secret channels to Wa Lee for safe custody until they could be disposed of; pigeon-blood rubies stolen from the mines at Mogok. Great green emeralds scintillated there by the light of Vital Das' lantern and slipped through his fingers like molten starlight as he filled his suitcase.

Then he replaced the iron box, covered it with earth, and put back the floor boards. He scraped bricks and mortar over the place, so that no one would ever discover it now. It struck him that things had fallen out very conveniently for him. Wa Lee had no heirs. Vital Das was his only living partner and alone knew the secrets of his manifold businesses and the manner in which the jewels could be disposed of without danger. With soft, empty brown eyes he surveyed the rising of the sun, the breaking of the morning.

II

THE commissioner and Lady Paravane sat at breakfast in their handsomely appointed bungalow in Cantonments. The garden was still a mass of wreckage and litter from the storm, and a portion of the roof had departed during the night.

"I never remember such a disturbance," said the commissioner—"not since the famous cyclone of '95. I hear there is a lot of damage in the town. And that poor old Chinaman whose garden party we went to yesterday has been buried alive in his palace out by the lakes. The stouter of those two friends of his was with him. There is little chance of the bodies' being recovered for months, the pile of wreckage there is so enormous. What a chapter of accidents! The young policeman, Jones, is also in hospital. Knocked down by a motor car on his way from the garden party, and pretty cut about, poor lad. They don't know who did it either, which makes it worse. The brutes drove straight on and got away."

"But surely they'll manage to find them."

"I'm afraid a great many people slip through the fingers of the law out here and escape the consequences of their wrongdoings. But the police are moving heaven and earth to get on their tracks."

Lady Paravane said, "Were both the Chinaman's friends killed with him?"

"Only one of them—Simon, I believe he called himself. Vital Das came in to see me this morning and told me all about it. He is very distressed."

"Oh, dear. He didn't go too?"

"My dear girl, you will have to try and get over your dislike for this man. He inherits all the Chinaman's wealth, I hear. He is going to be very useful, indeed, to us. You must swallow your feelings."

Lady Paravane said bleakly, "I'll try."

"I cannot imagine what has given you such a dislike for such a harmless fellow."

Lady Paravane said nothing.

In the hospital, on a white bed, Alec Jones gripped the arm of a not-so-white nurse.

He said, "Get hold of someone at once, do you hear? I've learned what I've been trying to get on the track of for two years. Get the inspector general of police. Fetch the governor here."

"Poor fellow, there, there!" said the little nurse, and put ice on his head.

"Tied up in a sack and thrown in among the rocks in shark-infested waters. And here we have been all this time, helpless. . . . These bandages will drive me mad, nurse. I must get up at once."

"Presently, presently," said the little nurse, and she took his temperature.

The doctor came at sunset, spotless in his white overalls. He said, "How is he, nurse?"

"He is rambling and very restless, and his temperature remains high. All the time he is talking and most of his talk is nonsense."

"It is not nonsense. I must get up at once and out of this. I have a very important matter to see to—evidence to collect about a brutal murder. Listen to me, doctor."

The doctor said, "Yes—yes." He wrote on a slip of paper and handed it to the nurse. "Give him that as soon as you can, nurse. It will make him sleep. Keep on with it until he grows quieter. He's had a pretty bad shake, poor lad."

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For years there was only a pair of ruts from here to Porter . . . people said the traffic didn't make improvements worth while. ¶ But you couldn't *expect* much travel out this way . . . except a week or two in the spring when they brought out the county teams and fixed it up a little. ¶ But the "Caterpillar" came and planted a good road . . . it crawled its way up and down . . . made side

ditches for drainage . . . built up a smooth, clean crown . . . gave us a real road. ¶ That was two years ago. Now there's traffic enough, surely . . . with the produce trucks going to market . . . and the mail . . . and the tourists. Land values have gone up too . . . that's always the harvest when you plant a road! ¶ And the "Caterpillar" has stayed with us ever since . . . the road is notably free from ruts in spring and fall, from deep dust in summer, and is kept cleared of snow in winter. Yes, the "Caterpillar" Tractor has done a good job for us here in Kane County. . . .

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THE MISTY MAGDALENS

(Continued from Page 15)

Grindstone—or Ile aux Meules—I saw a monument to a Captain Jorgen Lorentzen of the steamer Athena, and to all his eighteen men. The bodies of some were never found, but all that came ashore, one terrible blizzard in April, '84, lie sleeping under the northern daisies. Ravening surfs along those many-colored crags have for nigh fifty years chanted their eternal requiem, far from their native Norway.

"I mind a ship as went ashore on Entry half a century gone," an old salt will tell you. "All her canvas was blowed clean off. Water-logged she was too. A Christmas day, aye! Every man jack was froze, but we got 'em under hatches at our houses, put ice in tubs, thawed 'em out, an' then packed 'em in wool an' cod ile. We saved 'em all. Not a one perished, sir, but there was a Mr. Walters as couldn't walk till March. They stayed all winter. Each fambly took some. Walters, he taught the first school we ever had. Ah, them was the days to remember!"

Memorable, too, is the cyclone of '73, when more than thirty American schooners, making a lee at Amherst, were caught by a sudden shift of the wind that turned the island into a deadly lee shore. The whole fleet, dragging all anchors and driven by immense ocean waves, piled ashore in less than an hour. Every vessel was a total loss.

This is the special peril of the Magdalens—that no harbor is to be found in a sou'east blow. If the wind hauls to that quarter you have to cut and run for the other side of the islands, and should you not make it in time—well, it's just another funeral. Your trapped vessel joins her bones to those of innumerable others bleaching along the immense bars.

You can't go to the tempestuous Magdalens without learning the story of Auguste le Bourdais. I heard rumors of that story some ten years ago, in Newfoundland, but never could get the details till I reached headquarters. It's an epic that in various forms has spread all over those northern seas, and should be recorded.

A Living Snow Man

How a human being can survive what Le Bourdais did seems incredible. Yet he lived half a century after his martyrdom, was a useful citizen, and remained a Hercules to the end. His son, Jean-Joseph, told me all about it in the office at Grindstone, where he manages the island telegraph and runs the local newspaper.

"That was way back fifty-seven years. My father was mate of the 150-ton square-rigger Wasp, from Quebec to Belgium with a cargo of wheat. The ship drove ashore on Coffin Island in a December blizzard and smashed up. She was one of three to get wrecked here that month. A terrible blizzard that was. For a whole week nobody could stick a nose out of the house. Terrific—*oui, monsieur!*

"When the storm blew over, some men went down to the beach to see if anything of value had come ashore. And all at once, near a hay house, a strange thing about eight feet high reared up out of the snow at them. They thought it was a polar bear or a ghost. In terror they all ran to the priest and he came back with them. They found a man all swollen out of shape, and crusted, frozen, with two feet of snow solid on him. The hair was frozen hard as wood to his head and his legs were so puffed up that the flesh protruded over the socks.

"He was like one crazed, monsieur. He knew nothing, he remembered nothing except that he had clung a whole day and night to a piece of wreckage and had later eaten snow. Six days he ate nothing but snow as he lay out in that screaming blizzard. And often I have heard him say he wished he had died then like all his men. Why not, I ask you, with both legs cut off?

"Yes, they amputated his legs. As surgery it was—what you call it?—rough and ready. No doctor, nothing. We have three doctors today, but on Entry Island, where there is none, the people say they die no faster than we do here. However, even without a doctor or chloroform, they operated—with carpenters' tools. They had to, or he would have died. It took eight men to hold my father. Later, he went to Quebec for a proper operation that shortened him still more. But that was not till the ice went out at the end of May. A terrible year, that was!"

The Old Apple Tree

"My father returned and founded the government telegraph lines. A proper big man he was, too, even cut down. In his natural state he had weighed 300. Afterward, never above 285. Had to walk on peg legs and crutches. But he had a fifty-four-inch chest and nobody could stand against him in a fight, even crippled. Ah, monsieur, there was a man for you!"

So think all the islanders. Auguste le Bourdais is the nearest approach they have to a national hero. His story is by way of becoming a saga.

French and English both admire Le Bourdais. He forms a bond between them—which is well; for in general the Englishmen and Jerseymen hold rather aloof from the French—who came from Normandy, Acadia, Canada and the Miquelons. Language, church, school, all keep them apart. The quaint old French spoken up there would puzzle any Parisian. A great study is awaiting some philologist in the Magdalens. The races remain almost as individual as the islands themselves. Despite the fact that all the islands live by the same means—cod, mackerel and herring fishery, lobster packing, seal hunting, farming—they all are different.

Entry is mountainous, with its 160 English settlers comfortable on rich farms. Wholly cut off from the other islands for three months each winter, only after the ice bridge forms in February can it resume contact with Amherst, which is almost wholly French. Grindstone is the business center, with the main post office—some four feet by six—the tiny shingled bank, and the even tinier shingled customs house, also the wireless station. None of these islands, nor Alright, has anything at all like a village. All the buildings stand on wide-scattered farms, or dotted along winding roads by shore and hillside, among scattered patches of scrub forest. The overwhelming majority of families are French on Grindstone—as, in fact, throughout the archipelago as a whole. Out of perhaps 8500 population, probably no more than 1500 are English.

The biggest fish-curing plants and herring smokers are on Grindstone. Fine cattle; fields surpassing rich by reason of plowed-in seaweed, herring and lobster refuse; the clack of mowing machines and the sight of girls and women milking cows outdoors in the old French way make a rustic scene rather surprising in those far northern seas, only eighty miles from Anticosti. And on this island, too, stands the single apple tree in the Magdalens. True, it's only a gnarled, half-dead little crab-apple tree, but an apple, for all that, and a grand curiosity!

From the wireless hill I got my best view of the archipelago as a whole, and on that hill it was that Gargan immortalized himself. Gargan was a paint salesman from Halifax, with lots of pep and a most lively imagination. He must have had, to think he could do business in a land of unpainted, unplastered wooden houses. As we stood viewing an unspeakably glorious sunset, with long surfs rolling against gorgeous cliffs in melting windrows of color ineffable ——

"It's past description," I murmured. "Beyond all words."

"Not at all," quoth Gargan. And hauling out his paint card—lots of little shiny dabs stuck to a pasteboard—he promptly began identifying every hue. "Now, this is gentian, and that cloud is mauve. That wave, there, is ultramarine, jade and magenta. And this here light is cerise and—and ——"

Metropolis of the Magdalens

He named them all, or nearly. Even after I had started walking away down the hill, there stood Gargan on the wind-swept summit with his coat-tails flying, busily matching up those celestial sunset and ocean hues with his dinky little paint card. For such a feat as that, Gargan deserves immortality. I surely hope he gets it!

You find color at Grand Entry Island, when you get there, such as cannot be matched on any card whatever. I mean local color different from any other on earth. For this French-speaking island boasts the only real village in the group, the sole veritable street.

True, this street is hardly more than 100 yards long and it's paved with ankle-deep sand, but it's a real street with houses on both sides, while it lasts. The whole island seems nothing but a sand bar. How cows live there, hens, horses and pigs—some of these latter penned in halves of boats—seems a mystery.

Quite a metropolis on a microscopic scale is Grande Entrée. When the steamer arrives huge motorboats come puttering with crowds of islanders from all round the Great Lagoon. Then, having taken their freight aboard, they depart again to far places of mystery that I shall never

Immense Brick-Red Cliffs Confront an Always Treacherous Sea

Select a Lighter As You Would a Watch

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know, along the shores of English-speaking Grosse Ile.

More than twenty miles of dunes and bars, where strange mirages make giants of men and horses on pale horizons, stretch away from Grand Entry to Alright, with its cliffs of slate gray, maroon, buff and pearl, of dark red and light purple. Veritable waterfalls of color, those cliffs are, with the long yellow beach below, the steep green velvet hills above, patched with dark woods, and all about, the pale northern seas. A color symphony; another job, indeed, for the industrious Gargan.

Islands, bars, lagoons with sea birds feeding on patches of weed and with harbor seals disporting—how strange, unreal a world is this! How difficult to paint with words! You need a broad brush, deep dipped in half-unworldly pigments, for the Magdalens.

Go to Étang du Nord, and if you there can devise some means of painting odd aromas, fame is awaiting you. For on the immensely long, curved beach stand scores of rough fish houses. And as the codding fleet comes in, as the boats discharge their loads and the Frenchmen clean their fish on trestles by the surf, you need a bit of stamina to keep you from retreating before the massed attacks of rich perfumes and of unimaginable hordes of flies. Bright sun, dismembered fish, red sand, laughter of playing children not yet enslaved to King Cod—with these, this quaint and isolated settlement, so like a fishing village in Brittany, has its own color of life not soon to be forgotten.

Even in the matter of journalism the islands stand divided. Their local paper has to be issued in both French and English. This little sheet, the Bulletin, or Le Bulletin, as you wish, strikes me as one of the most curious in the world. For months each winter and spring the Magdalens are cut off from the world by pack ice. Last winter, for the first time, air-mail service was undertaken. A plane made seven trips from Moncton, New Brunswick, to Grindstone, where it landed on the ice. One passenger was carried. The flying time was two and a half hours. But till the air mail started, no mails ever arrived at the Magdalens in winter. All news had to come in by cable or, more recently, by wireless.

Boss of the Islands

It takes a lot of courage and persistence, in a place like that, to publish a newspaper. But for a good many years Jean Le Bourdais has been getting out his Bulletin. As a specimen of world's-end journalism, this strictly hand-made newspaper deserves notice.

Le Bourdais has a real nose for news and issues a very readable sheet. One of the oddest events he ever had to record was when a polar bear not long ago came ashore on the islands.

"He must have drifted down, that winter, from the Straits of Belle Isle," Le Bourdais surmises. "And he was boss of these islands, all right. Walked right in the roads and apologized to nobody. Give him credit, though; he didn't bother any of us. We fed him on fish and refuse, and he got quite tame. Nobody tried to shoot or molest him. All our animals that died that winter—cats, foxes, horses—we put out on the ice, and he was our health board. In the spring he drifted away on an ice field. We were sorry to see him go."

Le Bourdais is editor, reporter, printer, advertising department, distributor and everything. His plant is a typewriter and a duplicating machine, on which he gets out both an English and a French edition with a total weekly circulation of sometimes 600. In view of the fact that Madame Le Bourdais stitches up the papers on her sewing machine, and that monsieur delivers them himself in a sleigh all over the islands, with high gales and zero weather, is his subscription rate—"twenty-five winter numbers for fifty cents, often in arrears," as he quaintly told me—is it excessive?

The need of a paper up there is all the greater because the only other way of spreading information is through the church. Sunday is the big day. Every road is black with fishermen, their wives and progeny. "The French kids is more numerouser 'n ours," an English settler regretfully admits. But French and English alike stream toward the sonorous bells in many steeples. Ancient buggies, two-wheeled carts hauled by the hardy ponies that mind no hills, or even detached pairs of front wheels, convey most of the multitude.

After church it strikes you as odd to see a Frenchman jump up into his cart and begin auctioning off fields of hay or what not. Bidding is lively, bargains soon made. After all, what harm? Here's the only place where everybody's gathered together.

Few Concessions to Modernity

The men all forgather to gossip and smoke, while the women congregate in their own group to gossip alone. For the groups to mingle would be shocking, unheard of. As for women smoking at any time, it's totally unknown. The only concessions to modernity are some bobbed heads and short skirts, but I saw silk stockings only twice. Good old cotton still holds sway.

"Women smoke cigarettes an' wear pants in your country?" an islander asked me, half incredulous and half horrified. "No, sir, nobody never see the like o' that in the Magdaleens. Jing! I don't know what our folks 'd do if they ever see a woman in pants, with a cigarette. Drop dead, likely." After a pause he added: "All they ever smoke up here is a herrin'. Women's women here, not a kind o' make-believe men. An' we think high of 'em too. There ain't enough English ones to go round. So lots of our boys can't get married. Take a French gal? No, sir!"

The French feel just the same about marrying the English. Birds of a feather —— Among the French every autumn, a regular epidemic of matrimony breaks out.

"We are too busy for marrying in the summer, *mossieu*," a friendly Acadian explained. "But in the autumn, not so much work and fishing. So thirty, forty couples get married. And, ah, the spruce beer, the fiddles, the dances and feasts! *C'est magnifique!*"

In winter the women spin their home-grown wool on old-fashioned wheels, weave homespun cloth, make shawls and patchwork quilts, knit, hook rugs and do fancywork. What a place for genuine antiques! Life in the Magdalens is a serious business, lived not for learning or amusement, but for work.

March brings the pack ice and the seals that put the islands in an uproar. The men come running with knives, clubs, gaffs and rifles, while the women stand on shore with refreshments and hot coffee. Seal hunting is severe and perilous toil. The islanders take flats, or small open boats, with them, to cross glades of open water or to return with, in case the floes drift abroad. Feverishly they work, for "sculps," or skins, may bring as high as five dollars. An unusually big hood seal may be worth ten.

Spring and summer mean the fisheries of cod, herring, mackerel and lobster. Twenty-five thousand barrels are an average exportation of herring. Farm work fills up odd times. All crops do well, especially potatoes.

"We ain't got a potato bug on the islands," a native told me. "Never had one. Don't have to spray here. Don't have no oxen, saddle hosses or saddles, frogs, toads, snakes—an' no Americans neither. Not a one!"

Summer is the time for repairing wharves wrenched by winter's devastating gales and ice pressures. One old fellow I know of had a job of two dollars a day for rough carpentering. A certain day he paid another man three dollars to do his work, while he himself stood round smoking his pipe and directing every operation.

"And what was that for?" I asked. "You lost a dollar on that, didn't you?"

"Ah, yes, sir; I did so," he admitted. "But that's the only time in me life I ever hired a man. An' 'twas well worth a dollar to me, sir, bein' boss of a job for one whole day!"

One of the queerest Magdalen customs is that of communal coaling. The coal, from Cape Breton, is landed from schooners directly on the open beaches. Thence the islanders cart it up out of the sea's way and pile it in the fields. All hands turn to, with every available horse, to deliver it to the houses. It's a real coaling bee.

Smoking the Herring

"Most important job we got to do, sir. Coal is life to us. So we all helps each other an' makes kind of a lark of it."

Once you've been to the Magdalens, you'll never forget the smell of herring being smoked. A smoke stand in full blast is worth seeing—and scenting. You'd think it was afire. Dense clouds drift out through the shingles. Inside, you see perhaps a hundred fires banked with sawdust, glowing in a cavernous gloom. High overhead, tiers of men are handing up the long "skivvers" on each of which boys and girls have transfixed twenty herring by the gills. Each bay contains 27,000 fish, so a thirty-bay house holds more than 800,000. And for six weeks all these herring have to be moved from time to time; started at the bottom and gradually transferred to the top.

"It's bad, now an' then," a boss admits. "Workin' 'em in the smoke, if you're weak-lunged you'll fail out an' begin bleedin' to the mouth. Won't get right bedfast, but get a cough on you as'll hang a long time, an' you'll get creosote in your lungs from the wood. You'll likely go smoke blind too. I been

(Continued on Page 143

Rust-Proof
Because
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IF you service your own tires you will appreciate the value of rust-proofed wheels, rims, lugs, studs, bolts and nuts.

If you have ever parked beside the road on a dark, stormy night and tried with hammer and chisel and every other tool in the kit to get a punctured tire off a rusty rim, held by rust-frozen nuts, you know a few things about corrosion.

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1 Ray Keech in a Triplex Special, with three dual ignition motors of twelve cylinders each, necessitating 72 Champion Spark Plugs, set the world's straight-away speed record for automobiles on land, with the terrific speed of 207.55 miles per hour.—April, 1928.—Daytona Beach, Fla.

2 Leon Duray in a Champion-equipped Miller Special, front wheel drive, established a new world's circular track record with a speed of 148.174 miles per hour.—Packard proving grounds, June, 1928.

3 Louis Meyer, winner of the 1928 Indianapolis 500-mile classic on Memorial Day. Meyer drove a Champion-equipped Miller Special for an official average of 99.482 miles per hour. Meyer is a leading contender for AAA honors for the year.

4 92.83 miles per hour—a new and previously unheard-of world's record on water—was established September 4, 1928, by Gar Wood's Miss America VII, driven by George Wood, following this remarkable boat's successful defense of the Harmsworth International Trophy in the two preceding days.

5 Major Mario De Bernardi, Italian ace, set a new world's speed record for airplanes with an official speed of 318.69 miles per hour, flying a Champion-equipped Macchi-Fiat plane.—Venice, Italy, March, 1928.

6 Major Renato Donati, also an Italian ace and holder of the world's altitude record, made the hitherto unattainable height of 38,793 feet in a Champion-equipped Romeo-Jupiter plane.—Milan, Italy, December, 1927.

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Wherever competition foregathers to threaten world's records or to establish new records, there you find the most gruelling practical tests conceivable. Engine speeds and temperatures are at their very highest. High compression and the widespread use of superchargers impose great mechanical stress on combustion chamber units. In spite of these extremely adverse conditions, spark plugs must function faultlessly.

Because Champion Spark Plugs have so conclusively proved their supremacy under the terrific stress of countless racing engines, they obviously are better for *every* internal combustion engine.

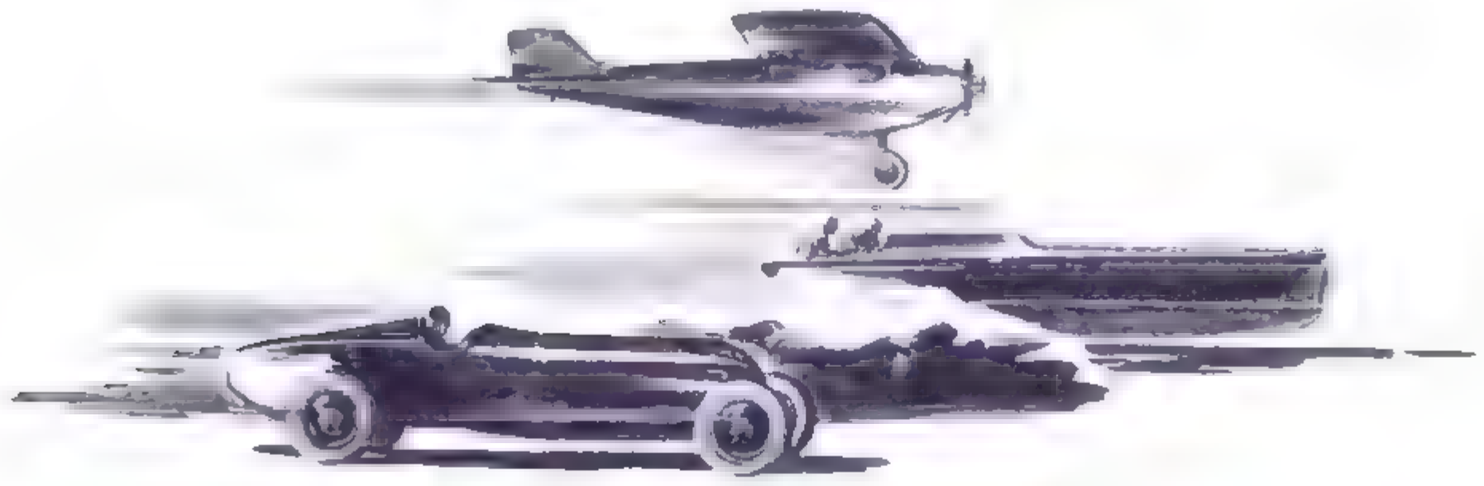
Champion Conclusively The Better Spark Plug

It is obvious that Champions must be better. They are deliberately built better by an organization whose vast scientific and material resources are and have been for years entirely dedicated to making the better spark plug. Champions possess exclusive features which conclusively make them better.

The exclusive Champion sillimanite insulator is conceded to be the finest insulator known to ceramic science. Champion owns and controls the only commercial deposit of sillimanite so far discovered. Sillimanite is of high heat conductivity, possesses great mechanical strength, is practically impervious to carbon and oily deposits—is, in short, the perfect insulator.

In racing engines—as well as in the engine of the average car owner—this means that Champion Spark Plugs deliver a positive full capacity spark to the electrodes. In terms of engine efficiency, the sillimanite insulator insures more rapid and complete combustion with better all-'round engine performance.

Champion special analysis electrodes are practi-



world's records in every field

cally immune from pitting and burning and insure a permanently fixed spark gap. A perfect gap setting is essential to complete combustion, prompt starting, rapid acceleration and the development of full power, particularly in modern high-compression engines.

Champion two-piece construction is made positively compression tight by a solid copper gasket seal.

A Great Contribution to Modern Engine Performance

Without Champion's great improvements the modern highly efficient engine might still remain a matter for future development. But by anticipating engineering demands Champion has contributed much toward raising the modern engine to its present high plane of efficiency.

Though the average motorist will never submit spark plugs to the stresses imposed by a speed classic, it is well to know that Champions have been designed to stand the most terrific strain that may be imposed upon them.

You Too Can Enjoy The Same SUPERIOR PERFORMANCE *But Be* SURE *You Have the Correct Champion in Your Engine*

You can be sure of superior performance of your engine if you use dependable Champion Spark Plugs because the Champions you buy are identical in material and workmanship with those used by these racers. ¶ But to secure the best performance results from your engine make sure that it is equipped with the *proper type* of spark plug. ¶ Much engine trouble is entirely due to use of the wrong *type* of plug. ¶ There is a correctly designed Champion for every type and kind of engine, and for every operating condition. ¶ Every Champion dealer has a chart which will show which Champion should be installed in your engine for best results.

The Champion Spark Plugs you install in your car are identical in material, workmanship and design with those used by the great race drivers.

While Champions will function efficiently longer than ordinary spark plugs, a full new set should be installed every 10,000 miles to assure best engine performance. Engine efficiency is restored to the high plane intended by the car manufacturer. Power, speed, and all-around performance are improved to an amazing degree. And a new set of Champions every 10,000 miles actually cost you nothing, for they *save their cost many times over in less gas and oil used.*

More than 100,000 dealers and garages sell dependable Champions.

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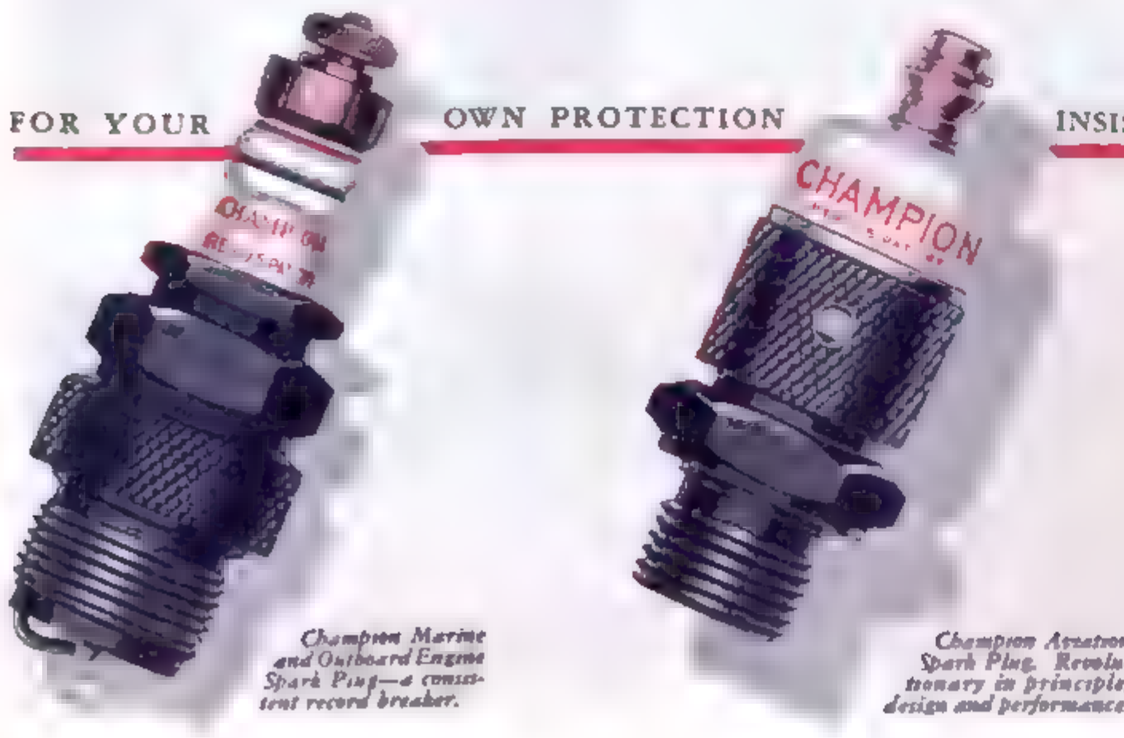

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Smart and sturdy—these Bulova *Ladies' Sports Watches* with colored leather straps, at **$24.75** *and* **$28.50**

Each with a 15 jewel Bulova movement and Patented Dust-Tite Protector . . .

IT is only natural to believe that a product—the choice of those who can afford the best—would be expensive. Yet this page proves eloquently that the best is *not* necessarily costly!

While Bulova Watches are priced as high as $2500, the *dependability* of a Bulova has no relation to its price. Regardless of the price you pay, the name "Bulova" on the dial is your absolute assurance of trustworthiness.

Each of the watches illustrated holds a 15 jewel Bulova standardized movement—whose rugged dependability is *guarded by the patented Dust-Tite Protector which seals it within the case.*

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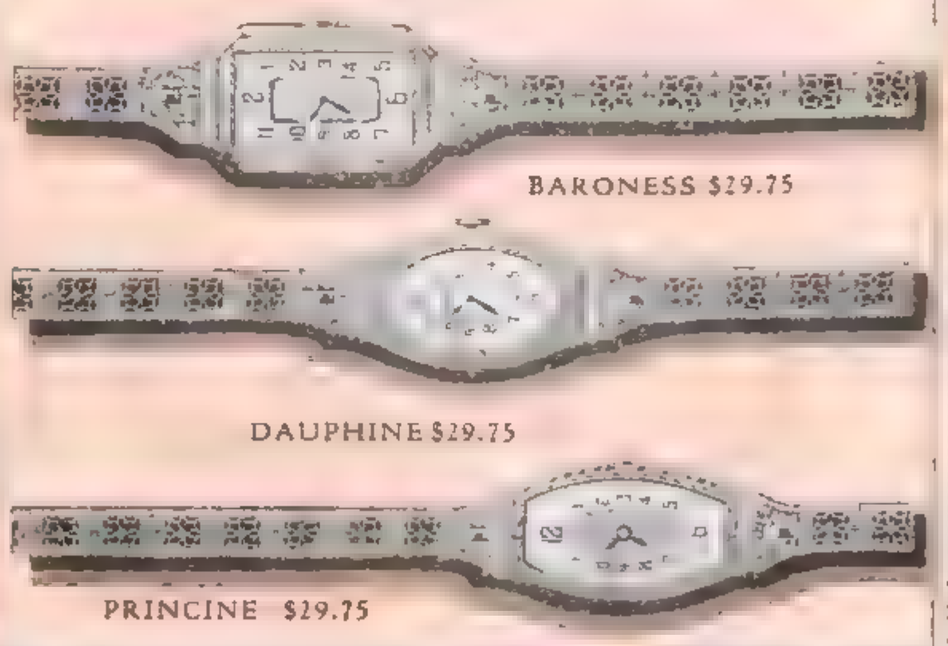

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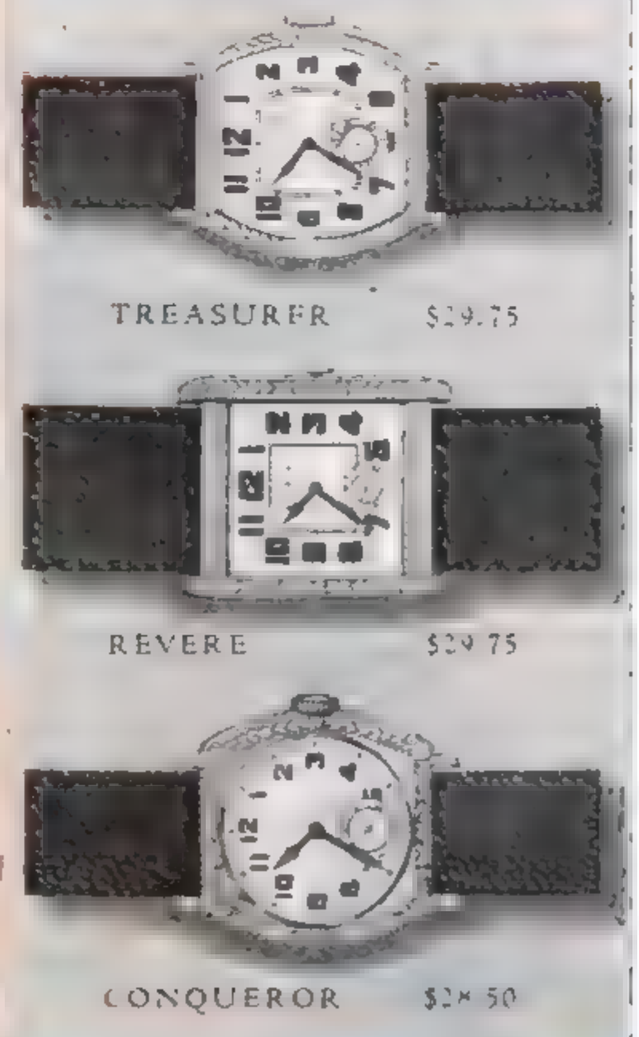
Engraving adds richness to these handsome Bulova timepieces for men, priced at **$28.50** *and* **$29.75**



BULOVA *Watches*

SOLD AT THE BETTER JEWELERS EVERYWHERE

Continued from Page 138)

Journey's End

blind myself, more 'n once. But one good thing—if you work in a smoker you won't never die o' the consumption."

"The smoke cooks the T. B. bugs?" I queried.

"What's them? Somethin' like bluebottle flies?"

"Well, kind of." And I let it go at that.

Strange, but the Magdalen French still use that wonderful old-time word *boucaner*, for smoking a herring. Centuries ago the hard-fighting beef raiders and smokers in the Caribbean used that very word, and thus when they transformed to pirates they were called "buccaneers." I thought the word *boucaner* was dead, ages past, but no, far up among those misty northern isles I heard it still upon the lips of living men. Thought inspiring, eh?

A really beautiful sight is the interior of a smokehouse, with nearly 1,000,000 herring all contentedly a-dangle. Most lovely, indeed, are their hues of black and gold and rich warm brown. And what odor more appetizing? If you've never seen a smoker in full blast, a treat is awaiting you.

You find precious scanty real amusement on the Magdalens. The boys play a little football, and in winter there's a bit of skating and hockey, but for the most part the Magdaleners aren't given to diversions. Though trout are found in the lakes, you can imagine a postman would just about as soon be invited out for a walk as a Magdalen cod fisher to go trouting. The only big event of the year is the October fair at Amherst. It's like any country fair on a small scale, minus the horse racing. That racing takes place in winter, on sea ice of a lagoon near Étang du Nord.

A Rare Diversion

"With proper trottin' sulkies, sir, an' purses for the half, three-quarters an' mile. Four to six horses entered, each race," Frank Burke informed me. "Once in a while we have a little dance, but not so much as the French. Five or six housefuls o' them gets together an' has a regular party. No booze here. We're part o' Quebec, but we voted dry long ago. No clubs or lodges. . . . Shows? Magic lantern, some odd time or other. An' a movie come here one summer. It cleaned up a lot o' money, every night for a month, in a tent.

"Know what I'd like for amusement, though? I'd like to drive all over the islands in cold weather when the sand's froze—explore every sand bar, nick an' corner. Lots o' bracin' wind then. Could do it all in a month. Like to go?"

"Rather!" I agreed. "If there's anything I'd love, it would be a month's driving in a buggy over frozen sand bars, especially in a gale and snowstorm."

"It'd sure be nice," affirmed Burke. "The interisland mail carriers go all winter. Find their way over the dunes by poles stuck down every few yards."

"Great job, that!" And Burke agreed it was. None better!

During my stay a rare diversion took place such as hadn't been known for years—a real court case. People turned out in crowds, all business was suspended, a picnic was staged. A white-whiskered judge arrived from Quebec. From all the islands spectators poured into Amherst, via the local boat.

"It's a man accused of bein' short on his accounts," someone explained. "He claims he can show where every penny went, honest, but it's quite a time for us!"

The case was continued a year, so in 1929 the Magdalens will have another treat. To get the proper perspective you must know these islands are the most law-abiding community on earth. They're governed by sixteen councilors annually elected. Four mayors, with a few local magistrates and justices of the peace, represent the Law. Ah, but I forget the jailer; also the bailiff. When an arrest is necessary—say once every five or ten years—they both have to go and make it. The jail is at Amherst. Being jailer is an arduous task. The poor fellow has to sweep it out semi-occasionally and open the court session once a year—if there's anybody to be tried, which there mostly isn't."

Here's the Only Deep-Water Harbor in the Magdalens, at Havre Aubert; in a Sou'easter You Have to Run for the Other Side of the Island

"But he gets his salary just the same," an ancient mariner remarked to me. "In fifty-one years we only had two convictions as landed fellers in the pen. Both was for enterin' a store and stealin'. We ain't never had a hold-up or street robbery. A man could lay down anywhere outdoors here an' go to sleep with his pockets full o' money, an' wake up with all of it. Nobody locks their doors here. Why would they? Nobody steals!"

"Same with us in the States," I replied. "All our big cities are like that."

"We had a moonshiner 'rested last winter, but he didn't go to jail."

"That, too, has a familiar sound. But how about murders and such?"

"Never had a one since the islands was first cleared o' pirates and settled. No knifin's or shootin's whatever. One or two accidents, sir, but that's all."

"Same as with us, too—especially in the big cities."

He gave me a suspicious look and presently withdrew to mingle with the holiday throng so eagerly hoping for a conviction of the prisoner. A day of thrills and great rejoicing that was indeed at Havre Aubert!

When Famine Falls

No wonder they picnic while they can, these hardy islanders. Swiftly the flash of summer passes and down once more settles the interminable white winter, when for months on end they must be a world unto themselves—months when neither sail nor smoke vexes the frozen horizon, until at last with spring some of the Newfoundland sealing steamers crash their way into the Gulf.

Though now air navigation has stopped all possibilty of actual starvation, the islanders still remember when winter might mean just that. One of the old-timers will tell you:

"'Twas an awful famine we had in '82. "Potato crop failed an' the ship bringin' our winter's supplies got lost with 'leven men. Afore New Year we was sufferin' desperate. Flour wan't to be had for its weight in gold. But heaven was good to us at last, an' a big ship loaded wi' provisions got wracked on the ice off Coffin Island. All hands turned out, sir, an' we drawed a new lease o' life. I was one o' them as run out over the lolly ice, at the risk o' me life, to get grub.

"An' in 1908, after navigation closed, our cable busted an' we had no communication wi' the main. 'Twas an old woman as thought o' what to do. 'Send the mail ashore in a cask,' says she, 'and ask for help.' So we collected a lot o'

Spend six dollars *for* SAFETY that this newer, better motor horn insures . . . .

New in design—pleasantly free from the throat troubles with which horns once were afflicted, the new E. A. Mileaway simply and inexpensively ends warning signal problems. Have done with the old horn that has outlived its usefulness. Spend no more on repairs. Replace the worn out veteran of traffic wars with this lusty youth of the towering voice. A 1929 model—this Mileaway, its low price made possible only by tremendous production in America's largest exclusive motor horn and windshield cleaner factory. See some E. A. dealer soon and have this super horn put on your car.

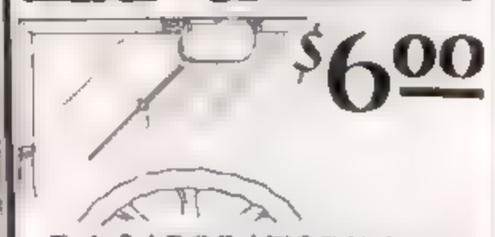
$6.00

EA MILEAWAY

And for clearer, Surer Vision in Sleet or Rain . . . .

The E. A. Windshield Cleaner is dependable in all weather, at any speed of your car. Regardless of grade or traffic delays, it keeps your vision clear. Sleet or rain or snow can't cripple this cleaner, so well devised to brush them off and away. This winter have a windshield wiper that works in the wickedest weather. And be sure it is the ruggedly made E. A. Cleaner that you *get*. At no price is there more reliable vision insurance. At six dollars it is incomparable.

EA WINDSHIELD CLEANER



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E. A. LABORATORIES, Inc.
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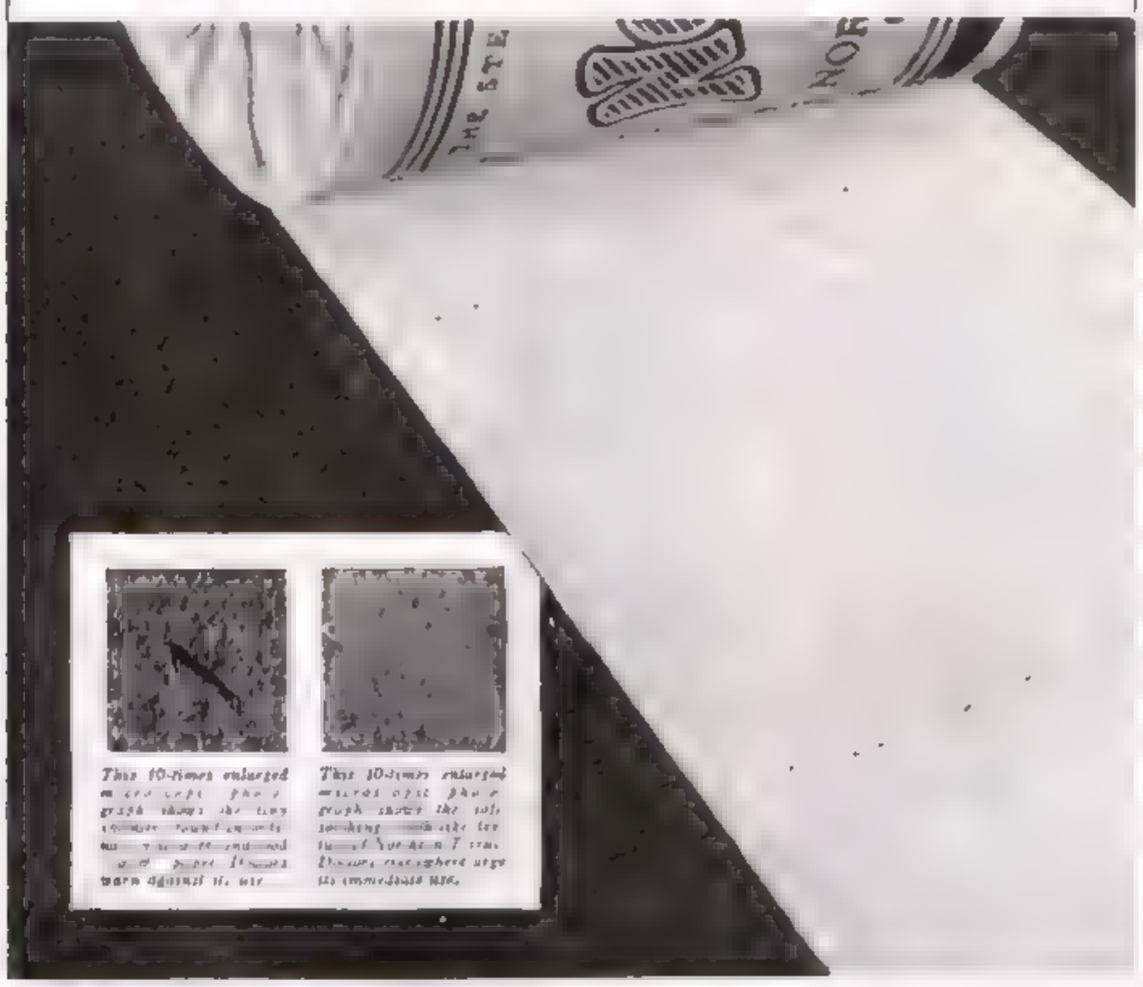
Dealers who are interested in the profits of better horns and cleaners will find the E. A. Franchise highly interesting

To Get

the *Sterilized* Bathroom Paper that Doctors Are Urging

Ask for NORTHERN *Tissue*



20 Times Sterilized!

IN thousands of homes, during the past two years, a new Bathroom Paper has supplanted old-time "toilet" papers. An utterly new type paper that meets, in every respect, the exactments of the medical profession.

It is snow-white in color. It is indescribably soft. It is cloth-like in texture. It is amazingly absorbent. And most important—every sheet is sterilized.

Largely on medical advice, mothers are insisting on this vastly superior Bathroom Paper. To get it—you must ask for NORTHERN TISSUE.

Cooked at 302°

No other paper is quite like Northern Tissue. For it is *sterilized* 20 times. (A cultural test conducted by the nationally known Columbus Laboratories proved it as sanitary as sealed hospital cotton. Consider what that means.)

Moreover it is cooked at a temperature of 302°. This process does three important things. 1. It whitens the paper. 2. It makes a soft, cloth-like texture. 3. It makes a paper utterly free of irritating particles. Ordinary yellow "toilet" paper contains raw groundwood. Actually tiny splinters. (Note illustrations above.) These splinters irritate. Frequently, they cause more serious rectal troubles such as Pruritus Ani.

There is no raw groundwood in "cooked" Northern Tissue. That is why doctors are urging the *immediate* discontinuance of ordinary yellow "toilet" paper in favor of white *sterilized* Northern Tissue.

Only 10c a Roll

With all of its marked superiority, Northern Tissue costs no more than ordinary "toilet" paper—only 10c a roll. Hence, it is folly to use any other kind.

But a word of caution. Every white Bathroom Paper is not Northern Tissue. This paper, endorsed by highest medical authorities, has "The Sterilized Bathroom Paper" printed on the label. Look for this wording.

Order today. Insist on Northern Tissue. Or, we will send you a generous sample, free, if you will send us your name. Address, Julia Neidle, Nurse, Northern Paper Mills, Dept. 19, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

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NORTHERN *Tissue*

With the Blue Core

letters, sealed 'em all up into a tin box, then got a molasses tierce an' put the box inside. We ballasted the tierce, coopered her up, nailed a tin sail on, an' painted MAGDALEN ISLANDS MAIL on the sides. Big crowd went to see us launch her at West P'int, first o' Feb'uary. She got picked up 115 miles off, in Cape Breton, after eight days. First results we had was when Cap'n Barbour, o' the Newfoundland sealer Labrador, got jammed in the ice four mile from the islands an' we walked out to him. He told us the tierce had landed an' the relief steamer Stanley was comin' out—which she done, bringin' mail an' supplies."

All this is lonely enough, but nothing beside Brion Island and the Bird Rocks, ten and sixteen miles beyond Grosse Ile. Brion, rolling and fertile, is visited by some hundred fishermen in season, but is otherwise unspeakably desolate. Even rats can't live there. Tracks of them have been seen on ice, going ashore from wrecks, but they've always died. Yet two families dwell on that remote bit of earth—the light keeper's and that of a well-to-do farmer with two sons and two daughters.

"They all got money," Magdaleners say. "But they only get mail when open boats can cross over, and that's rare. Oldest daughter is thirty-three, born there, and never was to the main islands but once. She's never seen a movie nor an auto." Can you imagine that in 1928?

Still more terrible are North Bird and Great Bird—les Rochers aux Oiseaux—where Cartier reported the "sea fowl more numerous than grasses in a meadow." North Bird is just a pair of low, cruel ledges. God help any ship that touches them in fog or blizzard! Another vessel "Posted as Missing." A perilous channel leads to Great Bird, fitting place to conjure up Robinson Crusoe nightmares of isolation. Its cliffs leap more than 100 feet straight out of churning breakers. Steep concrete steps, in a great slash cut through the sullen red rock, lead up from a tiny platform where you can land only on the calmest days.

The Hall of the Storm King

"Lighthouse tender sometimes waits three weeks afore she can put supplies ashore," an ancient informs you. "Couple o' men once landed to repair the light, an' had to stay nearly a month afore they could get off again. The tender watches her chancet, drifts in, waits for three big seas, then makes a landin' and has ten minutes, after which she has to stand off again. Some place!"

For only $1200 a year, Montague Arsenault keeps that most desolate of lights, his only contacts with the world being a radio and a phone cable to North Cape. He's monarch of all he surveys, his kingdom containing one wife, three children and an assistant. The said kingdom is only 770 yards long by 270 wide, and bears no vegetation save a little scanty grass. Besides his dwelling and the light tower, he has nothing to see but the powder house, the 3000-gallon rain-water pit in the rock, the bastion where his cannon booms in foggy weather, and the flagstaff where each morning he hoists the Union Jack.

For five years now these six persons have held this terrible post. Winters are frightful beyond words. Long months the Gulf is blocked by ice. No ship in sight, not even smoke. Perched high on their sky roost of a few snow-buried acres, sometimes with eighty-mile gales screaming over and the glass marking 30 below zero, those few humans exist as no prisoners do. Implacable Nature immures them. Nowhere to go, nothing to do. Can you imagine it?

Spring and summer bring added misery, when uncountable myriads of gannets, puffins and guillemots come flocking. Their deafening clamor, the reek of their nests and their fish fragments that litter the cliffs make Great Bird a Gehenna. Yet the keeper's only complaint is that he's not allowed to leave in the fall. But no, he must be on the job when navigation opens. So there he has to stay all winter. If he went ashore in autumn, Lord knows when he might be able to get back.

A Life of Sacrifice

Some appalling tragedies have taken place on that stark inferno. Once the keepers ran out of provisions, and during a long spell of bad weather came near starvation before help arrived. Then, too, Bird Rock disaster is still talked of.

"That was thirty years ago, sir," a grizzled old sea dog tells you. "There was John Turbid, John Pigeon an' Paul Chenel, an' they had to fire the cannon in case o' fog. Rule was they must only carry three charges o' powder to the gun at once, but they carried a whole barr'l. Gun back-fired an' the primin' cap flew into the barr'l. Turbid was blowed nigh off the rock, but he lived. Pigeon an' Chenel, though, was tore all to bits, an' so was a little boy there. Three dead. An' Lord, man, what a fix the survivors was into, afore help come!"

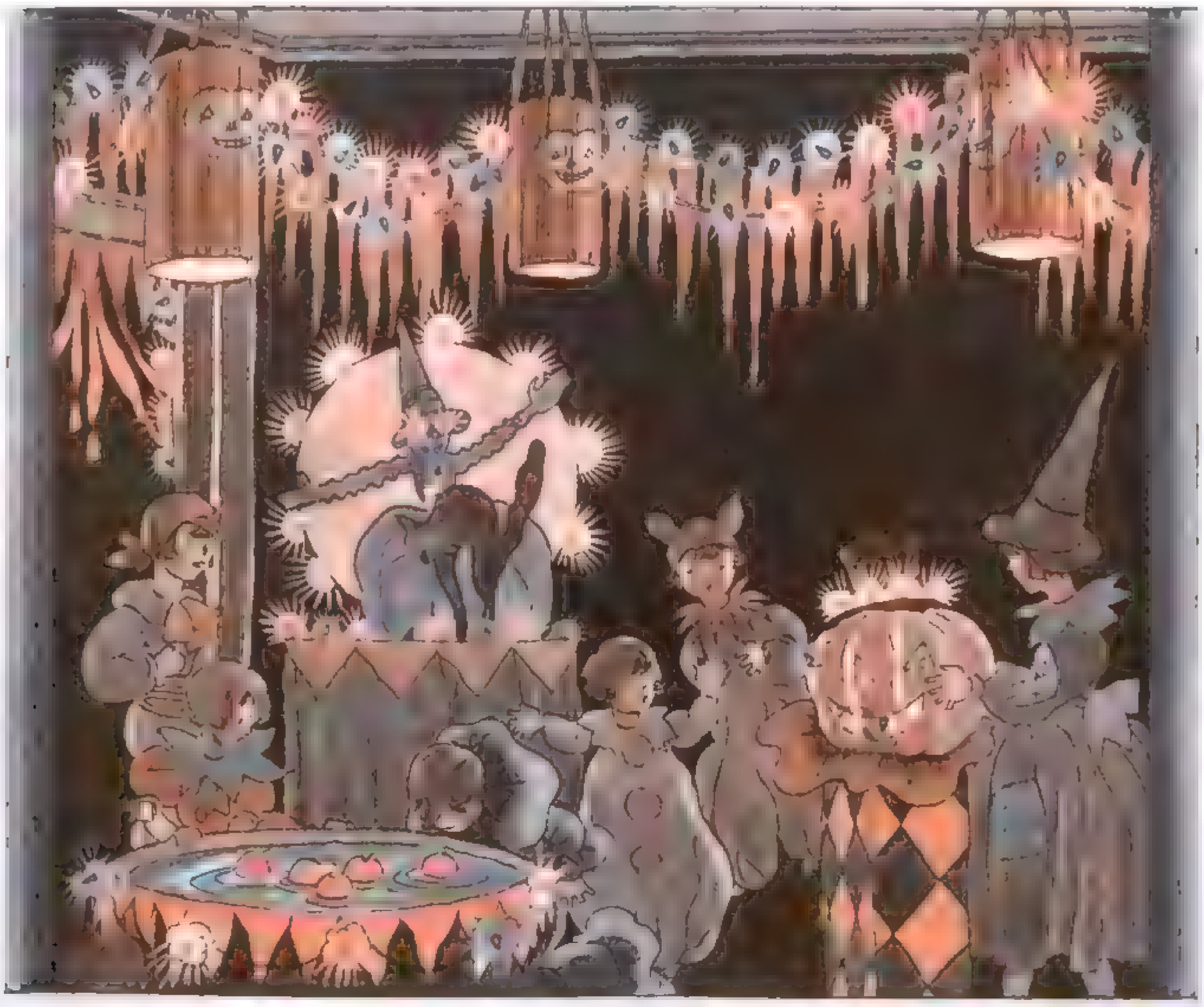
Then there was the Whalen case. Whalen was light keeper. He and his son and an assistant named Joe Pigeon ventured out after seals —— But let the sea dog tell it:

"They got their load o' seals, sir, started back in their galvanized iron flat through glade o' water, but got carried too far to loo'ard o' the rock. Whalen an' his son froze to death that night. Pigeon, he was 'bout dead too, but next mornin' he could still see the Rock far away. He laid the bodies on the ice, left the boat an' started afoot over the lolly. Got to Great Bird that afternoon. The bodies was never seen again. Whalen's wife went nigh-hand to crazy. 'Twas a long time afore she an' Pigeon was relieved. Ships couldn't get to 'em, even though somethin' was seen wrong with the light. Terrible time, sir!

"Then, twenty years ago, Telesphore Turbid an' his son was keepers. They hired Damien Deveaux an' his wife Annie to stay with 'em. All three men got adrift on ice

(Continued on Page 147)

Etang du Nord is Wholly Dedicated to Fish



FOR A "PEACH OF A PARTY"

HALLOWEEN costumes and Autumn games, young folks alive with the quickened breath of Fall, the gay twinkling strings of Noma Lights throwing a dazzling magic over the company—what a kick Nomas give to making parties a success.

The brilliant little color lights add gaiety to any occasion. Their colorful sparkle creates an instant spirit of festivity. "Oh!" and "Ah!" your guests exclaim the moment they cross the threshold. There's no waiting to "warm up"; your party is instantly on the go.

To make your Halloween and Thanksgiving parties successful—and every party you give throughout the year—decorate your home with these brilliant, joyous little Noma Lights. You'll find them the gayest help to successful entertaining; they turn any evening into an event.

Easy to put up—No electrician needed

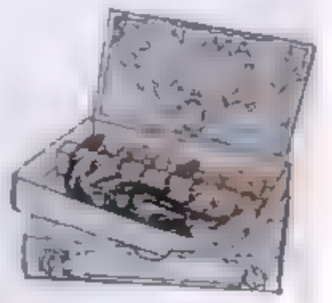
Noma Lights are the colorful sets of twinkly little lamps used for Christmas trees and for all festive decorations. They are MAZDA lamps, which guarantees their goodness and quality. You can string them up in an instant, then take them down afterwards and use over and over again. They are inexpensive, and they last indefinitely. You can buy additional strings from time to time to add on to those you already have, gradually increasing your decorative outfit.

Get out your Nomas now from their packed-away Christmas boxes, and use them for Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas and party decorations throughout the year.

Noma Lights are sold by every better class electrical, department and hardware store. If your dealer cannot supply you, write directly to NOMA ELECTRIC CORP., 344 Hudson St., New York.

Send for Booklet on "Decorating with Color Light"

Decorating with Color Light—54 Plans for 'Parties they'll Remember' is just off the press—brimful of beautiful decorative schemes for dinners, dances, birthdays, weddings, Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas and holiday parties the year 'round. Send 10 cents for your copy today, to the Noma Corporation.



NOMA STRINGS OF COLOR LIGHT

SEE IF *YOUR* SPARK PLUGS LOOK LIKE THIS

DO THE spark plugs in your engine look like the one pictured here? If so, it means hard starting, slow pick-up, poor idling, loss of power, waste of fuel.

All spark plugs deteriorate in time and need to be changed. If those in your car have been used for a full season, or 10,000 miles, put in a new set now and *insist upon AC's.*

This will result in greatly improved performance.

Today's high compression engines need high duty spark plugs. Through years of study and experiment, AC has developed spark plugs which more than meet the needs of high compression.

AC Spark Plugs are sold by the best dealers everywhere because they are proved, by every test, *standard of the world.*

AC-SPHINX Birmingham *ENGLAND*

AC Spark Plug Company
FLINT, *Michigan*

AC-TITAN Clichy (Seine) *FRANCE*

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THE STANDARD SPARK PLUG
OF THE WORLD
AC
Dirt in oil means wear. The AC Oil Filter keeps oil clean. Put in an AC Renewal Cartridge every 10,000 miles. That makes the Filter good as new.

One or more of the AC units, as listed below, are used as factory equipment by more than 200 successful manufacturers, among them:

Auburn	Elcar	Oakland
Buick	Essex	Oldsmobile
Cadillac	Graham-Paige	Peerless
Chandler	Hudson	Plymouth
Chevrolet	Hupmobile	Pontiac
Chrysler	Kissel	Reo
De Soto	LaSalle	Stearns-Knight
Dodge Brothers	Moon	Studebaker
du Pont	Nash	Stutz
		Yellow Cab

AC SPARK PLUGS AC SPEEDOMETERS AC AIR CLEANERS AC OIL FILTERS AC FUEL PUMPS
AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

(Continued from Page 144)

after Seals. Deveaux an' Turbid froze stiff. The son floated way to Cape Breton an' died of freezin' there. Annie Deveaux was left all alone on the Rock to tend the light, till a ship could rescue her. What a story that'd make for a paper, sir, if 'twas all wrote out properlike, eh?"

Poor in so many things, the Magdaleners are rich in tales of suffering and heroism. But heroism is at a discount there. Just as Shaw says that "in heaven an angel is nobody in particular," so a hero in the Magdalens is the merest commonplace fellow. Take the case of Allan Clarke. In the States he would certainly have won Carnegie awards. There, who thinks anything of his feat? Nobody; Clarke least of all.

"Two of our men got adrift," William Burke told me, smoking on his little porch one evening while the Northern Lights pulsed in pale splendor to the zenith, August though it was. "It's bad, sir, goin' adrift. I been there myself, and only saved my life by drinkin' seals' blood. These fellers, Welsh and Chenel, got lost in a regular winter-weather gale, thick o' snow, an' ten below zero. They was blowed in their little boat from Amherst nigh to Cape Breton, fifty miles, an' then back again, by a shift o' the gale, to Grand Entry. Three days they was out, with nothin' to eat but a little dry flour, an' Chenel got froze so bad he had to later cut off his thumb an' two fingers with a hack saw. Though some say 'twas a knife he used.

"Well, when they come in over the bar to Grand Entry, they got stuck in the shore ice, churnin' like it 'd grind their boat to matchwood. Allan Clarke an' John Payson crawled out on thin ice toward 'em. Clarke went the farthest—three miles. He had two dory oars an' a rope. Times, the ice'd open, and in the trock o' the waves he could see the clam shells on the bottom. Then again he had to climb up over raftered ice, high as a house. But he rove a line to the boat; hauled her an' them two men back nigh enough to shore so men could hitch horses to it an' pull it up. Seven an' a half hours Clarke was workin', with his clothes froze like a board.

"Reward? What for? Oh, yes, I heard tell he did get a medal or somethin'. But what would anybody reward him for, doin' a thing like that?"

I asked Clarke about his medal.

"Gorry, I dunno where 'tis!" quoth he. "Kickin' round somewheres, I guess."

Farmer, the Famed Sea Horse

After a little sleuthing I located the medal where it had been carelessly tossed into a drawer of the steward's desk, aboard the Lovat. A beautiful bronze medal with a blue ribbon, it had been awarded by the Canadian Humane Association. The steward unquestioningly gave it to me, and I returned it to Clarke, who seemed mildly surprised.

"There she is now," was all he said. "Jinks, I knowed she was knockin' round some place another!"

When it comes to being a celebrity in the Magdalens, a human being hasn't a chance. There Fame has definitely lighted on the brow of an equine. From one end of the archipelago to the other, everybody knows Farmer, the celebrated ocean-going steed of Entry Island. Here the story is, in this wise.

Farmer was traded for another horse by his owner, Richard McClean, three years ago next March. McClean walked the horse off the island in stormy weather, over the ice bridge, three miles to Sandy Hook on Amherst. Thence by easy stages he drove across Amherst, Grindstone, Wolf and Grosse Ile and the total of more than thirty miles of treacherous sand bars that connect them. These shifting dunes and quicksands can be traversed at low tide by natives who well know the exact way. Here or there, channels have to be forded. One such channel is half a mile wide, and at times the driver has to stand up in the seat with water all around him. If the horse begins to sink, give him the whip and run him across! Drivers usually carry ropes, in case of trouble; though how a man with a rope can pull a horse out of a quicksand, I don't quite see. Motor cars—of which seven now run on the Magdalens—often make the trip. At good speed there's not much danger, though the spray flies as from a battleship.

To return, however, to our amphibious horse, Farmer. His master delivered him to the new owner at East Point, who in the spring turned him out to grass on the dunes. Farmer stayed quietly there till June, biding his time, waiting for the grass to reach its height.

Channel-Swimming Material

"'Twas then he started," McClean told me, when I made a special nine-mile trip in a small motorboat on a rough day, over to Entry Island, for a personal talk about the horse. "He walked right back, more'n sixty miles, the very way I drove him. Stopped at the same places, comin' back, we did goin' east. Finally reached Amherst, stayed there a few days, an' even visited the blacksmith shop. Blacksmith told me, later, if he'd knowed what the hoss was forelayin' to do, he'd have put a set o' shoes on him. But he didn't. How could he? Nobody could, sir!

"Farmer watched his chance for a good day, an' then walked out to the end o' Sandy Hook. Some folks think a hoss can't see very far, but I know better. He saw three miles to Entry, all right; an' what's more he knowed how to get there. He waited till the tide was exactly right, so it wouldn't carry him out to sea. Then he waded in the ocean an' struck out.

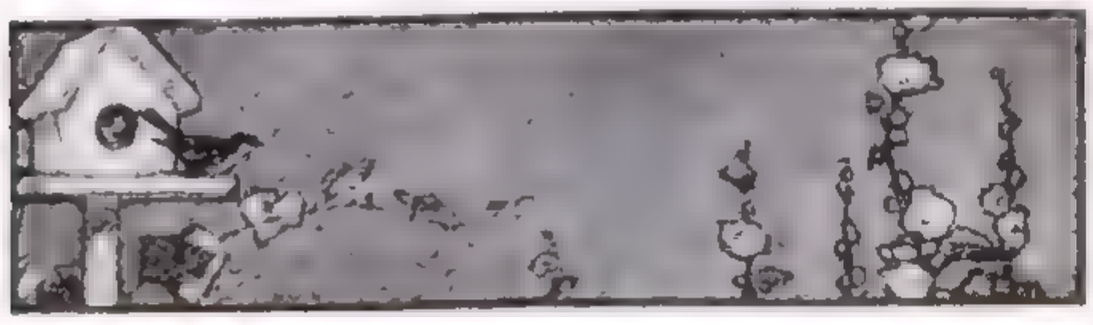
"Did he make it? He did so! Several seen him swimmin', and they claim a boat couldn't pass him, sailin'. In less 'n half an hour he come aground on Entry. Reckon he'd done five mile in all, way the tide drifted him. But he wasn't much tired. Just shook himself, an' trotted back to his stall. Trade him again, sir? Sell him? Not if I know it! He's seven, now, an' here's where he's goin' to live an' die, safe at home!"

In this love of his native heath—or sand and rock—Farmer is a real Magdalen Islander. Whatever the larger world may offer, only these islands mean home. As, after a week and five days, the Lovat once more carried me southward, while the island peaks faded back into all-blurring mists, I realized that even such far and lonely places have their own peculiar melancholy charm. But my pensive reveries were a bit troubled by a difficult problem in mathematics. I tried to think it out:

First week cost me seven dollars. Right enough. Then I paid for another week. Seven bucks more. Righto! But when I left unexpectedly in five days of the second week, I owed ten in all for that week, and had to pay three more.

In other words, if I'd stayed two days longer, it would have cost me three dollars less!

Can anybody figure that out? I can't—and I'm not going to try!



"Men *who are bald or have dandruff look old and ill-cared for, even if they aren't. We like well-groomed men about us!" say Washington debutantes. Stay in the preferred class. It's not difficult with this famous treatment.*

"Bald men or men with dandruff are unattractive" . . .

say Washington Debutantes

"AT LEAST men with thick, well kept hair are so much *more* attractive that we've little time for those who are bald. And dandruff seems inexcusable!"

Do the women you know feel, as these Washington debutantes do, that baldness and dandruff result from men's own carelessness?

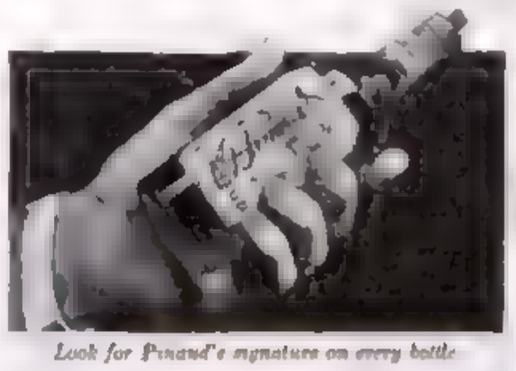
Women are right. Faithful daily care is the only sure way to kill dandruff germs—check baldness. This famous 3 minutes a day treatment will do it.

Every morning moisten scalp generously with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then, with fingers pressed down firmly, move scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of scalp. Move scalp—not fingers. Brush your hair while moist. It will stay the way you want it.

Dashing Pinaud's Eau de Quinine over the scalp kills dandruff. Working it into the scalp deeply every day saves the hair.

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today.

FREE: *generous sample bottle of the* famous Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Write today to Pinaud, Inc., Dept. P 4, 220 East 21st Street, New York City. In Canada, 560 King Street, Toronto.



Look for Pinaud's signature on every bottle

If he had *protected his hair how much more attractive his head would be! Just a slight hair-thinning became a sizable bald spot—while he waited. Such a pity, when 3 minutes care every day would have nourished his hair and checked baldness!*

PINAUD'S *Eau de Quinine*

Copr. 1926 by Pinaud, Inc.

KEEPS YOUR HAIR HEALTHY, YOUR SCALP CLEAN

avored by

YOUTH

Essence of Autumn sunshine; sparkling with the tang of Indian Summer.... No wonder the Chrysanthemum is favored by Youth—and by those never-grow-olds who have conquered the calendar.

Look for this emblem . . . It is the mark of a *good* florist, whose business integrity is unquestioned.

Say it with Flowers
YELLOW
Society of American Florists

Say it with Flowers

MY LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS

(Continued from Page 27)

Bedini, being the virtual boss of the act, told me to make up in black-face like Arthur. Two black-face figures would set him off better, while another white-face might detract from his central position. Trifles like these often become vital matters in the world of make-believe. Besides, burnt cork was plentiful.

So my first appearance in top-line vaudeville was to come out at a certain cue, hand Bedini a plate and go off without a word. For this I took hours to prepare my make-up, fuss over my costume and rehearse the various possible ways in which I could hand over the plate. But my chief problem was how to come on and go off so that the audience would notice me and possibly even laugh at my exit, for I had already learned that a laughing exit is often preferable to a prolonged appearance. The first thing I decided was that once I got on the stage I would take my time about handing over the plate. I looked leisurely at each of my partners and then I looked over the audience in a lofty manner, while Bedini and Arthur looked at each other in amazement at my cheek. This brought a laugh and a hand at my exit. It also raised me a few notches with Bedini.

A week later he asked me whether I knew how to juggle. The only juggling I had ever tried was to roll my eyes in their sockets, but now Bedini showed me how to roll a hat down the length of my arm and catch it as it dropped off. Only after I'd mastered the hat did I try the same trick with a plate. I now devoted all my spare time to juggling and became quite accomplished in every phase of the art. With that my rôle expanded. In addition to bringing on the plate, I had a new piece of business.

After Bedini, who was an able juggler, rolled the plate off his arm and caught it, Arthur clumsily tried to mimic him, smashing the dish. Then I took another plate, rolled it down my arm, caught it with ease and snapped my fingers scornfully at Arthur. Arthur pursued me with a hammer and I exclaimed, "He means to do me bodily harm!" It was the first time any audience had ever heard a negro speak such Oxford English and it was the first line I spoke on big time. From that moment on Arthur and I developed into a sissy-bully team, he the boor and I the cultured pansylike negro with spectacles, and anything I could devise to enrage him was effective and brought laughs.

Bedini now got an increase of seventy-five dollars a week from the theater for the added member to his cast and he increased me accordingly five dollars. Our act finally drifted from juggling to travesty exclusively, so that we began to appear toward the end of the bill and we parodied all the headliners. This work was mostly extemporaneous and required quick and often inspired thinking. No hard and fixed framework could fit into such an act. Every Monday, with the changing bill, our comedy changed to suit. Once Bedini felt sure of me, he let me have a broad and liberal training. He encouraged me to come on the stage at any time, provided I thought I had something funny to offer. At first I was extremely careful not to abuse this precious privilege, and whenever I entered to interrupt Bedini and Arthur I invariably managed to score a laugh. Gradually I got so that I kept on interrupting them nearly all the time. But Bedini never objected to it, and what was perhaps more important, neither did the audience. In fact, they liked it.

I became a full-fledged junior member of the firm, but my salary remained the same. However, I got my reward in glory, for the act was now styled on the program,

BEDINI AND ARTHUR
ASSISTED BY EDDIE CANTOR

It was the first time my name appeared in print and I stayed after the show to help clean up the theater so that I could collect old programs, cut out the name of our act including mine, and I mailed copies to all my friends, not forgetting those skeptics who had come to see me while I was hidden backstage.

Our team burlesqued and parodied most of the famous stars of the time. In 1910 Molasso introduced the apache dance for the first time in America in his act, Paris by Night. We followed right after him, using his set, and by very seriously imitating the high spots of the dance, we brought the house down with a roar. Here I learned one of the basic lessons in the delivery of comedy, and that was never consciously to point one's fun, but to do one's comedy very seriously, almost grimly, and let the audience pick the laughs itself. We burlesqued Ruth St. Denis, Mademoiselle Daisy, Gertrude Hoffman, and I played Salome, an artist's model and danced to Mendelssohn's Spring Song, wearing dresses, but always in black-face. By sheer accident I once lost my dress while dancing and the audience screamed. After that, whenever I played a woman I had to lose my dress. In fact, whenever we ran low on laughs, Bedini would signal "Drop the dress!" and it was sure-fire.

It is hard to explain in cold type what audiences consider funny. Gestures, subtle inflections of the voice, fleeting changes of expression, an upward roll of the eyes, may turn a dull line of print into sparkling stage humor. Here, for instance, is a specimen of poetry I used to recite on one of my exits and that never failed to rock the house with laughter. But I took care to look deeply poetic and wistful as I uttered these epic lines:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high—
Oh, what care I?
Oh, what care I?

Probably, in the sharp contrast of pure nonsense and earnest delivery, comedy was born.

This impromptu mode of play was a perfect discipline in ready wit and a more solid training for the stage than all the academic courses in rhetoric and vocal expression combined. I was with Bedini and Arthur for two years, playing three summers at Hammerstein's Victoria for six, eight and ten week periods. Our longest run at the Victoria was when we burlesqued the court-room scene from Madame X. These were my school days in the theater, and I remember the first time I met the great William Hammerstein himself I felt like a boy facing his principal. In those days the impresario's O. K. was like a blank check signed by the Secretary of the Treasury. He took a personal interest in all the acts of his show house and had watched my gradual progress on the stage.

He patted me on the head in fatherly fashion, saying, "Son, you'll headline on this corner yet."

It happened, but not quite as Hammerstein had expected. In 1926, at the Rialto, which now stands exactly where the Victoria had been, I accompanied the screen version of Kid Boots by a personal appearance at the modest weekly allowance of seventy-five hundred dollars—a mere two hundred times the salary I had earned on that same spot seventeen years before. But I'd gladly have waived the pay check to have old Hammerstein sitting in the theater and call out in his hearty voice, "Well, son, what did I tell you?"

In 1911 we were playing at Keith's in Louisville. The theater was short of an act and Bedini offered to oblige the management by sending me out in front of the curtain to do a five-minute bit while they set the next scene.

"Go out and sing that song I've been hearing you rehearse," Bedini suggested.

I hadn't sung since the days at Carey Walsh's and this was my first attempt to

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sing on a stage. I had picked up an advance copy of a new song entitled The Ragtime Violin by a comparatively new writer, Irving Berlin. Its spirit and rhythm fitted in with a peppy, lightning delivery, and as I was intensely nervous and self-conscious, I walked rapidly up and down the stage, clapping my hands and bobbing about like perpetual motion. The result was something new and entirely unintentional in jazz interpretation, and the clapping of hands, the quick, jerky step and rolling eyes have since become my trade-mark. I had to sing encores till I was exhausted, and the little curtain number was afterward retained in the act and expanded to ten minutes of music and monologue.

On the same bill was Gus Edwards and his troupe of young prodigies. He had never seen me play before, and as a judge of juvenile talents, he commended my work. A few months later we met on the same bill again at Atlantic City. Edwards asked Bedini whether he could borrow me for a benefit performance at the Chelsea Yacht Club, one of the select social centers of the Jersey shore, and Bedini agreed. At the affair I teamed up with a couple of Edwards' youngsters and most of my work was impromptu. Edwards was enthusiastic on the way home.

"My boy," he said, "you made the hit of the evening, and if you're ever out of a job, come to me!" After a while he added apologetically: "You understand, Bedini is a very dear friend of mine and I couldn't just take you from him. It wouldn't be right. But if you ever should quarrel with him—it sometimes does happen, you know—always remember, you can count on me."

It occurred to me that after two years I was still getting only thirty-five dollars a week with Bedini and Arthur. In Cincinnati I suddenly discovered that I had developed a terrible temper and couldn't restrain myself from slipping into arguments with Bedini. But he was such a tolerant and liberal master that it was really hard to pick a quarrel.

We were planning to do a burlesque show for next season to be called Dandy Girls, and after managing to intrude my part into every scene I complained that I had no rôle at all.

At last Bedini lost his temper, too, and in an unguarded moment he exclaimed, "You do what I tell you! If you don't like it—quit!"

I felt like kissing him. "I quit!" I cried, deeply wounded, and hurried to a Cincinnati drug store to put in a long-distance call for Edwards, who was playing at Morrison's Rockaway Theater.

"Gus Edwards?"

"Yes"

"I quarreled!"

"Take the first train and meet me at my office in New York!"

On my arrival in New York I went to consult my old friend Dan Lipsky, to help me with my new business arrangements.

"I've been getting thirty-five from Bedini, but I think Edwards should do better than that."

"He'll probably give you a five-dollar raise and make it forty," Dan opined. "But in order to get forty, you say, 'Fifty!' and hold out for it! When it comes to paying salary, they're all alike!"

I went fully primed to meet the new manager. "Eh—Mr. Edwards," I began, trying to remember Dan's businesslike tone, "I—you understand that in the matter of salary—I've got to get at least—eh ——" I didn't have the nerve to pop so large a sum as fifty.

Gus Edwards interrupted me with a good-natured wave of the hand. "Why, my boy, I wouldn't think of starting you on less than seventy-five dollars a week!"

x

IN 1912 Gus Edwards produced a vaudeville act called Kid Kabaret, with a cast that included Georgie Jessel, Eddie Buzzel, George Price, Leila Lee, Gregory Kelly and Eddie Cantor. The whole act brought something over a thousand dollars a week and that was considered high. If the same people were engaged today it would cost fifteen times as much, but I don't think the act would be fifteen times better. It might not even be so good. For none of us has remained childlike, simple and cute.

Eddie Buzzel was then an attractive youngster of fourteen or fifteen who played straight and serious parts. It was only later when he found out that comedians got more money that he decided to become funny. Jessel was a dashing dandy of twelve, with a high hat, white vest, spats and a cane, but at heart he was a child longing to play and would have traded his whole outfit for an electric train. Leila Lee was a little girl, hardly six, who had "it" but didn't know what it meant. Now she does. Perhaps I, who was nearly nineteen, and played the colored butler in livery, was the most sophisticated of the lot. The whole troupe, in addition to talent, had this rare quality of youth and refreshing naïveté which has never been recaptured on the American playboards.

The story of the act was simple. Young Buzzel's wealthy parents—wealthy with stage money—had gone to a theater and cabaret party and the youthful host invited all his infant friends to have a little cabaret of their own. The company was well stocked with gifted dancers and singers, ranging from the age of measles to early wisdom teeth, and it was my part to furnish the comedy while joining in the musical numbers and doing impersonations. The idea was to show that we could run a better cabaret than our elders, and I think we did. I don't know, for I hardly ever go to a cabaret. If I get the urge for night clubs I go home, close the windows, blow smoke in my face and charge three dollars to sit down and have somebody trample on my feet. But Gus Edwards' Kid Kabaret was better than that.

It was not only first-class vaudeville but the best and only acting school of its kind, where poor young boys and girls could learn the art of entertainment in all its forms and get paid for learning. Among some of the Edwards pupils that have grown to fame are the Duncan Sisters, Herman Timberg, Helen Mencken and Betty Pierce. Gus Edwards has done more for the youth of the stage than any other man I know. He not only schooled a large number of our present-day stars but composed songs that suited the needs of his youngsters, with the result that he has contributed some of the most famous hits of his day to the literature of popular music. Tammany; School Days; Sunbonnet Sue; Good-by, Little Girl, Good-by; See-Saw; By the Light of the Silvery Moon were some of the Gus Edwards songs that form part of the folk music of our country.

Behind the scenes, Edwards managed his troupe of juveniles like a family. Mrs. Edwards always traveled with the company when it started on tour and often had as many as twelve to fifteen boys and girls under her care. I being the oldest, did a little fathering myself. I initiated Jessel into the mysteries of bathing and practiced my new-found knowledge of dieting on him so that he never ate a thing he liked. I taught him to save money, but he spent it between lessons.

The most unprofessional kind of friendship developed between Jessel and me, for we always sacrificed personal interest for each other's sake. A friendship like this is not only rare in the theater but outside the theater as well. To have one's name featured above the rest is the first thing an actor dreams of and craves—even a child actor. Still, while I was the one featured with Kid Kabaret I asked Edwards to feature Georgie Jessel equally with me. This made little Buzzel jealous. He balked, spoiled his lines, upset our cues and tried to throw the act into confusion. That night I went to his room and gave him a good talking to with both fists. When he had sufficiently recovered from my arguments, he came in sheepishly to Jessel and me, apologized and asked whether he could room with us from now on. We said he could, and he did, and the three of us have remained dear friends and pals ever since.

Throughout my whole career on the stage, this was the only fight I had except when I enlisted for four rounds at Jack Dempsey's training quarters to give him a few pointers on his coming battle with the French champion, Carpentier.

Dempsey crouched and rushed toward me in his weaving style and I began to speak very rapidly through my nose, muttering, "*Miséricorde! Pas si fort! Pas si violent, monsieur!*"

"What's that?" asked Jack dumbly, coming to a sudden halt.

"I'm talking French so you'll get used to Carpentier."

"What are you saying?" He screwed his eyes suspiciously.

"Have a heart! Take it easy, monsieur!"

When Jessel and I were not acting we were playing. We had no outside games or diversions, so all our fun had to be born of the theater. On one occasion we ruined a perfectly boring mystery thriller. Just as the distracted father cried "Where is my daughter?" we walked across the stage behind him, both of us in black-face, with brooms slung across our shoulders. The audience broke into laughter and the actors of the piece were mystified instead of the audience. On another occasion we found that a newcomer to our act, a little girl violinist, was getting more applause than was healthy for her. The next night when she took her bow we were right beside her, each of us with a violin of his own, and shared the hand. Another time, as she finished her number, I suddenly appeared in one of the boxes of the theater and began a campaign speech:

"Ladies and gentlemen, if I am elected the public moneys will be safe. I will guard them and keep them. You'll have nothing to worry about!"

A distraction like this always brought a laugh and diverted some applause. It was not very ethical, but neither is bootlegging—and bootlegging applause is one of the oldest tricks of the show game.

Jessel and I made many plans together. We intended to write a play but never got beyond the intention. It was to be about the sons of Potash and Perlmutter, but we found out they never had any children. At Lake Charles, Louisiana, our juvenile company undertook to furnish the entire vaudeville program of the theater. Each of the troupe was featured separately and also teamed for other numbers. Jessel and I did a juggling act, harking back to my training with Bedini and Arthur.

For two seasons I played with the Edwards caravan in many theaters throughout the country, and during those tours I met another actor with whom I developed one of the most cherished friendships of my life. He would often appear on the same bill with us along the Orpheum Circuit. He never opened his mouth on the stage and you could hardly get him to talk offstage. He did a spectacular lassoing act and his personnel consisted mostly of anchor rope that others could barely lift but which he whirled with ease. He employed in his act another man and a horse. He received three hundred and fifty dollars a week, but after paying for transportation and the other man, the horse got most of what was left.

We of the Gus Edwards troupe would stand behind the wings and watch this tall unknown Westerner, who was always grinning and chewing gum while he did the most astounding rope tricks with as much effort as if he were buttering toast. He lassoed the galloping horse and rider, he spun hoops around them, he looped the horse's hind leg and the rider's left arm. He could lasso anything from the horse's tail to the rider's mustache. But he couldn't talk. He tried it once by announcing his feats and his Western drawl brought unexpected laughs from the audience. This confused and embarrassed him so that he never tried to speak on the stage

(Continued on Page 154)

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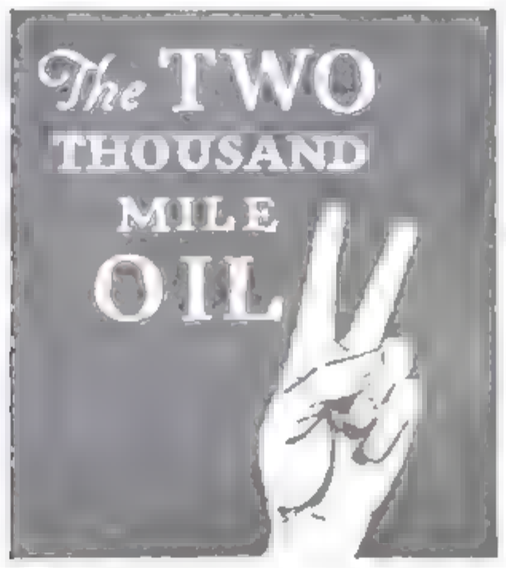

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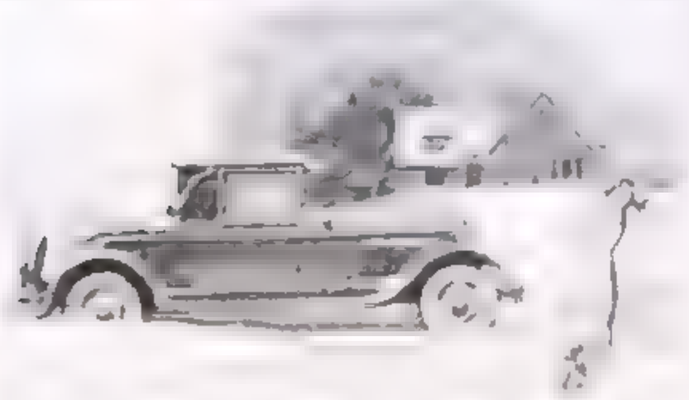

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TOOTH PASTES *and* TOOTH BRUSHES

(Continued from Page 150)

again. Such was my first glimpse of one of the greatest monologists America has ever produced.

Will Rogers was a true horseman of the prairies. He hailed from Claremore, Oklahoma, and that hardy outdoor core in his nature gave him a quaint manner and picturesque background. He seemed to be out of place, this lonely cowboy struggling along among a bunch of hoofers and wise crackers, and he must have felt it. He was probably thinking of his little home town and wishing he were back there, but he found consolation chumming around with the Gus Edwards kids, for we idolized him from the start and he must have been very fond of us too. He introduced us to the outdoors, became the captain of our baseball team and bought us all our gloves and bats. That made a hit with us at once.

He took a particular liking to me, and whenever we met along the circuit we spent a good deal of time together. I bought him his first kosher meal and showed him strange worlds hidden in the slums, in which he was intensely interested but had never seen before. The extreme East and the Far West met and liked each other.

His conversation was always flavored with a peculiar wit and style of his own and I often urged him to say the things on the stage that he was saying to me. But he wouldn't. This man, coming out of the great silences into the little cities of hubbub, was still afraid to talk. It was not until sometime later, when Max Hart, the theatrical agent, and I as well as a few others who knew him intimately and enjoyed his excellent humor, once it could be uncorked and allowed to flow, persuaded him to try, that he finally opened his mouth and talked his way into fame and fortune.

While the years brought vast changes in Will's position, Will himself never changed. He married a girl of the West. It was a real love match and will always be, and Betty still handles all his matters. Will's children were born in the saddle and he made them ride a horse before he gave them a milk bottle. Still, if his wife was obliged—as mothers often are—to scold or talk harshly to the youngsters, Big Bill of the lasso would go into a corner to hide the tears that came to his eyes. For this calm, slightly cynical cowboy who chews gum and whips out smart lines is one of the most sentimental and emotional of men, with a heart as big as the country he sprang from. Jimmy, his youngest, is a pocket edition of him.

Will Rogers is the most charitable actor in the business and is never too busy to dispense charity personally. Throughout the entire period of the war he sent a hundred dollars each week to the Red Cross anonymously. I probably run the risk of being lassoed tightly around the neck for betraying him now. But I'm sure a lot of people would like to know the full stature of this man who hides behind a piece of gum and a Western drawl. Unfortunately all this will appear too late for his presidential boom, but here is an interesting side light. In all the years that Rogers played for Ziegfeld they never signed a paper between them. Rogers shook Ziggy's hand and that was a contract.

Some outsiders got a different slant on Will. When people finally found out he could talk he got to be in great demand as toastmaster and after-dinner speaker. He always charged heavy fees for this service and the captains of big business who paid them thought he was avaricious and grasping. But the fact is he never kept that money. The day after he spoke at a banquet he would turn over the pay check to some worthy charity organization.

As a rule he was always reluctant to accept the position of toastmaster, but once in his life he actually asked for the job. It was after my star had risen that the Friars Club arranged a dinner in my honor and Will Rogers sent word to the committee that he would like to be selected as toastmaster for the occasion.

I suspected that Will wanted the gavel so he could rap me all night; but Will poked fun at Presidents and royalty and made them like it, so I didn't mind. It was to be a night of celebration and revelry. For dinners are hard enough to go through, even in one's own honor; but if they're boring they're absolutely indigestible. So I was going to have laughter at any expense—even at my own.

But when I sat down beside Will Rogers at the banquet table I noticed he wasn't in the mood for fun. I looked over the glittering hall studded with celebrities from various fields and it tickled my pride to know they were all here to do honor to the little colored butler from Kid Kabaret, and that the master of ceremonies was a lonely cowboy who had once been at the end of his rope. Then in one of those sudden flashes my whole life passed swiftly and vividly before me. I remembered the ragged, hungry nights on the roof, my tryout at Miner's with the big hook looming in the wings, my days as a singing waiter, my good and brave grandmother who used to lift trunks on her back to earn food for us both, and here I was now at the head of a festal board, one of those who had climbed to the top of the heap. There are times like these when I get so sentimental I can cry at card tricks.

Then Will Rogers got up and said the dinner was very good, but he wanted to tell them a story that was better. He remembered the opening night of the Ziegfeld Follies of 1917. It was my debut with the Follies and my first big chance. Will watched me that night and was confident I'd make good. I did, and he came into my dressing room to congratulate me. He expected to find me bouncing around the place with glee and liquor. Instead he saw a skinny young fellow doubled up in a chair with his head bent over the make-up shelf, crying as if his heart would break.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked, startled. "What are you crying about? Why, you're the hit of the show!"

But I couldn't press back the tears and my voice was choked with sobs. It was the most wretched moment of my life. Through all the years I had striven toward this goal. Only in my wildest dreams had I hoped to be the outstanding hit of the Follies—and it had happened. But now it meant nothing—nothing at all to me, for the one person in the world who should have been there to see it, whose heart would have throbbed with a thousand pleasures of pride and love, that person was not there. This would have been the one moment of happiness she waited and hoped for through eighty-four years of the most abject toil and misery, but she was deprived of it. Shortly before I made my debut in the Follies, Grandma Esther's eyes were closed in night.

Will Rogers told the story and tears streamed down his face. "That's why I wanted to be toastmaster," he said. "You are honoring this boy for what he has achieved, and he deserves every bit of it, but I love him for the way he loved his grandmother."

W. C. Fields, who sat on Will's left, was crying, too, and all the banqueters sat sniffling and red-eyed. It started as an Eddie Cantor evening and turned out to be a Jane Cowl night. No group of comedians ever presented a sadder spectacle. But I was grateful to Will for the simple human way he had turned the affair into a tribute to the memory of Grandma Esther.

One incident in her life, however, was a pleasant one, and mainly because she knew it would bring me happiness. When I left the Gus Edwards troupe I was twenty-one. I returned to New York and confided to my grandmother that I was going to get married. She was glad.

"Now you'll have someone to take care of you. After all, I'm getting old. I'm of little use."

"Don't worry, grandma. Just wait! Everything is going to turn out fine! How would you like to ride around in a car with a nice little great-grandchild?" At least, this prediction did come true.

I had worked steadily for four years, and after contributing part of my earnings to Grandma Esther, I managed to save enough to buy a dazzling diamond ring, which I flashed even from the stage, cutting a hole in my glove finger for the sparkler to shine through. In addition, I had twenty-five hundred dollars in a bank.

I stared at the little bank book with mingled feelings of pride and dread. Wasn't this the fateful figure that David Tobias foretold would land me behind a necktie counter? I had been allowed to follow the stage as a makeshift until I should accumulate enough money for a real business. The time had come for me to quit acting and get down to shirts or abandon the thought of marrying Ida.

"You mark mine words," said Tobias, shaking a prophetic finger at me, "if you wouldn't open a gents' furnishing store now, you'll be sorry the rest of your life. And remember David Tobias warned you!" Then he bent over to me and said in a confidential undertone, "After all, how long do you think people will go on paying their good money for such foolishness like dancing and singing? Some day they'll get wise to themselves, then where will you be?"

But Ida was beginning to waver. A woman sees the immediate, and after all, how many of us can see that far? I had earned money—that was certain—and I might even turn out to be a fair actor. Anyway, it was worth chancing. We cajoled her father but concealed our assets, and being out of work anyway, and having nothing to do, we got married.

We took no resplendent hall. David Tobias doubted whether I'd open a shirt store, even though I promised vaguely, and for that reason he was not so enthusiastic over this match as he had been about the others. "Better not get stuck for too much," he thought; and so there was no splurging for halls, bands or caterers. We had a quiet little wedding at the Tobias flat in Brooklyn. Only a few close relatives were invited, and when they started to give the presents I realized how close they were.

At Jennie's and Minnie's weddings there was something to rejoice about. These girls had married model suitors, visaed and O. K.'d by their parents. But Ida had picked herself this Eddie Cantor, who was only a tolerable sort—tolerable after a great deal had been overlooked and forgiven—and there was no earthly reason why the wedding should be permitted except that the two foolish youngsters loved each other—and what a poor excuse that was! The wedding broke all traditions, for the only ones who were happy at it were the bride and groom. We found an unexpected ally in the weather, for it was June—the ninth of June in 1914—and really, even if nobody else smiled, June smiled and Ida smiled and I just grinned.

Dan Lipsky in the meantime had succeeded in convincing my cousin Anne that she ought to marry too. Their wedding was five days after ours, but Ida and I were already off to Europe on our honeymoon and lost out on their supper. From our twenty-five hundred dollars in the bank we deducted seven hundred for the honeymoon. We planned to be moderate and economical in our pleasure. It made no difference that I traveled second class, for I traveled with a first-class wife.

XI

ONE memorable flop came at this time, fast and early in my career, but I recuperated with profit. When Ida and I arrived in England we found that honeymooning in the fog was a prosaic business. We had to light a match to kiss. Besides, if I laid off a week from work I might lose the habit, so I teamed up with a vaudevillian named Sam Kessler, whom my theatrical agent, Max Hart, had recommended to me, and we played a week at the Oxford in London. It was the gloomiest, coldest, foggiest week I ever spent on the stage, and I am surprised to this day that the audience didn't get up and throw seats at us.

Continued on Page 157

18,000 ticks an hour

Every second an Illinois Watch ticks five times—18,000 ticks an hour. And the loss or gain of just one tick out of each 18,000 would mean a variation in accuracy of more than 33 seconds a week.

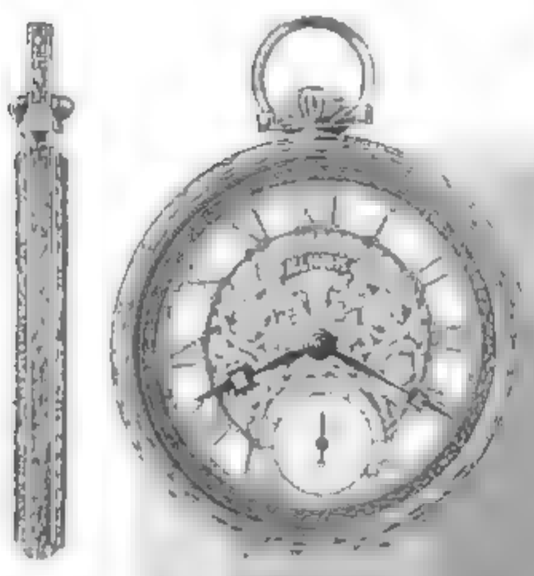
Illinois Watches have brought the almost magic touch of accuracy to a point unsurpassed in watchmaking. It is significant of their perfection in design and construction that the famous Illinois Bunn Special railroad watches, for instance, are made to run 60 hours and more from one winding—an Illinois achievement which not only represents an important feature of safety, but also provides a vital factor in increased accuracy.

It is that kind of devotion to the ideals of fine watchmaking which has become an Illinois tradition. It is that kind of craftsmanship which endows every Illinois Watch with added value for the price you pay.

See them at your jeweler's. Your taste will recognize their beauty and charm. Then ask the jeweler how good they are. He knows watches. And he knows that for more than 50 years Illinois Watches have been made with all the care worthy of such a fine art.

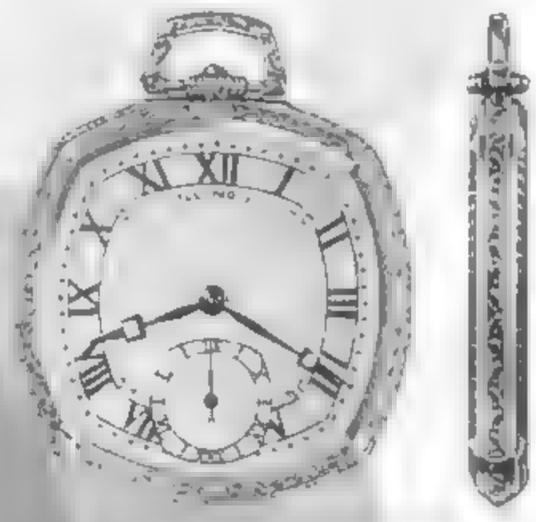
THE MIAMI. The happy combination of warm red and black hard enamel inlaid in its 14k white gold filled case makes this model a favorite. Doubly so because of the time-keeping qualities of its fine Illinois 17 jeweled movement. $50

THE NEWPORT. A delicately engraved 14k white gold filled case with octagonal opening for its beautiful silvered dial features this attractive model. And its fine Illinois 17 jeweled movement insures dependable time-keeping. $50.

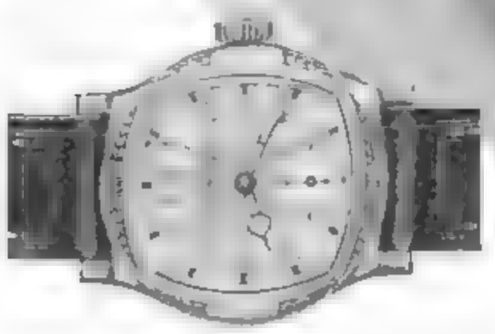


THE A. LINCOLN. Very thin, beautiful in design and performance alike, it is truly a watch worthy of its name. In 14k green or white solid gold case, fitted with exceptionally accurate 17 jeweled adjusted, motor-barrel movement. $100

THE ILLINI. An unusually beautiful watch unexcelled in quality of workmanship with exceptionally fine 21 jeweled adjusted motor-barrel movement. It is the highest grade thin model made by Illinois and is furnished in 14k solid gold case at $160, and in 18k solid gold case at $200.



THE MARQUETTE AUTOCRAT. Cushion Model. A thin model watch that excels especially because of its accurate timekeeping qualities as a timepiece. Its fine 17 jeweled adjusted movement is [illegible] in 14k gold filled case, plain or engraved as desired. $55



THE MAJOR. Built to withstand the severe shocks and strains of work or play, it is a high-grade dependable, durable strap watch as sturdy as the average pocket watch. A fine Illinois 17 jeweled movement in 14k gold filled case. $45.00

THE MARQUIS-STRAP. One of the most popular strap models made because of its unusually attractive 14k gold-filled case, curved to the arc of the wrist, and its fine 17-jeweled movement of very high quality. $50.

The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS ILLINOIS BUNN SPECIAL RAILROAD WATCHES

A million men behind him!

IN WASHINGTON, in the state capitals, in cities and towns the country over—sincere law makers are devoting their best efforts to improving legislation that affects motorists.

And you will find them working shoulder to shoulder with the research and legal departments of clubs affiliated with the American Automobile Association. Consequently when one of these public representatives takes the floor to speak of motoring matters, he knows he *has a million motorists behind him.*

Thus the A. A. A. helps to better motoring conditions. One splendid example of this worthwhile work is the recent repeal of the automobile excise tax, which will save motor car buyers $66,000,000 in 1928 alone. This service is characteristic of the ceaseless efforts of the A. A. A. and its associate clubs to promote safety, build better highways, break up speed traps, standardize traffic laws and signals, eliminate grade crossings, maintain school, safety, and direction signs, organize school-boy street crossing patrols, and promote many other measures favorable to motorists.

In addition, local A. A. A. clubs furnish accurate road maps, tour books, and trip logs, publish detour maps every two weeks, arrange all details of trips here and abroad, and supply A. A. A. hotel directories and camp site manuals. Most of them also maintain emergency road service and give free legal advice regarding automobile matters.

Membership in your local A. A. A. motor club entitles you to the services of each of the 1075 affiliated clubs in the United States, Canada, and Europe. A. A. A. clubs are owned and operated by their members.

It pays to belong. Consult the secretary or directors of your local A. A. A. motor club or if there is none in your community, write to the American Automobile Association, Washington, D. C.

This emblem, Registered U. S. Patent Office, can be used only by motor clubs affiliated with American Automobile Association

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION

WORLD'S LARGEST FEDERATION OF MOTOR VEHICLE OWNERS—ORGANIZED 1902

(Continued from Page 154)

Nevertheless, Charlot, already famous then for his revues, seemed to think it wasn't my fault and offered me a job at the Alhambra minus Kessler. I played several weeks in his revue and scored one of the biggest hits of my life with the song I Love the Ladies. I had to sing ten and twelve encores, with extra choruses, of this number every night. My wife sat in the pit at each performance and in the morning washed clothes, kept house in a modest way, and the trip we had taken to spend turned into a thrift contest.

Charlot's Revue was the élite of light entertainment. There were such celebrities on the bill as George Grossmith, Connie Ediss and the late Lee White. It was my first experience before an ultra-ritzy and meticulous audience, and considering the sorry way I had stumbled on the threshold of England, this was a swift and promising recovery; but then the war came.

Ida and I returned on the St. Paul July 29, 1914. She seemed to realize the heavy responsibility of bringing us home. Laboring under this strain, the St. Paul trembled all the way, just managed to dock; and, landing us safely, she keeled over and died. Following our entrance into the war right up to Armistice Day I was active in war work and enjoyed the distinction of leading all stage folk in the sale of Liberty Bonds. I also joined the entertainment forces of the War Department and played hundreds of benefits at soldiers' camps and hospitals.

I once met Benny Leonard at a war camp and my fighting blood was stirred. We put on a battle to the finish for the boys; but first I made Leonard eat two bananas, and when the gong sounded I aimed for his stomach. I landed such telling blows that every time I hit him the gong rang and he had no chance to strike back. Needless to say, I won, but I couldn't claim the title, as I was under weight.

Some years later at the Walter Reed Hospital in Washington, Jane Green came with me to entertain the convalescent soldiers, who were brought in wheel chairs to the auditorium. She sang them one of her hot loving numbers, after which I asked the nurses please to come and take the temperature of all the patients. I always framed special gags for the soldiers and found that the best laugh came from the old one about asking for two-dollar contributions to bury the second lieutenant. They all readily offered ten dollars to bury four more.

In the meantime Max Hart had joined me in a team with Al Lee, who was considered one of the best straight men in the business. As Cantor and Lee we played the Keith circuit in a medley of talk and song called Master and Man. It was a black-and-white act. Black-face had become an inseparable part of my stage presence. Audiences had begun to accept me as the man with the ebony mask and I feared that the day might come when I could never take it off. I would always be Eddie Cantor, the black-face comedian, but if I ever tore the mask off I'd be nobody at all. The thought began to prey on me, but I could do nothing about it. For the time being, black-face was helping me to success and I rubbed on the burnt cork thicker than ever.

Cantor and Lee opened at the Star Theater at One Hundred and Seventh Street and Lexington Avenue in August, 1914, and went over from the first. We toured the circuits for two years, getting three hundred dollars a week for our act, and after agent's commission, railroad fare, tips and laundry were deducted, we had a hundred and fifteen dollars apiece.

The gags of this period show an advance in popular comedy over the days of Walter Kelly, the Virginia Judge. I was no longer satisfied with picking up jokes and retelling them. I strove after originality, and most of the material in our act was my own. Instead of copying from others, I was getting to the point where they copied from me. This is an instance:

In one part of the act I would mention my father and roll my eyes skyward. "My poor father is gone," I sighed. Lee took off his hat and bowed his head in reverence. "With good behavior," I continued solemnly, "he ought to be out in 1921. After all, no matter how much the boss likes you, you can't work in a bank and bring home samples!" This line was afterward used by a dozen comedians.

I also had the honor of elevating "eczema" to the rank of a vaudeville joke. I told Lee, "I'd go to war for my mother country, Russia—Darkest Russia, for all my relatives are there—General Walkowitch, Itzkowitch, Eczema ——"

"Eczema?" he cried, surprised.

"Yes, that's another itch."

Our patter consisted of many gags thinly strung together and grouped under general ideas, of which love was the most general.

"I caught you hugging and kissing a young girl," I said to Lee, and he replied evasively, "Oh, that was just my aunt."

"It's good to kiss your aunt, but it's a dirty trick to play on your uncle!"

"Talking of kissing," said Lee, for no reason at all except to furnish the lead line for the next joke, "I passed your house, old man. Next time when you make love to your wife, pull down the shade."

"When was that?"

"Last night."

"Why," I said, laughing, "the joke's on you! Last night I was in Philadelphia!"

In a routine of this kind I attempted to embody types of gags that would appeal to every element in the audience. The ideal joke, however, is usually the one built on actual experience, no matter how remotely. I was stopping at the Sherman Hotel in Chicago and couldn't sleep. A crowd was playing poker next door and they must have used horseshoes for chips. I knocked on the wall to quiet them, but they ignored me. I knocked again and again, and finally one of them answered me, shouting, "Hey! It's a hell of a time of night to be hanging pictures!"

We introduced a novel bit of clowning with our act which was much imitated afterward. Lee would sing a soulful ballad that I interrupted with utterly irrelevant and nonsensical remarks. After a heart-rending line of melody such as "You dragged and dragged me down until the soul within me died," I asked him, "If there were any hens around a lunatic asylum, would they lay cracked eggs?" He cast me a look of scorn and wailed on, "You made me what I am today—I hope you're satisfied!"

"I know where you got that collar," I replied.

"Where?" he started.

"Around your neck."

He loathed me for this and burst with a torrent of feeling into the crescendo, "And though you're not true, may God bless you! That's the curse of an a-a-aching hea-hea-heart!"

It was a pity to see a bald man sweat like that. "I know a great thing to keep your hair in," I suggested.

"What's that?"

"A cigar box."

It was strictly a nut act. If Lee's father was an engineer who made engines, that was nothing, because my father was a commuter and made two trains a day.

With this act I introduced the hit song, Down in Bom-Bom-bay, a lively pioneer of the jazz age which swept across the continent from saxophone to saxophone. I also made my debut as a poet and rendered a dramatic recitation of an ode I'd written to the electric light. For the sake of its beautiful imagery and note of pathos at the end, I reproduce it in full, including the title:

ODE TO THE ELECTRIC LIGHT

Oh, you wonderful electric light,
Light that shines so bright,
When the day is over
We turn to you at night.
A great man has invented you,
Edison is his name;
Now you're doing the world a lot of good
With your magic flame.
For days and days I could sing your praise,
My love for you isn't sham;
But when I'm sitting in the parlor with
my girl—
Pooh! You're not worth a damn!

During these years my wife and I lived up in the Bronx. We had sublet a single room in her sister's flat. Early privations and the insecurity of my profession taught us to save and prepare for any emergency. Our one dream was to have a little home of our own, and with that in view we set aside thirty to fifty dollars each week until we could see the foundation and one of the walls beginning to rise. In the meantime, on March 31, 1915, our first child was born. We called it Marjorie because it was a girl.

The need for a home became still more imperative; but rather than spend our slim savings on a temporary apartment, we resolved to stay where we were and fight it through to a bigger and better goal.

I continued with Lee for ten months after Marjorie was born; then something unexpected happened.

Earl Carroll, who had written his first musical show, So Long, Letty, was at this time working on a new one entitled Canary Cottage, which Oliver Morosco was going to produce. Carroll had seen me with Lee and told Morosco, "This fellow ought to be good for our show. He sings songs like nobody's business and covers that stage like liquid fire."

Morosco wanted to engage us as a team provided we would come to California, where the play was to be produced. But Al Lee refused to retreat to the sticks. He had set his heart on capturing Broadway and didn't believe in Columbus' idea of a roundabout route. Our paths parted. He stayed East and I traveled West. The new job would yield me one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week, with no commissions or side expenses, which was sixty dollars more than I was making with Lee. Besides, it would be my first entrance into musical comedy.

So I went to the land of grapefruit and joined the inmates of Canary Cottage. The star of this piece was Trixie Friganza, assisted by the able Charles Ruggles and Herbert Corthell. It was a formidable trio with wide and established reputations. I had a minor rôle that was literally tacked onto the book, smuggling me into the cast chiefly for a song-and-dance specialty. It was the small part of a colored chauffeur.

During rehearsals I'd suggest funny lines for myself that I had stayed up the night before to work out, and both Morosco and Carroll agreed they were funny, but the next day they would be thrown out. Instead of expanding, my part was steadily dwindling, and in the race of opening night I could already see myself among the also-rans.

By a lucky chance, however, I met Raymond Griffith, who visited some of our rehearsals, and we became fast friends. He took such a kindly big-brother attitude toward me that gradually I confided my fears to him. It was the same Raymond Griffith who had left the stage when he lost his voice and was obliged on that account to enter the movies, where he made a sensational career for himself. But at close range he could still talk in a hoarse whisper and talk horse sense.

"Looka' here, my boy," he said, "don't let those people worry you. Write down whatever you think is funny, but don't do it at rehearsals. Let nobody suspect what you've got up your sleeve. But on opening night in Los Angeles spill it!"

"Maybe I ought to talk to Morosco," I suggested.

"If you do," said Griffith huskily, "he'll spin you out on your ear and you'll find your heels sticking out of an ash can in the back alley. After all, you're only a punk. He's staking his dough on his stars, and if one of them says thumbs down, you're down and out too!"

I was a faithful pupil. I betrayed nothing. When we opened at San Diego for

(Continued on Page 161)

Make the Harmonica YOUR "Musical Pal"

MILLIONS of boys and girls, men and women have found the harmonica a most delightful "pal" for their hours of leisure—and have discovered that it greatly increases their popularity among their friends.

It is so easy to play this instrument that in a short time *anyone* can render correctly not only the beloved melodies of school and camp, but also the latest popular songs fresh from Broadway.

Unless you can play the harmonica, you are just not "keeping up with the times." *Today is the day to get started!* In a short time you will play as well as the next one.

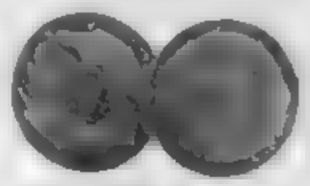
Send now for the free instruction book offered below. You will be amazed and delighted at the ease with which you can master the simple fundamentals and the quickness with which you will be ready to play favorite selections.

If you have already acquired the "knack" of playing, carry your accomplishment further by learning to perform on the famous "Chromonica." This is the only harmonica which includes the half-tones, and thus enables you to play any and every selection in any scale.

• • • •

Ask a teacher, club leader or Scoutmaster to help you start a harmonica band. Tell him to write us for our special brochure, giving full directions for this work. This is sent only to adults in authority.

M. HOHNER, Inc., 114 East 16th St.
Dept. 513-K
New York



Grand Prize Awarded HOHNER HARMONICAS at Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, 1926

FREE INSTRUCTION book, fully illustrated. Use the coupon to ask for it.

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AUBURN

The Auburn factory in 1924

Growth Success *and* Stability

What has caused Auburn's amazing growth in the most competitive years of the industry?

There is only one answer, and that is the newness and value of the car *itself*.

There was a time when practically any make of car could find ready buyers because the demand exceeded the supply.

But the number of automobile factories rapidly decreased as the stronger ones increased their production capacity until they could more than supply the world's demand.

It was about then that E. L. Cord came to Auburn!

Instead of imitating other cars, Cord saw the opportunity to develop and create new changes and improvements. In short, to build a different *kind* of automobile and to give greater value for less commensurate cost.

There were some who said, "Impossible."

But the fact remains that Auburn *does* it.

Cord's confidence was firmly based on the axiom that there MUST be progress and that the American public will always recognize and reward it.

This is neither the time nor the place to recite the many ways in which Auburn has led, such as, Straight Eight motors; increased horsepower per pound of car weight; increased high speed stock cars; uniform quality of materials and workmanship and equipment in lower price cars as compared with higher priced cars, including the Bijur chassis lubrication; hydraulic internal expanding 4-wheel brakes, etc.; introduction of metal side quarters now in use by practically all higher price cars; extremely low center of gravity and low car construction and the introduction as a production model for the first time of the custom type convertible Phaeton Sedan.

The significant thing we wish to register here is that while competition was at its keenest, Auburn sales rapidly increased. Contrary to what happened in the "old days", Auburn's expansion and growth is not the result of business other factories cannot supply. It rests solidly upon the ONLY reliable foundation, namely, public PREFERENCE.

Every step in Auburn's unparalleled rise has been in logical sequence, the unfolding of a definite, far-sighted plan.

1924—An engineering department of 5 people.

1928—More than 200 in engineering department including such famous authorities as Fred Duesenberg, E. A. Van Ranst, Herbert Snow and Harry A. Miller.

1924—About 208 employees.
1928—More than 12,000 employees.

1924—About 10 acres of factory space.
1928—More than 140 acres.

1924—Value of manufactured products about two million dollars.
1928—More than forty-five million dollars.

10% more Auburn cars registered by private owners in the first 8 months of this year over last year.

August of 1928 (when this advertisement is released) was the greatest August in Auburn history showing an increase of 34% in sales over August of 1927, and last year August showed about 30% sales increase over 1926.

1928

Duesenberg, Inc., Indianapolis, where the "world's finest car" is built and where Fred Duesenberg with his corps of engineering experts conduct their engineering laboratory and experimental work

Lycoming Manufacturing Company, Williamsport, Penna., the world's largest producers of Straight Eight Motors.

Auburn Automobile Company at Auburn, Indiana, with production capacity of 150 motor cars a day.

The new additions at Connersville, Indiana, thoroughly modernized with a production capacity of over 200 motor cars a day.

Foundry at Williamsport, Penna., with capacity of 300 tons a day. Modern and certainly one of the finest equipped foundries in America

Limousine Body Company at Kalamazoo, Mich., specializing in custom-built and the finer types of body jobs for motor cars

THE 5:15 BY AIR replaces the train of former days. Here Miss Mae Bryant bids friends goodbye with her charming smile Pepsodent guards so zealously.

McCLELLAND BARCLAY, famous illustrator, and his model, Miss Helen Goebels, pause for a moment to show the part Pepsodent plays in making smiles so charming.

DENTISTS KNOW THE SECRET of dazzling white smiles. "Keep dull film off your teeth," they say. That's why the use of Pepsodent, the special film-removing dentifrice, is so widespread today.

Gleaming Smiles— How They Are Gained and Kept

This special film-removing dentifrice is advised for twice-a-day use in making teeth whiter and brighter and in combating the commoner tooth and gum disorders

MODERN dental research has thrown a new light on dull, "off-color" teeth and on many of the commoner tooth and gum disturbances. Both conditions now are largely charged to a stubborn film that forms on teeth. To a film ordinary brushing has failed to remove successfully.

For that reason, a new and essentially different way in tooth and gum care—the Special Film-Removing Dentifrice called Pepsodent—is being widely advised by dental authorities. *A tooth paste different* in formula and action from any other dentifrice. Dentists widely urge its use at least twice each day—*every day*.

By running your tongue across your teeth, you can feel that film—a slippery, viscous coating. Film clings to teeth and stays. It absorbs food and nicotine stains, and makes teeth look dull and clouded. It supplies a breeding place for the germs of decay. Film, also, is the basis of tartar. And tartar with germs is a cause of pyorrhea.

THE OPENING OF THE SEASON finds Douglas MacLeigh and Beatrice Holly [illegible] safeguarded daily by Pepsodent.

Pepsodent removes that film in gentle protection of the enamel, giving teeth thorough cleanliness and high lustre. It aids in firming tender gums in accordance with the latest scientific findings. It increases the alkalinity of saliva and thus combats acids of decay.

Teeth lighten as dull film coats go. Gums harden and take on healthy coral color. You note a marked difference in both teeth and gums. Get a tube at your druggist's—only a few cents—or write to nearest address below for free 10-day supply.

The Pepsodent Co., 1104 S. Wabash Ave., *Chicago*, Ill., U. S. A.; 191 George St., *Toronto* 2, Ont., Can.; 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., *London*, S. E. 1, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., *Sydney*, N. S. W.

Pepsodent

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

(Continued from Page 157)

three days to try out the show, I was just fair. I had a few sawed-off bits to do and two songs—I'll Marry No Explorer, and It Ruined Mark Antony. The songs went well, but the dialogue barely toddled along.

But on the opening night in Los Angeles I sprang the surprise. I had fifteen entrances and exits in the show and each one clicked with a clang. When I came on to dust the furniture I also dusted the fruit bowl and the fruit, and taking up three oranges I did my juggling act from the Bedini and Arthur days. On another exit I worked in my ventriloquist bit that I had developed while with Gus Edwards. The plan was to make my absence from the stage felt and to win a hand if possible at every exit. I had prepared a number of new extra choruses for my songs and each went better than the previous one. In the limited domain of Canary Cottage I had made a rash but successful coup d'état. The singing colored chauffeur was the hit of the night.

After the performance Oliver Morosco came backstage and visited each dressing room to congratulate the actors, but he did not come to mine. I was heartbroken, despondent, and realized that my nerve had probably been my undoing. But that night Morosco came to my room in the hotel.

"Eddie," he said, "stay one year with me and I'll make a big star out of you. My boy, you're the apostle of pep!"

A week later I received word that another child had been born to me. I had planned to call him Michael after my father. But I compromised on Natalie when I learned it was a girl.

Charles Ruggles observed, "I guess you're disappointed it wasn't a boy."

"With a fellow like me," I told him, "I'm lucky it wasn't a rabbit."

I stayed on for five more months with Canary Cottage. Natalie had joined us April 27, 1916. It was now September and I had not yet seen her. I was growing more and more homesick and kept up a steady stream of letters and wires to my wife and Max Hart to get me back to New York if I had to be kidnaped.

Finally my wife, her sister and Max Hart worked out a plan among themselves. I was sent an alarming wire saying that Ida was in a grave condition. I went to Morosco, showed him the telegram and wept bitterly upon his shoulder. I was giving up a good job, a fast-growing reputation, only to be near my family once more. He wept with me and let me go.

I was packing my trunk when a message arrived from Hart. "This is your big chance," he telegraphed. "Ziegfeld has signed you for twenty weeks on the Amsterdam Roof in the Midnight Frolics."

A season with Ziegfeld! My heart beat a loud tattoo of triumph. The most undreamed-of good fortune had suddenly fallen like manna into my lap. I flew on wings of new hope across the country. Could it be possible? Twenty weeks—a season—signed in advance!

Only after I arrived in New York did I learn that Ziegfeld hadn't signed me at all. He had only agreed to give me a single night's trial and on that trial depended whether he would engage me or not. He bound himself to nothing and I staked everything on one night.

XII

WHEN I met Max Hart he was shrewd enough not to tell me beforehand how much depended on my first-night showing. He let me ease along on the assurance of a twenty-week job. Had I suspected the odds I was facing I might not have been able to overcome my nervousness. Instead, I met Ziegfeld with an amazing air of confidence. He wanted to see me rehearse my act, but I startled him with the assertion that I never rehearsed.

"What do you do?" he inquired skeptically, with his characteristic nasal twang.

"Oh, I'm marvelous!" I replied.

"How do you know?"

"Why, Mr. Ziegfeld, I wouldn't lie to you!"

He probably decided right there and then, "This fellow is a queer duck. I'll let him on and take him off and that'll be the end of him!"

The Amsterdam Roof was a unique pleasure center, neither theater nor cabaret, but a blend of both. It was a supper club, where it cost a person five dollars just to sit down and a good deal more to get up. A five-dollar cover charge in 1916 makes even our present night clubs look like cafeterias. It was an intimate yet cold and blasé crowd, composed chiefly of the Four Hundred, who thought it banal to be amused and dared you to do it.

There were the Vanderbilts, the Harrimans, the Astors and other distinguished families of little old New York. They combined with their pleasure a degree of aloofness and aristocracy that made it difficult for a comedian, and especially a new one, to catch just the right note of intimacy that would not be offensive and comedy that would not be common. But strengthened by the thought of a twenty-week guaranty, I felt like one of the partners in the place and went at the Four Hundred like the charge of the six hundred.

My first bit of business was to appear with a deck of cards like a sleight-of-hand artist and gravely ask some of the guests to assist me in my act. I gave a few cards to William Randolph Hearst, a few to Diamond Jim Brady and a few to Charles B. Dillingham and instructed them to hold the cards up high so that the rest of the audience could see them clearly, and then I began to sing, "Oh, how she could yacki-wicki-wacki-woo!"

Throughout the whole number the three men faithfully held up their cards, not daring to move or lower them for fear they should spoil my trick. Laughter gradually spread among the other guests as they began to realize that the cards had nothing whatever to do with the song or with anything else, and after I had finished a number of choruses I collected the cards from them and thanked them for their assistance. They were three of the best straight men I ever had.

My nut act scored, and for twenty-seven weeks I played in the Midnight Frolics. After the third or fourth night I discovered that my comedy did not bring the same volume or quality of laughter. The patronage of this exclusive gathering was limited and the same people came several times a week. This required a complete overhauling of my material almost every day. I would have to have something new all the time.

Here I met Will Rogers once more. He had begun to talk now. But it felt like old times to be together on the same bill, though we had risen many rungs in the climb. I noticed that every dawn after the Midnight Frolic, Will would buy the morning newspapers, read the interesting and important items of the day and build his political and social comedy out of the news materials. Each morning he had his new act completely framed for the following night. He was a tireless worker and taught me two very valuable principles in the craft of acting. One was that a timely joke, even if it is not so funny, is better than a joke bearing no relation to the times.

I had no better evidence of the effectiveness of a timely jest than when I observed during Wilson's Administration, after his second visit to Paris, that, "Presidents may come and Presidents may go, but Wilson does both."

This line was afterward illustrated with a cartoon and reprinted in a thousand daily newspapers throughout the country.

Another pet slogan of Will's was that an actor is as good as his material. He followed these thumb rules himself, always built his gags out of the daily stuff of life and was most careful to select the finest material. With the limited audience of the Frolics, very few actors lasted more than three or four days, for most of them had a set specialty or fixed routine, and when the novelty passed off they passed on.

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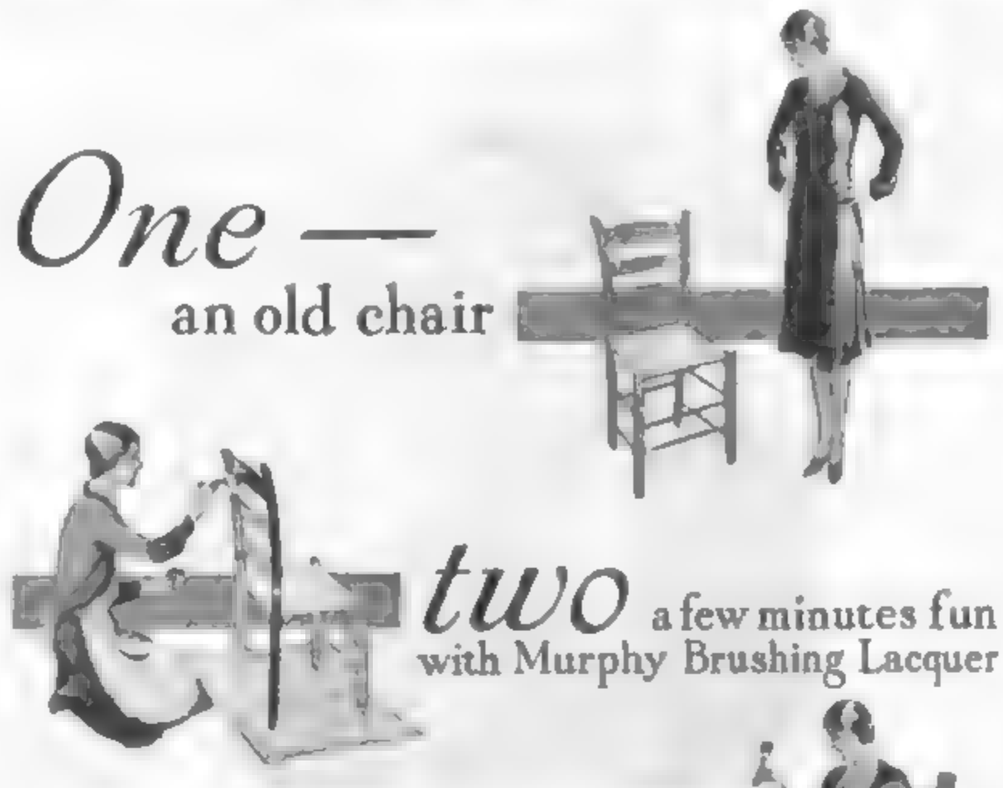

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The Superlative

Swan

PEN

But Will Rogers always had something new to offer and I took the cue from him.

Finally I received my graduation diploma and went down to the Ziegfeld Follies. My salary was doubled, from two hundred to four hundred dollars a week, and my work was more than halved. On the opening night of the Follies of 1917 I introduced the song hit, That's the Kind of a Baby for Me, of which I never did less than ten encores. I had adopted a fast lightning style of song delivery and the audience seemed to lay bets on what chorus I'd drop in and have to be carried out.

Two years later the Prince of Wales attended the Follies of 1919 as a guest of the Vanderbilts and Wanamakers, and he sent word backstage that he would like me to sing That's the Kind of a Baby for Me. We didn't have a copy of the song on hand or the orchestration, but we held up the show till they were dug out of some old trunks and I sang the song again.

While waiting for the music copies to arrive, I tried to explain the delay to the audience in a tactful way.

"I've been asked not to mention the fact that a distinguished member of British royalty is with us tonight," I said, and looked toward the Prince. "But I want him to know, if he leaves New York without seeing the Bronx, he'll be sorry all his life!"

The Prince leaned over to Rodman Wanamaker and I could hear him ask, "What are the Bronx?"

During the intermission I stood back stage with Eddie Dowling and we plotted together.

"If the Prince comes to our dressing rooms," I suggested, "I'll get at his throat and squeeze till he gives Palestine to the Jews, then you squeeze till he gives Ireland to the Irish." A secret-service man, planted in the wings, glared menacingly at us and nipped our conspiracy in the bud. But the Prince must have heard us, because both things have happened since.

On January 31, 1917, a few months before I opened in the Follies, my grandmother died. She never had the satisfaction of knowing I had attained a measure of success. I had contributed all I could to relieve her from work in the latter years, but she still labored on by herself, a lonely, quiet woman with suppressed and inscrutable emotions. She had spent eighty-four years of hard, soul-bruising toil upon the earth, raising children, rescuing their wounded spirits, fighting for them in the struggle for existence, and when she passed silently away there was no booming of cannon or military honors at her bier. But to me she is still the noblest type of soldier that ever fought for the only virtues in the world worth while—the relief of suffering and the preservation of her dear ones, without inflicting pain or discomfort on any living soul but herself.

I had taxed her love and endurance to the uttermost and was never able to repay her in the slightest way. The irrevocable tragedy of this tore a painful hollow in my heart. Recently I made contributions for a tablet in her memory in a home for the aged and for a bed in her memory at a hospital in Brooklyn. There is a comfort in the thought that some equally poor and destitute soul may get the relief that was denied to her.

Ida and I and our two children still lived in the one-room annex to her sister's flat. My work was now boiled down to seven minutes. Ida would ride to the theater with me, wait while I went on the stage for a seven-minute bit and then we would go home together. In the last Follies of 1927 the situation was reversed. I was off the stage about seven minutes, and if I could play an instrument, Ziegfeld would have had me in the overture.

As I told Jessel, "Drop around the Amsterdam Theater whenever you like—I'm always on."

With my debut in the Follies things began to change. After my number and sketch with Bert Williams, I was a free agent and took on assignments in the most varied social circles of the city. One night I would entertain at the Vanderbilt home and the next night at a Bronx lodge dinner. Within the span of four hours I would play at Sam Rea's palatial home in Southampton and cover an East Side wedding in Beethoven Hall. It was excellent drill in impromptu performance and swift adaptation to surroundings.

Earning four hundred dollars a week plus side income felt rather good. We hadn't enough yet for our own home, but we no longer cared. We grew prodigal with prosperity. I bought a car, hired a chauffeur and motored down to the stage entrance in style. My sister-in-law lost a tenant and we settled in our own flat. There was, of course, the first meal my wife cooked—horse's hip on toast—and the tears and the tragedy that followed her disappointment and my indigestion. Right then and there I resolved that I would have to earn enough to pay for a cook. It would save Ida's face and save my life. Things were breaking in a grand manner. I was beginning to live the life of a successful New Yorker—a car, a chauffeur, a cook in the near future, and money steadily pouring from the tap.

On the stage, things were getting better all the time. I was playing in a sketch with Bert Williams and my association with him was a joy and an education, for Bert was not only a great actor but a great and liberal teacher. He was the whitest black man I ever knew and one of the finest artists the musical comedy stage has ever had. When high salaries were low, Bert got a thousand dollars a week. He was the grand old man of minstrelsy and on his European tours he appeared before all the royal rulers.

He had a unique way of rendering songs, injecting his talk between rests and catching up with the melodic phrase after he had let it get a head start. His knack for rhythmic timing was inherent and has never been excelled. We were sonny and papsy on the stage and off.

In our sketch, he played a porter of the Grand Central Station who had collected enough tips to send his son to a first-rate university and expected the stalwart youth to return with football honors and at least the weight-throwing championship. After these fond expectations I entered, slight and effeminate, with white-rimmed glasses and mincing step.

"Daddy!" I cried in a girlish treble, and Bert said glumly, "Uh-uh! So you been to college!" And he would look me over with a dismal air. But I replied airily, "Look, daddy, I carry matches!"

At this the tough old porter fidgeted his fingers nervously into a fist the size of a brick, but I started with a shrill cry of warning, "Remember, daddy, I have a temper!"

Bert growled, "I'll show you where you got it from!"

The last line of the skit represented the perpetuation of the species. The old porter turned to his college-bred son, and putting his porter's hat on my head, he thundered, "Pick up them bags! This is my graduation and your commencement!"

Bert Williams was not only a great comic but extremely human and possessed of fine sensibilities. It happened in St. Louis that he walked up to a bar and asked for gin.

The bartender, reluctant to serve a negro, said, "I'll give you gin, but it's fifty dollars a glass."

Bert Williams quietly took out his bill fold and produced a five-hundred-dollar bill. "Give me ten of them," he said.

Pop Rosenbaum, who had been the manager of the Follies troupe for years, came in at that moment and cried, "Hello, Bert!" The bartender, who knew Pop, now recognized Bert Williams and grew flustered.

"I'm awful sorry," he stammered, "but those are my orders—not to refuse, but to make the price prohibitive."

Bert asked the bartender to join him in a drink and they became good friends.

On another occasion, Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Bert Williams and I, while playing in Buffalo, were invited for supper after the

(Continued on Page 164)

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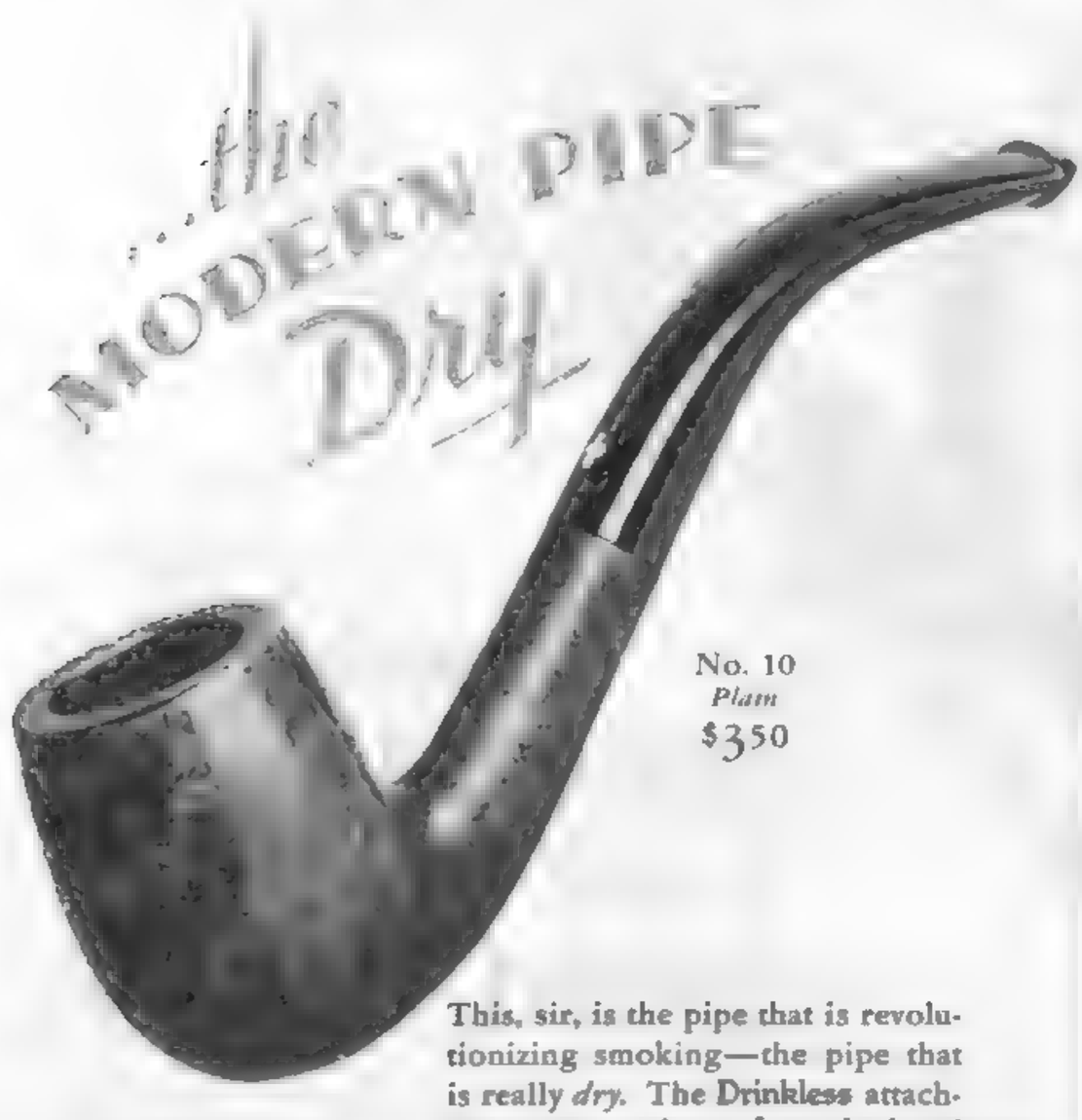

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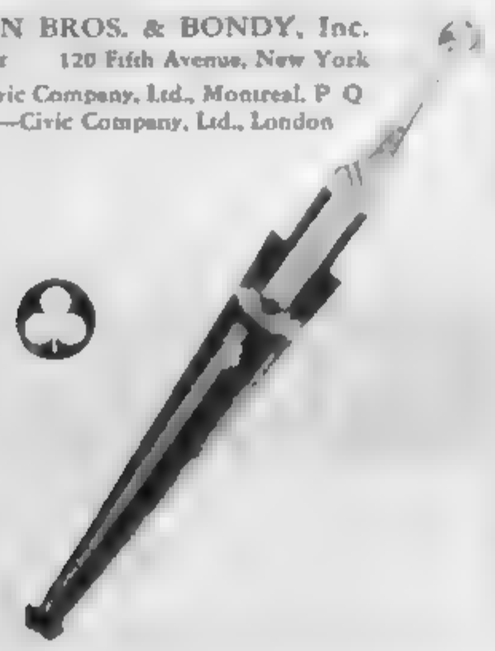

(Continued from Page 162)

show to the home of Jack (Twin) Sullivan, one of the old-time fist-swinging champions. I didn't know that I had been selected by the host and my white friends as the butt of the evening for a practical joke, but I soon noticed that something was wrong.

We were starved and clamored for food, but the first dish set before me was pork chops, which for me was taboo.

Jack Sullivan asked kindly, "Why don't you eat, Eddie?"

"Oh, I'll just have bread," I explained, watching the others enjoy themselves.

"I'm sorry," said Jack. "We'll get you something else." He brought me a nice thick sandwich, but it turned out to be ham.

"I really haven't much of an appetite," I protested, faint with hunger.

"Aw, come on, you'll have some eggs," urged Jack.

"All right."

He ordered them for me, but they appeared all covered with bacon. I was the youngest of the group and looked like a kid who was being bullied. Rogers and Fields rather enjoyed my predicament and Jack gave the trick away with a grin, followed by a loud guffaw. I felt foolish and tears started to my eyes. It had ceased to be a joke. I was hungry to the point of physical pain.

Bert Williams leaned over and whispered in my ear, "Son, there's a package in my coat for you."

I suspected that this was a new trap, but decided to be game. I went into the hall and found a package in the pocket of Bert's coat. It was a brown paper bag and in it Bert, the good old soul, had brought a sirloin steak. He knew of the joke to keep me without food and had come prepared.

"They've had a laugh, now you'll have a steak," he said gleefully, and went into the kitchen to broil it for me himself.

Bert Williams was king of the old-time minstrels, and in the Follies of 1919 he headed probably the greatest and most majestic minstrel show of all time. A few years later, while playing with a Shubert production in Detroit, Bert passed away, and with him passed the last and greatest of the Suwanee troubadours.

There was a warm fraternal feeling among the members of the Follies in those years, and the older actors took a personal pride and pleasure in coaching and helping the younger ones along. While playing with the Follies of 1917 I would return for short engagements to the Midnight Frolics. During one of these periods Will Rogers and I played a few small sketches that we worked out together. They were mainly along the lines of light nonsense and travesty. In one bit we impersonated Dillingham and Ziegfeld, rival producers; in another, Will Rogers impersonated me, clapping his hands and dancing up and down while I impersonated him with his rope and chewing gum. We finished our act with a duet entitled Oh-oh-oh-oh! that was fortunately not so painful as it sounds.

In return for my early treats in kosher restaurants, Rogers now broke me into eating at swell hotels. Things were happening fast and frivolous. But peculiarly enough, though I earned more than before, I was saving less. I had plenty of money, but it was slipping through my fingers like sand. I took stock tips and invested in cream-puff copper—a soft thing. It was so soft that all my money sank into it. I bought shares of no par value and they were true to name. I was trying to get rich quick—and how Wall Street loves that kind!

On the other hand, the whole of Henry and Madison streets had been informed of my phenomenal rise to wealth and station, and the whole category of jobless actors made it their business to be informed too. Every Saturday night, when the pay envelope arrived, I was greeted at the stage door by a host of admiring friends eager to congratulate me, patting me and touching me for all they could. One fellow needed fare to St. Paul, Minnesota; another one had to pay back rent or move to the park; a third one's life depended on an operation. I broke a hundred-dollar bill, then another. Before I got to the corner I was earning less salary than my chauffeur. Week in, week out, this startling charity work continued, gaining in popularity and cost.

Some people who-knew-me-when, but whom I hardly knew, were in the clothing line and had to be tided over rough periods. It gave me a genuine thrill to help some old acquaintances, particularly the restaurant man who had given me my first meal after three eatless days in the park. But for the most part I was breeding an increasing swarm of down-and-outers who had found in me good pickings and I used to arrive in our six-room flat in One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street completely picked to pieces.

The vision of a home and savings, peace and security, had faded into a mad jumble of worthless stocks and ragged, hungry, devouring friends. I had succeeded and yet I was nowhere. My money poured like water through a sieve and I was the sieve.

We were four now—Ida, Marjorie, Natalie and I. The tide of prosperity and reckless living was sweeping us along, with no solid footing anywhere and everything rolling pell-mell downstream. While playing in Chicago, I got a sudden attack of pleurisy. A doctor offered to pierce my chest with a long needle, but I declined the offer. My chest felt as if a thousand needles were piercing it already, so why add another?

I was confined to bed for many weeks before I could return to New York. My constitution was seriously weakened and doctors ordered a protracted rest. I had to quit the show. It seemed as if my whole career had suddenly been cut off. I was a sick man, out of a job, my investments wiped out, no savings left, and all I had done and dreamed and hoped for took on the form of cheaply gilded shares with the mocking words across them, "No Par Value."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

THE REPEATER

(Continued from Page 23)

In a few days Peter tackled the Germans again, was captured and reported killed, and he remained thus dead for the duration of the war. Gladys donned suitable mourning and mounted to further honors as the hero's widow. About this time a rich slacker fell in love with her and, thinking Peter dead, she made ready to marry the slacker, when the conflict suddenly stopped. The famous Peter bobbed up again, as alive as ever, having spent his time in a prison camp. He returned to New York to be fêted and dined and there he learned of his little bride in Solvang.

In a spirit of mild soldierly curiosity, Pete journeyed to see what manner of lady it was, followed by reporters. He arrived the morning of the contemplated wedding to the notorious slacker and there was a strong scene when the hero met the heroine. They fell in love at once and were actually married, and the slacker was snubbed by everyone.

This was the main thread of the film drama done carefully by Bayard and carried in a leather valise to the home town of the movies. This was the opening gun in the campaign which the Atlas Film Academy said would bring forth a new and towering figure in the world of the cinema. There was quite a good deal more than this thin outline, of course, including plenty of nice battle stuff—something about the change in Pete's character, details concerning tanks, submarines, ships sinking, transports torpedoed, troops crawling over the top in the mud, bombs exploding, grenade attacks, poison gas, flame throwers, star shells and virtually everything Bayard could recall having seen in a close study of what the people want.

For two weeks it reposed motionless, untouched, upon the desk of Mr. Warren; and during those days Bayard Ballard strolled about the streets of Hollywood, writing affectionate letters to Hettie, staring at the rich movie actors, sauntering by the gates of the studios, mingling with the interesting ones who work as extras, and acquiring a general polish of sophistication. At the end of a fortnight a miracle happened. An executive paced the floor, a frown upon his brow.

"We ought to make a good war picture," he remarked. "They're eating them up." Mr. Warren assented. "I wonder where we could get hold of a war story."

"There's one," said Warren, pointing without zest to The Grim Monster.

"Is it any good?"

"I dunno."

"Let me have it," said the official; and because the moment was accidentally ripe, because the particular studio yearned to make a war story, because there was no other material in sight and because the executive desired immediate action, Bayard had a telegram requesting him to call. He walked into Mr. Warren's office, hat in hand.

"We read your story," said Warren coldly, almost accusingly.

"Did you?" Bayard asked, his eyes sparkling.

"Yes. It's very weak. The plot is nothing at all. It's all old stuff and in places the story is simply absurd."

"Oh!" said Bayard, sinking.

"However, we might be able to use bits of it. Suppose we bought it. How much do you want?"

"Five thousand dollars," Bayard replied instantly.

Warren smiled tolerantly—an adult dealing with a whimsical child. "I am afraid you are too steep for us."

"Don't they always pay five thousand?"

"If you had all the motion-picture stories," said Warren sadly, "that have been bought for less than five hundred dollars, you wouldn't talk to anybody."

The result of this conversation was that Bayard Ballard departed from Warren's studio a comparatively rich man, carrying in his vest a bit of paper calling for the sum of thirty-five hundred dollars—money beyond his wildest Alabaster dreams, and the dreams, too, of Hettie Henderson. He walked slowly back to his domicile, thinking calmly. When he reached Mrs. Watt's gate, he strolled around the block to think further, and to his surprise his thoughts were far removed from all his previous reflections. As a man of money, he discovered that his outlook on life had miraculously and instantaneously changed, and his former inclination to rush headlong into matrimony had forsaken him. He therefore did not go to a telegraph office and send glad tidings to Hettie.

He slowly entered his lodgings, sent for Mrs. Watt and informed her that on the morrow he would be leaving. He lighted a cigarette, examined the movie check again with a careful eye, stared hard at the Watt wall paper and finally wrote a letter to Hettie. In part, it read:

I have been fairly successful up to this time, but nothing to brag about. I am still negotiating with Mr. Warren and I am sure everything will come out fine. I am beginning to wonder if you would like Hollywood, for it is so completely different from Alabaster. You might not like the climate. You would certainly miss your friends, and it is not easy to make acquaintances here. Thinking of all this, I feel that we ought not to hurry too much about being married. Let us take our time and be on the safe side.

Hettie read this with puckered brow and wondered what had happened to Bayard; and, of course, nothing had happened to Bayard except money. He had been regarding the beautiful Hollywood ladies with a contemplative eye and he knew that a man with thirty-five hundred dollars is welcome almost anywhere. Extra girls had been chatting with him—bright, saucy things who made clever remarks and were piquant. Hettie did not suspect it, even with the first letter; but the truth was that Bayard Ballard, now an established fellow, a man who sold to the films and received checks, had begun to see the error of an alliance with an undistinguished girl from Kansas. Hettie was small-town and lacked many little qualities common among Hollywood ladies. She wore nice clothes, but they were certainly quiet. The following morning Bayard deposited his large check, opened an account, moved from his room and took up quarters in a small but snappy suite at the Grand Boulevard Hotel, where a person is thrown among the very smartest ones of the town.

There he met Wyncie Jule Tracy, the young actress, the young cinema lady, not yet in the full bloom of her accomplishment, but poised and waiting. Wyncie was thin and desperately in earnest about everything. She had a pale countenance, which she intensified with cosmetics until her final effect was that of a young woman who has been dead fifteen days in a swamp. Wyncie asked him who he was and he naturally replied that he was the Bayard Ballard who had just sold the big war epic to the films, whereupon Wyncie's manner warmed.

That evening they dined at a Chinese place and attended a preview among many other professionals; and thinking about Wyncie, Bayard compared her with Hettie back home. It became clearer to him that as a man broadens and grows mature mentally, he must in self-defense shift his relations with the young women he has known who are not advancing with him. At eleven o'clock he discussed this theory with the pallid female.

"What do you think about it, Wyncie?"

"I think you are right, Bayard," said she.

Mr. Warren's studio being in a great hurry with its war film, the photoplay was rushed through in less than the usual time, and the newspapers spoke of its approach and of the brilliant young fellow from Alabaster, Kansas, whose fertile mind had set another splendid entertainment before the public. Bayard saw his name in print, delighted at first, and later on certain that they said too much about the studio and the picture and too little about him.

The drama was finished, the studio completed its tinkering, the director set aside his megaphone, the cutters closed their scissors and the title man tossed off his final sparkling bon mot. The photoplay was presented in beautiful theaters, not as The Grim Monster, to be sure, but under another name. Bayard growled bitterly over this change, but Wyncie Jule Tracy told him not to show his ignorance, and the two of them walked briskly into the first Hollywood performance.

It was a gala night, as a first night always is in the home of the films. Great beam lights combed the sky with their milky fingers, proclaiming that another film child was born. From their lovely limousines stepped the famous ones, notable ladies and gentlemen of the silent drama, to smile upon the elbowing public, which was held back by ropes. A radio man entreated each oncoming star and semistar to say a friendly word into the microphone so that the humble stay-at-homes might at least enjoy indirect contact with the happy events of the evening.

That was the night Bayard appeared in his first suit of evening clothes, and he moved with the conscious stride of success. He felt the warm glow of achievement in his blood and he looked about him in pride. These people who crowded like sheep were the dull, unhappy ones of the world, with no imagination, mere clods who must be entertained lest they perish; and he was the man of gifts who brought them their entertainment, a man with an action mind.

He sat beside the lovely Wyncie Jule, who seemed to know everyone and to be known by all, and Bayard fancied people saying, "See that young fellow with Wyncie? That is Bayard Ballard, the man who wrote this movie."

When the war drama began, Bayard examined it with professional scrutiny, looked intently at his own name, in good, fat letters that no one could miss, observed the opening situation with the critical eye of a man who knows his war stuff, and presently began to be sure that somebody had made a ghastly mistake. Nowhere, as the film moved, did he behold anything that he had ever done or thought or suggested or written.

It was a war story, certainly, but not his war story, not his gripping tale of Gladys and of Pete Barnes, who was a coward and became a brave hero. There was no Gladys in this thing, for the young woman was named Iris and lived in Chicago. There was not a word about Solvang and the sneering young ladies with their soldier sweethearts. This photodrama did not disclose the story of The Grim Monster, but instead Bayard saw unfolding a commonplace, uninspired tale of a young woman who was in love with a young man named Jim. Jim went to war and was wounded. When he returned, Iris looked at him and decided to marry a man who manufactured automobiles and had plenty of money. If there was a moral, it was that a young man who goes off to war is using bad judgment. The battered Jim wound up in a sanitarium making Indian baskets and Iris rode away with the manufacturer, looking happy.

Mr. Ballard sat in stony amazement and was about to burst into a tirade of rage when the audience suddenly applauded.

"What did you say?" Wyncie asked.

"How do you like it?" Bayard mumbled, muffling his ire.

"I think it is perfectly marvelous. It is going to be a huge success, as you can tell by the feeling of the audience. What do you think, Bayard?"

"It's rather good," said he. "Of course, it is spotty in places."

"Where the man dies," Wyncie breathed in admiration—"that is really an inspired bit. That kind of stuff lifts a picture. You are a genius."

"Oh, I don't know," he replied modestly. "I merely slipped the bit in."

This was not exactly the case, for Bayard had no dying man in his Monster. It was Mr. Warren's hard-working day laborers who had slipped the bit in.

"You are a great man, Bayard," Miss Tracy insisted, regarding him and touching his coat sleeve almost reverently; and he realized with a shudder that he might have gone on indefinitely with Hettie Henderson, even unto matrimony. As the evening sped along and the war drama registered a true success, Bayard decided it would be better if he said nothing of the needless and extreme changes that had been made. After all, as everyone knows, picture organizations must make changes, some of them radical, as stories are whipped into shape for the screen. Next day the newspapers united in pæans of praise for the new war opus by Bayard Ballard, who out of the fullness of his genius had brought a new note to the silver sheet; and as the weeks fled and the public continued to pay and pay, Mr. Warren's studio was satisfied with its bargain and officials spoke well of Bayard.

The young man and Wyncie understood each other now, were together constantly; and Bayard heard over and over the story of studio injustice and cruelty to a lovely girl. They were holding her back for their own evil ends, keeping her from her place as an artist and giving the good rôles to less-deserving females. Bayard informed her, in mounting anger, that he would attend to that in good time. He pressed her small hand and urged her to wait a little. Wyncie said she trusted him and would wait.

In his elegant and expensive suite, Mr. Ballard received important letters from large concerns, from agents or studios in need of raw material, and as he was a man who had definitely proved himself, they turned to him in confidence.

The graduate of the Atlas Film Academy rumpled his hair, sat in his luxurious sitting room and began coaxing the ideas to run out of their little holes and play with him. He cajoled for days, his spirits sinking a bit, consuming black coffee, for he had heard somewhere that coffee does the job when the mind is blank. At the end of a futile search he chewed a lead pencil and permitted his reflections to turn again to The Grim Monster. He mused dreamily. That sterling photodrama was doing well, and yet it contained no trace—no trace at all—of his original Solvang war story. His countenance cleared. His eyes became bright, with the gladsome sparkle of eyes that see a light.

"My goodness!" he said, smiting himself gently. "My goodness!"

After repeating this several times, he arose and strode vigorously. He then sat down before a small portable typewriter and began clicking, clicking with almost feverish energy; and it was delightful clicking, for he began again at the beginning of The Grim Monster, just as it had been back in the good old Alabaster days of Hettie and his youth, before he became a personage in the world of the cinema. He stuck to his task, and when he finished, the sheets lay all about him and The Grim Monster was again on paper, identical in every detail with that which he had once placed before Mr. Warren. Bayard felt that it should have a new name to avoid possible complications, so he gave it a new name.

"This," he said, "is my own story, and is not in any way like the successful war play that bears my name."

The telephone rang, gently at first, and then vigorously, and an agent inquired if he had anything on hand.

"Oh, yes," said Bayard warmly. "I have a very good war drama."

Continued on Page 168

MADAM /// In Fairness to Yourself

please give these cakes a thorough trial

Order some from your grocer today.
Serve tonight for supper. Then, I believe, you will fully understand why I say home baking is needless!

BY ALICE ADAMS PROCTOR

TO housewives who pride themselves on serving delicious cake I bring some wonderful news!

It is the news that today home baking is needless drudgery. Right at your own grocer's you'll find cakes as delicate and tender as the finest you ever tasted!

"Hostess Cakes" they are called . . . and I earnestly urge you to try them.

Serve one tonight for supper as a test. Be very critical. Seek your family's frank opinion. Ask them to judge the freshness and flavor just as though you'd baked it yourself.

It is my personal belief that a single Hostess Cake will completely convince you. It will show you why millions of housewives today never even think of baking cake at home.

No baking failures now

These women never worry about baking failures now. If a Hostess Cake fails, they never know. Only perfect cakes . . . cakes literally without a single flaw . . . ever find their way out of the Hostess kitchens.

So I guarantee a cake they can serve with perfect confidence. A cake their friends will notice and praise. A cake their husbands and children will beg them to serve again and again.

I guarantee an attractive cake, too. Smoothly frosted. Deliciously fresh. Guests invariably comment.

These guarantees I make without hesitation . . . because I know the care that goes into each individual Hostess Cake.

I know the ingredients that are used. The carefully selected eggs. The fresh, sweet shortening. The soft pastry flour. The pure cane sugar. All tested right in our Hostess kitchens.

"DELICIOUS!" YOU'LL SAY once you have tasted this Hostess Chocolate Layer Cake shown on the table above. I know you'll like the tempting butter-sweet chocolate icing. Let your family judge it, too.

LOOK GOOD? These cup cakes are just as delicious as they look, too. One is topped with creamy chocolate and the other with delicious vanilla icing. And they're so reasonable. Only five cents for two.

Please don't think I am over enthusiastic. What I have said is easy to prove.

Just always be careful to demand a genuine Hostess Cake. Tell your grocer that no ordinary cake will satisfy.

Now one more word. If you're interested in new and unusual ways to entertain, please let me send you . . . with my personal compliments . . . "Hostess Hints," a helpful little booklet I have recently completed.

It is crammed full of delicious desserts. Advice on table decoration. Helpful hints on choosing a menu.

I have provided a coupon for your convenience. Please mail it today.

A NEW TREAT FOR YOUR FAMILY.. Pineapple Layer Cake. Two layers of sponge filled and iced with luscious, fresh pineapple fruit frosting. It's different from any cake you've ever tried before. Truly a delicious treat

Hostess Cakes

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285 Madison Avenue, New York City
Please send me FREE the booklet you mention.

Name _____

Address _____

A CONTINENTAL PRODUCT

Get rid of

Dandruff

BY USING

Sergeant's for the Hair, regularly

For fifty years, Sergeant's Mange Medicine has proven an effective treatment for dandruff, and other hair and scalp complaints. After many years of research, Sergeant's chemists have refined this product so that it retains all the therapeutic qualities of mange medicine, but none of the disadvantages. It comes to you with the sincere recommendation of this 50-year-old company.

Sergeant's for the hair will not only relieve dandruff, but will make dry, brittle hair soft and lustrous; it cleans the scalp promotes the flow of natural oils, and relieves falling hair It is an effective conditioner of hair and scalp.

"Comb your hair with it"

No longer need you fear odor or stain. The new treatment will not over grease the hair It contains nothing to dry the scalp The new bottle will fit in the medicine cabinet, so that you may remember to use it daily . Form the habit of using Sergeant's whenever you comb your hair, instead of using water, for you never know what chemicals the water may contain Moisten the hair or comb with Sergeant's then comb your hair

"Comb your hair with it"

A "Rub with Sergeant's" every day will invigorate the scalp. Apply Sergeant's freely. Then rub the scalp with the tips of your fingers until you feel it tingle.

Ask your dealer for Sergeant's for the hair (75c)—and give your hair and scalp the treatment they need...Free trial bottle sent postpaid, anywhere, on request.

Polk Miller Products Corporation
2106 Broad St., Richmond, Va.

Sole Canadian Agent:
Fred. J. Whitlow & Co., Toronto

"Comb your hair with it"

Sergeant's

For the Hair

(Continued from Page 166)

"A war drama!"

"No less."

"Could you step right over and see Mr. Crilley about it?"

"Certainly," replied Bayard. "Where is he?"

The delighted agent gave him the address of Mr. Crilley's studio, and a few moments later Wyncie Jule telephoned to ask where they would dine. It had been a useful day, with a pleasant finish.

"I'm selling another one," he said casually during dinner.

"Not really?"

"Oh, yes. They keep after me, you know."

"You men of genius." Wyncie sighed in her pretty way. "When are you going to do something for poor me?"

"Wyncie," murmured Bayard, tearing the leaves from an artichoke, "I am not the one who can do much for you, but you are the one who can do a great deal for me."

"For you!"

"Yes."

"How?"

"Marry me," said Bayard, "and you will make me the happiest man alive."

"Why, Bayard Ballard! Do you love me?"

"I'm crazy about you. I've been that way since the day I met you."

Wyncie turned a contemplative eye upon her admirer and reflected quickly. Here was a young fellow who was making plenty of money selling his things like hot cakes to the movies, who would probably continue making good money and perhaps turn out to be a celebrity. Local people were already discussing him, and if he happened to rise, he could help her to her proper place on the screen.

"If it will make you happy, Bayard," she said gently, "I shall be glad to marry you."

"You will!"

"Yes, and proud, too, for I consider you one of the few gifted men in Hollywood today."

Here she paused, and Bayard took her hand and told her in an earnest voice that his cup of joy was overflowing.

"How much are they paying you for this one?" she inquired, with the innocent curiosity of young girlhood.

"Oh, five or six thousand. It really doesn't matter, Wyncie. I am simply full of ideas. They spring up within me constantly. Sometimes I wonder why it is that ideas keep on springing and springing."

She patted his hand and they consumed food in quiet contentment.

It was necessary to send a letter back to Alabaster, Kansas, and Bayard handled the task neatly, firmly and without quibbling. He wrote Hettie that as a man advances in life, his views undergo a change and that youthful affairs of the heart must be put aside, pleasant though they may have been. He informed her that he could not marry her, as she would no longer understand him, nor would she be in sympathy with the large things he was doing for the American people He made no definite mention of Wyncie Jule Tracy, but stated that other women, many of them brilliant figures, had entered into his spiritual aura and that necessarily he must adapt himself to conditions.

"I shall always remember you, Hettie," he wrote in closing, "as one of the friends of my immature youth, one whose influence was always for the good, bringing out the better things within me. We must gaze frankly at the changing facets of life, and I would advise you to forget me, if you can, and turn to other matters."

To be sure, Hettie Henderson cried and dabbed her eyes and read the letter over seven times. She had been prepared by Bayard's other letters for the great blow, yet when it came she wept and wept, and her eyes were so red that dismal morning that she could not walk down to the Fidelity Savings Bank until almost the hour of noon She did not commit suicide Bayard had thought of it, reflecting that if Hettie did commit suicide and leave a pathetic note pinned to her pillow, mentioning Bayard Ballard, now of Hollywood, California, it would do him no harm in his new profession, but would really throw a nice glamour about him. So many of the movie people were mixed up with suicides, he noted, and the very best of them too. He read the dispatches carefully for several days and concluded that Hettie, having no great soul within her, meant to go on living.

Mr. Crilley, of the Crilley Studio, wasted no time lallygagging, but took out his fountain pen and purchased the war drama from Bayard for the sum of six thousand; and Bayard instantly acquired a stunning automobile and a house in the high-rent neighborhood.

He employed two servants, one of them to take care of his clothes. In the newspapers was evidence that Bayard Ballard was now a swiftly rising figure in the arena of the films, and lucrative jobs were offered him—jobs of titling, which he accepted and performed with a certain humorous condescension. These were always done over by obscure fellows working in small offices.

The studio of Mr. Crilley swung into action and produced its war drama in jig time, and Bayard wandered through the rooms of his Spanish hacienda and smiled upon a world that was treating him kindly. He delivered a speech, a requested speech, to some of the solid business men of the town at a formal banquet and told them that the future of the nation was in their hands. He addressed the Ladies and Matrons Club, his topic naturally being What I Perceive to be the Matter With the Cinema, and found to his surprise that he was an easy and gifted speaker; and while he was toying with this and that, the Crilley people finished up The Grim Monster for the second time, using a different name. Wyncie and Bayard attended the opening at the Sebastopol and once again the young man sat upon the edge of his seat, feeling boyish, feeling almost young and amateurish, hoping desperately to see in vivid action the Solvang drama of his Alabaster days.

Black despair once again.

Mr. Crilley's studio's war picture was a most excellent thing, to be sure, as attested by the friendly applause, but it was no more The Grim Monster than a motorcycle is an ear muff. It was no more The Grim Monster than black is white or sour is sweet, or anything is nothing; and Bayard moaned amid the silences of his soul. He smiled and glanced about the crowded theater, for Wyncie Jule was saying in her throaty voice:

"Bayard, this is a perfectly wonderful picture and far better than your other. What a mind you have, to do these things one after another! Just hear them applaud!"

They were applauding, too, and when it was ended, another success was chalked up on the score board of the newest art. The director made a speech, giving credit to several of his coworkers and mentioning "that extraordinary young man, Bayard Ballard, the author!" There was more applause. Three fat gentlemen shook Bayard's hand as he loitered in the lobby pretending to have trouble with a cigarette, but in reality waiting for someone to congratulate him. Next day the newspapers said it was lovely.

"It is the man's amazing versatility that leaves one breathless," wrote one breathless critic. "Though the Great War is again his background, he strikes an absolutely fresh note, a note that marks him as a strange, lofty genius striding with fixed gaze along heights of his own creating, a man alone and above the common herd."

Bayard thought that rather good, read it several times, clipped it out and wondered if the Alabaster papers ever copied small items of real news. And thinking it over, there slowly grew in his mind realization of one enormous outstanding fact, which was that the movies, when they purchase a war story, and when they make it into a photodrama, inevitably use none of the material; they throw aside characters and situations and themes, and for some occult reason of their own they produce a screen play of entirely homemade stuff, of little fragments made up by themselves behind the stern walls of the studio. And strangely enough, the patchwork, crazy-quilt result goes before the docile public and makes enough money to buy a three-colored peacock for every man, woman and child in Pittsburgh.

Finding it troublesome and needless to create a new story, Bayard Ballard sold his Grim Monster four times in three years, always to a different movie company, always under a different name, always with the diminishing hope that some day somebody would make his Solvang saga into a motion picture. He became savage and resentful. The thing wore him down, shook his nervous system and gave him a pallid expression.

They bought it and they paid for it, but they never made it. They made something else, just as good, probably better, and the something else slid out before the hungry fans and did nicely. Bayard Ballard was a man of standing in the film city, an author who gave out little interviews to fat women with double chins who write for the Sunday newspapers. The name of Ballard led all the rest in the rosy literature of the Atlas Film Academy literature that was sent out widely to the simple ones who could read that "Bayard Ballard is now earning twenty-five thousand dollars a year writing for the motion pictures. Mr. Ballard is a graduate of our system and we rejoice with him in the success which we enabled him to achieve."

Meantime Wyncie Jule Tracy bounded unhappily from job to job, always the victim of the broad conspiracy that was keeping her talents under a bushel.

"I'll fix that," Bayard promised her.

"Yes, but when?" she demanded, and in the beginning Bayard was unable to give a definite reply. He was doing right well with his Grim Monster in its various forms. It had a steady and apparently endless sale, year after year, winter and summer, rain or shine. Yet he was always conscious of his dissatisfaction with the result, and as he sat beside the pallid Wyncie and listened to her plaintive words, he made a sudden resolution. He did so because he believed what Wyncie told him, which was that she would be a great artist if the studios gave her a chance. Bayard made his decision in the lounge of an expensive hostelry, with people passing by and nodding at Wyncie.

"My dear girl," Bayard said, leaning toward her, "you are going to have your chance."

"You said that before, Bayard."

"I know, but this time I can give you dates. I am going to turn producer."

"You are!"

"Yes, I am about to step into the business end of the game and demonstrate the incompetence of these so-called producers. I shall make a picture, following my own ideas."

"What kind?"

"A war drama, of course."

"What's the name of it?"

"The name," Bayard replied, hesitating, "is The Grim Monster, although that of course will be merely the working title. The finished picture will have another name."

Wyncie expressed her delight. "And I shall have a part in it!" she cried. He nodded gravely. "A good part?"

"The lead," he said simply. "The girl in my war drama is the leading rôle and you shall play it. You are to have your chance. That is what I think of you, Wyncie, for this drama is the apple of my eye, and into it I shall throw my all."

"You will succeed, Bayard," she said happily. "You are a man of destiny."

"What I have learned," he continued seriously, "is that motion-picture producers

(Continued on Page 170)

Would you guess it concealed a full-size bed?

Davenport Bed Suite No. 1785

THIS beautiful Kroehler *Assured Quality* living room furniture is by every characteristic *fine* furniture. The simple, graceful frame is smart and up-to-date. The rich gold damask covering is strictly vogue. The lower seat and high legs are points of modern beauty. It carries the stamp of quality style, and the assurance of luxurious comfort.

Yet the davenport conceals a full-size, luxurious bed. One simple, easy motion transforms it—gives you a guest room—added sleeping space for emergencies or every night if needed. Ample accommodation is provided for mattress and bedding.

In finest homes and apartments this *modern* Kroehler Davenport Bed is now being used—because it so artfully conceals its double purpose. No one would guess its secret.

Hidden Qualities

To beauty, style and utility the Kroehler Davenport Bed adds unusual durability. It is built like all Kroehler furniture to highest quality standards *inside,* as well as outside.

A new, improved All-Steel Spring Underconstruction replaces old-fashioned webbing and is much more comfortable and serviceable.

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The folding frame of the davenport bed is all steel, fitted with sagless cable fabric or coil springs.

Coverings are of highest quality fabrics, including fine silk damasks, rich tapestries, beautiful mohairs, Chase Velmo, jacquard velours, Ca-Vel velvets, linen frieze and moquette and exquisite soft leathers.

During October, National Kroehler Month, our dealers are making special displays—and attractive inducements. Make your purchases during this special season. If you do not know your most convenient Kroehler dealer write us. We will send his name and our interesting booklet—"Enjoyable Living Rooms".

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Love Seat No. 588

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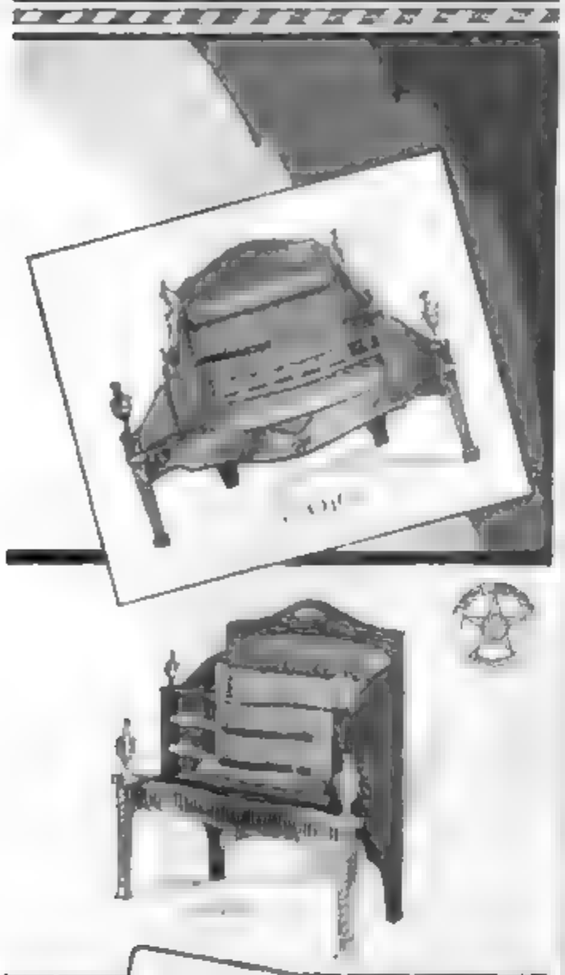

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REZNOR Orthoray Gas Heaters provide warmth that is different! Quick, powerful, widely diffused; safe, dependable, economical.

With beauty and style, in authentic period and conventional designs which are distinctively correct.

The most complete line of gas heaters in the world! For forty years the unequalled standard of sustained efficiency, reliability and value.

Chilly days and the accepted thing in fireplace art demand Reznor Orthoray in your home. See the complete line at your dealer's now, or write for free illustrated folder.

REZNOR
MANUFACTURING CO.
MERCER, PA.

Eight handsome and popular models of Reznor Orthoray will be shown in the ... of The Saturday Evening Post ... Watch for ...

REZNOR

(Continued from Page 168)

are in a rut. They have common minds. They omit the very parts of a story that make it great. In producing my own photoplay, I shall see that all my good ideas are put upon the screen, for that is at least the right of an artist."

"Wonderful!" breathed Wyncie Jule, who beheld, after many years of waiting, a job worthy of a girl.

Thus it was that Mr. Bayard Ballard departed from the ranks of the authors and became a business man, a maker of film entertainment, his sole purpose being to fashion a great success with the spurned story he had brought to California in a leather reticule. He gave it a lovely new name, deeming it best to drop the Monster. He rented an airy studio, employed a director and a staff and he brought in a servile scenario person who would write anything for anybody.

He selected the cast himself, consulting only with Wyncie Jule, and it was a very good cast. He began to write checks freely, which is something a movie producer must learn. In order to do so, he gathered his resources into a compact bundle, the goods he had accumulated in three years of Hollywood adventure. His Spanish hacienda on the hill he converted into bank notes by the simple process of selling it for several thousand under the market; and now he began to rise at six o'clock in the morning and to work harder than he had ever toiled for the Alabaster Dairy.

In no time he discovered the difference between a man who is doing a movie job for another and the man who is making a picture for himself, and long before the genuine war drama was finished, Mr. Ballard was borrowing money, as many a one has done before him.

On a certain bright day the war drama was completed, with everything in it that should be in it; and Bayard stood in his shoes not only as poor as the day he had come to California but vastly worse off, for now he owed money to strangers, to his cast, to his hotel, to this man and that man. The lovely home on the hill was gone. He had sold his personal things, down to his evening clothes; and regarding the war picture, it would have taken a lawyer to say who owned it; and it would have taken another lawyer to perceive any advantage in that ownership, for when the play was offered to audiences, the people sat quietly in stupefied amazement, trying to decide in their mind why such stuff should be put upon the screen. It was, as everyone agreed, the worst motion picture seen in years. It was not only bad—it was terrible

It contained the choicest bits from Bayard's story—bits that seemed to make it more awful as the eye fell upon them. A group of influential movie magnates, stirred by the report that another war drama had come, looked at it in a theater and walked out before it was half over. The professional critics came, saw and wrote:

"This is either a joke or it isn't. If it isn't a joke, it is the worst war picture in the world; and if movies are made on Mars, it is the worst picture in all the worlds."

There the matter stood. Bayard's masterpiece died in the moments of its launching, one of the saddest flops in the long story of Hollywood. Wyncie Jule Tracy became a changed woman and informed her associates that Bayard Ballard had deliberately tried to ruin her artistic reputation by thrusting her into this silly and unspeakable photoplay. When the young man humbly telephoned to her apartment, the servant informed him that Miss Tracy was out; and as for breaking off her engagement, Wyncie never even bothered to refer to it. It was an engagement that naturally broke itself. She obtained a position elsewhere and forgot Bayard Ballard as one forgets a last week's hangnail.

After feeble attempts to go before the customers, the war photodrama folded its little wings and came to rest upon the shelves of the Hollywood Storehouse, where there are many tin cans containing the blasted hopes of men who took a flyer in celluloid.

Young Mr. Ballard presently moved from his hotel, having an excellent reason. The management requested it. He wondered if Mrs. Watt would still be running her old lodging house on the side street where he had paused in earlier and gayer times. Thither he wended his melancholy way and sat him down in the six-dollar room with the bed and the table; and there, staring at the faded walls, he thought of Wyncie Jule, the white-faced doll of Hollywood, and of their final conversation, wherein she had said, with a slight flush:

"You might have known better than to subject me to such humiliation before my public. Just because we were friends, you put me into this miserable thing and darned near ruined me. I'm through with you and don't you forget it!"

In her calmer and later moments, she told friends in the business that a girl cannot go on wasting good time upon a man who is obviously a failure and a complete failure financially and artistically.

As swiftly as he had risen, Mr. Ballard dropped into Hollywood oblivion, and when people mentioned him at all, it was to refer to his pitiful misunderstanding of the needs of the films

"Just an amateur," they said.

Recently Bayard has been searching for employment, almost any kind of honest employment, and some say that he occasionally misses a meal. There is a seedy look about him now as he lingers with the crowd of extras before the gate of some frowning studio. He paused recently in front of Mrs. Watt's honest house of lodging. He lives there still and has trouble over the six dollars. He paused, on this occasion, because the mailman was coming down the street with the maddening deliberation of his breed, and Bayard hoped there might be a letter, possibly a check. He required a check, however small, for his pockets were empty.

"Howdy," said the mailman, handing Bayard something.

It was not a check, but instead a neat red card provided by the national postal service, which informs persons that a letter lies in the local post office slightly deficient in postage. When a man receives such a notice, he generally hurries to the post office and pays the two cents required.

Jingling the stray coins in his pocket, Mr. Ballard strolled down the street, across the avenue to the center of town, entered the post office and made known his want, giving the man two pennies. He received a letter and examined it with a slight thrill, for it came, as indicated on the outside, from Alabaster, Kansas. Bayard tore it open and read. It contained a simple request. It came from Mrs. Henderson, and it asked if Bayard could find it convenient to attend the services at the M. E. Church, the occasion being the marriage of Hettie Henderson to Mr. Dabney Stoll, who, as Bayard knew, was president of the Fidelity Savings Bank.

He stood there in the soft light reading the invitation, and persons passing to buy stamps and such observed that there was a far-away look in his eyes, the look of a man who is beginning to wish that his father and mother, on that far day when they first met, had passed each other by instead of pausing to talk things over.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

Candies? Yes, ma'am, sanitary and pure—gum drops, pep'mints and chocolates, loose or in the box; also chewin' gum and tobaccer.

Yes, ma'am, electric irons, toasters or curlers. We aim to satisfy.

Post cards, pine pillows, souvenirs. Get your fillums developed here.

Yes, ma'am, this corner devoted to toggery—hair pins, shields, ribbons, bathing suits and golf hose, all complete.

Cod-liver oil, camphor ice—we got a full line of drugs; in fact, ma'am, you'll find our whole place as up to the minute as any drug store in the city.

Fill your prescription? No, ma'am, you got to wait till nex' summer. I aim to take me a correspondence course in pharmacy this winter. —*Rena Shore Duncan.*

Symptoms of Normalcy

WE BUY our morning newspapers in the evening and our evening newspapers in the morning.

We attend fur-fashion pageants in August and scantily dressed girl revues in January.

We insist on the latest model auto, but our furniture must be a century old.

We purchase cosmetics from the tobacconist, tobacco from the grocer, groceries from a mail-order house and sandwiches from the drug store.

We meet our daughters in the barber shop and our wives in the smoker.

The following phenomena, at least, have been impervious to time and change:

Humorists are still turning out new variants of the old wheeze, "Who was that lady I seen you with last night?"

The office bore is still saying "And how!" and "It won't be long now."

Motorists are still trying to beat express trains to the grade crossings.

The faithful are still dying from the effects of "Genuine Old Scotch."

The landlord still presents his bill on the first of each month. —*Otto Freund.*

From a Political Point of View

"SON," said the stern father, "come here. Did you or did you not promise to cut the grass this morning?"

The lad, who was reading a summary of the campaign to date, put his paper aside and came forward

"Father, may I answer briefly by saying that I have been misquoted? The tendency to question a man's motives, to imply that at all times he is actuated by selfish, unworthy desires, is all too common. It is apparent that mud slinging will continue in vogue as long as there is mud, and it is equally apparent that there never will be any justice in its distribution. A safe rule, it seems to me, would be to inquire first into a man's honesty, his integrity, his probity, his virtue, his conception of service to mankind, and last his interest in the public good. It is true, father, that I committed myself on the question of cutting the grass and I would be the last one in the world to retract one word of my promise or to modify in any degree the spirit of my statement. My past record, I claim, gives me the privilege of making this assertion. No, father, I did not agree to cut the grass this morning. Rather I agreed this morning to cut the grass—not meaning that the actual performance was to take place this morning, but that the agreement was sealed at that time. I am sure that any fair-minded person will testify that the time of the fulfillment of the contract was left entirely to my judgment."

—*David B. Park.*

At Any Beach

CONTENTMENT reigns on every hand.
The waves go up, the waves go down.
And people lie upon the sand
About how rich they are in town.

Mary Carolyn Davies.

The first chapter in many a merchant's success is written in *a store plan*

The F. & R. Lazarus & Co. Store, Columbus, Ohio. Planned and equipped by Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation.

THE roll call of stores planned and equipped by the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation reads like a "Who's Who" in American Merchandising. In metropolitan centers, in tiny hamlets—everywhere—large stores, small stores come to Grand Rapids when new quarters are being planned; when lagging sales stress the need of better arrangement, better fixtures; when competition forces newer and more efficient ways of doing business.

And it's only natural—for modern merchandising is too big and intricate a subject to be mastered by any one man or single group of men. It takes a national organization—talented, experienced men, bubbling over with ideas gathered from the four corners of the earth—men who think, work, live in terms of merchandising—men who can so plan a store as to produce the greatest returns *per square foot* and at the same time give the utmost in beauty, individuality and economy.

Few organizations are so rich in talent and experience as the Grand Rapids Store Equipment Corporation. Few organizations are able to command the services of such distinguished architects, designers and merchandising experts. Few organizations possess the manufacturing facilities and personnel for executing, promptly and economically, each detail in the plan for bigger and more profitable business for you.

If you expect to build a new store or remodel your present one remember this: *nothing is so important as a systematic and efficient store plan.* Don't take a chance. Be guided by the experience of thousands of merchants throughout the land, whose success is written in dollars and cents—in whose success our Planning Division has played a hand.

Send today for booklet, "Planning Stores for More Profit," which explains this service in detail. No obligation.

POINTS *of* SUPERIORITY

Store Planning Service—Available to any store, new or old, of any size, anywhere. Experienced store planners and merchandising experts give individual study to each installation.

Individuality—Assured by employing different color treatments and designs, so that no two stores are alike.

Interchangeability—Patented, sectional, interlocking units—easily built up or taken down—prevents waste when changes are made.

Value—Quantity production permits tremendous purchasing and manufacturing economies, making possible the greatest value in store equipment.

GRAND RAPIDS STORE EQUIPMENT CORPORATION

FORMERLY THE GRAND RAPIDS SHOW CASE COMPANY — WELCH WILMARTH CORPORATION

STORE PLANNERS—DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF FINE STORE EQUIPMENT FOR DEPARTMENT STORES, READY TO WEAR AND SPECIALTY SHOPS, HABERDASHERY AND MEN'S CLOTHING STORES, DRUG, JEWELRY, SHOE STORES ETC.

Executive Offices—Grand Rapids, Mich.
Representatives in every Territory

Factories—Grand Rapids, Portland, Ore. . . . Baltimore, New York City . . .

Easy to Use...Dry in 4 Hours

So *easy* to apply ..just *Brush it* on!

Kyanize

LUSTAQUIK FINISH

Can be used over old paint or varnish as well as on new surfaces.

Has no disagreeable odor.

Will not lift undercoats.

Requires no special thinner.

May be used on large surfaces without showing laps or brush marks.

Anyone can use it with satisfactory results.

For All Interior Work

Your Money Back for the Empty Can
If it Doesn't Do All We Claim

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
610 Everett Station, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

New! Color Creations with Kyanize

The *new* **Kyanize** Lustaquik Finish not only applies easily over any surface, old or new, painted or unpainted, but offers an almost endless selection of dainty tints and colors.

There are sixteen shades in addition to black and white—unusual shades like Orchid, Tea Rose, Platinum Gray and Desert Brown—voguishly smart.

And—in applying **Kyanize** Lustaquik Finish a perfect job is assured—flows easily—no brush marks, streaks or laps—a fine, uniform, smooth finish that covers solidly.

Color, Speed and Quality—that is the combination wrapped up in every can of **Kyanize** Lustaquik Finish.

Other KYANIZE Products recommended for the highest grade work in private homes, hospitals, and public buildings.

Kyanize 4 HOUR FLOOR VARNISH

Waterproof and Durable

For all interior floors and woodwork. Dries dust free in 60 minutes and hard enough to walk on in 4 hours.

Kyanize CELOID FINISH

Covers easily and quickly with a semi-gloss effect—resembles a hand-rubbed finish. Washable, waterproof, sanitary. Dries overnight. Twelve delightful tints for use on new or old furniture, walls or woodwork.

Kyanize Waterproof FLOOR ENAMEL

A solid-color waterproof coating for wood and cement floors, inside and outside. Dries overnight with a smooth, hard finish that may be repeatedly washed without harmful results. Ten popular colors, Black and White.

Kyanize FLOOR FINISH

In 8 Transparent Colors and Clear

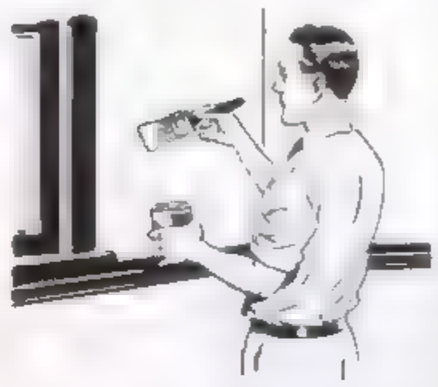
A combination of color varnish and stain. Unequaled for furniture and all woodwork as well as floors.

SPECIAL $1.00 OFFER

If your dealer cannot supply you, send us his name and $1.00 and we will ship to you, charges prepaid, a Full Pint Can of any *Kyanize* Product, a good Rubber-set Brush to apply it and Illustrated Instruction Booklet—"The Charm of Painted Things"—all for $1.00. State color desired.

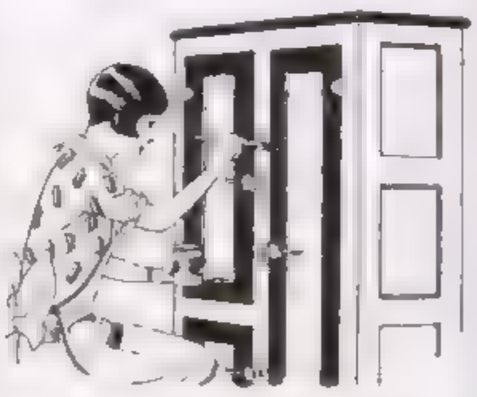
BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY- - 610 EVERETT STA., BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

On wicker or reed furniture KYANIZE Finishes may be easily brushed or sprayed with satisfactory results.



On walls, woodwork and floors KYANIZE produces a beautiful, lasting finish that is easily kept clean.

KYANIZE is the most satisfactory finish for breakfast sets and furniture of all kinds.



Kitchen furnishings are easily finished in the smart new colors with KYANIZE. Two-tone effects—and dry in 4 hours.

This 24-page Illustrated Booklet of helpful decorative suggestions and color card of any KYANIZE Product FREE for the asking.

What, oh, what a flavor there is to Heinz Cooked Spaghetti! What a snappy, tangy flavor. It's the special cheese you taste for one thing. And the sweet, spicy sauce of juicy, red, vine-ripened tomatoes. And the good tender Heinz made spaghetti, cooked just right. Serve it hot, serve it quick, serve it heaped up high. Italian style? Yes, sir—Heinz Cooked Spaghetti in Tomato Sauce with Cheese—cooked all ready for you—heat, serve, and enjoy.

There's a certain knack to making a real dish of spaghetti, as any good Italian chef will tell you. You know yourself how much depends upon the flavor of the tomato sauce—the blending—then the cooking.....

To get the sauce exactly right we grow our own tomato seed, start the plants, and use the tomatoes—fresh. The cheese is a special kind we import because of its remarkable savor. The dry spaghetti we make from a carefully selected hard, durum wheat. We go so far, even, as to wash and filter the air in which the spaghetti is dried. So you see one of the reasons why we have succeeded in catching the spaghetti *flavor* is because we take such extraordinary care that every ingredient is right. Such care with every Heinz product has made the name Heinz mean *Flavor* H. J. HEINZ CO., PITTSBURGH, P.A.

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI IN TOMATO SAUCE WITH CHEESE

THE STATE DISPENSARY SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 7)

Of course he could not obtain credit legally for the state. That power is vested only in the legislature. But Tillman told the big wholesale liquor dealers he had spent all the $50,000 appropriated and asked if they would ship him the liquor required. All this he related to an investigating committee years afterward while he was in the United States Senate. A reputed teetotaler himself, and his commissioner a full-fledged churchman and the husband of a leading W. C. T. U., the booze potentates must have thought them an odd and comical pair of liquor buyers. But Tillman showed them that though he was not a drinking man, he knew mighty well the makings of what Southerners call "natchel whisky." Of course they would credit him. Wasn't he known everywhere as the dictator of South Carolina? Didn't he have the legislature in perfect control?

Nine Points of the Law

The number of dispensaries grew like this: July, 29; August, 39; September, 47; October, 51. Tillman chuckled over the gross sales for the first four months—$166,643. Expenses deducted, the net profits were: State, $32,198; counties, $20,054. He ran his eye—he had only one—down a partial report on drunkenness which follows:

ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS
JULY TO OCTOBER

COUNTIES AND CITIES	1892 (SALOONS)	1893 (DISPENSARY)
Lancaster	21	2
Sumter	35	11
Columbia	64	68
Camden	27	29
Greenville	242	107
Beaufort	51	55
Laurens	20	5
Charleston	218	97
Spartanburg	14	6

Tillman was a happy man. The totals showed that in the whole state there had been 409 arrests for drunkenness and disorder as compared with 806 for a like period under the former system of licensed barrooms.

He told all this to his General Assembly at its next session, predicting that the dispensary had come to stay and never again would a bartender serve drinks over a bar in South Carolina. He added:

"If the towns cease their unreasonable and senseless opposition, and three-fourths of the liquor consumed shall pass through the dispensaries, the revenue of the towns will not be reduced from what it was formerly."

The governor did not conceal his belief, however, that not half the liquor being drunk was passing through the dispensary channels. He admitted that blind tigers were doing a driving business. He appealed to the cities to help him put down these speak-easies. He summarized the dispensary's claims for patronage thus in his message of 1894:

TILLMAN'S NINE POINTS

1. The element of personal profit is destroyed, thereby removing the incentive to increase the sales.
2. A pure article is guaranteed, as it is subjected to chemical analysis.
3. The consumer obtains honest measure of standard strength.
4. Treating is stopped, as bottles are not opened on premises.
5. It is sold only in the daytime; this under a regulation of the board and not under the law.
6. The concomitants of ice, sugar, lemons and the like being removed, there is not the same inclination to drink. No seduction, no enticement.
7. Liquor is sold only for cash. No chalking up for daily drinks against pay day. The workingman buys his bottle of whisky Saturday night and carries the rest of his wages home.
8. Gambling dens, pool rooms and lewd houses have had their patronage reduced to a minimum.
9. The local whisky rings, which have been the curse of every municipality in the state and have always controlled municipal elections, have been torn up root and branch, and the influence of the barkeeper as a political manipulator is absolutely destroyed.

Yes, Tillman was happy; and upon the face of it, there seemed cause to justify his pride and contentment during these first few months. Of course there were skeptics and pessimists. The city press, always opposed to Tillman and his barrooms, did not share the governor's optimism. They pointed out the undeniable fact that taking whisky home eliminated public display of intoxication and thus reduced the records of drunkenness without really stopping the evil. They stressed the fact that bootlegging was far in excess of the activities of the dispensaries, which Tillman himself acknowledged. They relentlessly scored the constabulary for their methods of suppressing blind tigers. They denounced as tyrannical and infamous the searching of private homes for illicit liquor. The state was already torn apart by factions.

The climax came with frightful suddenness in the Darlington riot. Tillman called it "the liquor rebellion" and "a conspiracy of the Bourbons." The city press and citizenry of the towns called it "an uprising against tyranny," "a revolt against the invasion of the sanctity of home." On March 30, 1894, a body of nineteen constables and a mob of enraged citizens of the town of Darlington engaged in a clash at arms. Two citizens were shot to death and two were wounded, while one constable was killed and two others seriously injured. The trouble had arisen over the searching of private homes by the constables engaged in the task of suppressing bootlegging and other violations of the Dispensary Act.

His Constituents in Arms

The affair, serious enough in its tragic details, took on far graver aspects when Governor Tillman called upon the military to suppress the insurrection and some of the most reliable companies refused to leave their armories. In fact, the armories of the local or near-by companies were broken into by sympathizers with the mob and the guns had been taken away. Sensational messages—Governor Tillman called them incendiary—were flashing over the telegraph wires to every corner of South Carolina.

Tillman's supporters, the farmers, naturally were the last to hear the news. When they heard that the local military was powerless through the plunder of their armories or otherwise unreliable because of unwillingness to respond, these farmers unhitched their mules and horses from their plows—it was the beginning of planting time—and went flocking to Columbia, armed with shotguns, where they offered themselves by hundreds as volunteer militiamen. The Fourth Brigade in Charleston flatly refused to be mustered into such service. To his call for these troops, the governor received the following telegram:

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 31, 1894.
GOVERNOR B. R. TILLMAN,
COLUMBIA, S. C.

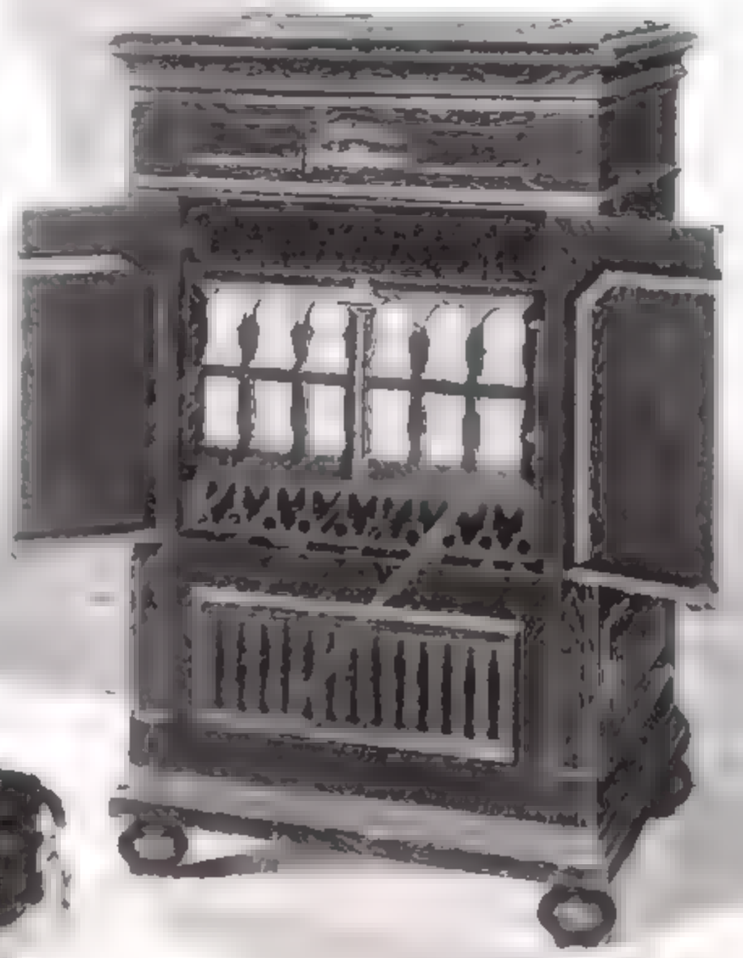
No company in this command will sustain the constabulary in their methods of enforcing the Dispensary Law. This brigade will uphold and defend the honor of the state, but will not lend itself to foment civil war among our brethren. T. A. HUGUENIN, Brig. Gen'l.

Not a bit ruffled, Tillman stood his ground. With nineteen fragmentary commands of the state military, numbering about 300 men, and eight companies of volunteers, mainly farmers and armed only with shotguns, the governor sent the former to Darlington and mustered the latter in

(Continued on Page 177)

HEATS
the Whole House in Zero Weather

With the outer doors closed, the ALLEN resembles a piece of beautiful period furniture. Its walnut, porcelain enamel finish is easily dusted



ALLEN'S circulates healthful, moist warm air to every room in the house with the efficiency of a furnace. Will replace a number of stoves and with greatly improved heating results. Quickly installed without expense.

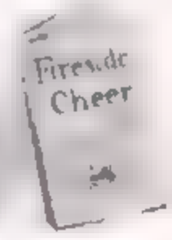
ALLEN'S
Parlor Furnace

Heat radiating fins are built into the heating unit, thereby doubling the radiating surfaces and giving greatly increased heating capacity. Thousands of users in homes, churches, schools and stores testify to its wonderful heating results. Burns any kind of fuel with real economy. Made in a special model for burning gas.

OLDTIME FIRESIDE CHEER

Only in ALLEN'S can you get the advantages of a cheerful, open fire with all of the comforts of modern heating. Due to its patented construction, the outer doors may be opened to reveal the fireglow without affecting the full circulation of heat. (Patent Nos. 69,781—16,677. Trade mark No. 202,378.) See this and its many other superiorities at the nearest ALLEN Dealer's.

ALLEN MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Stove Specialists for a Quarter Century
Nashville, Tennessee



FREE BOOKLET gives interesting historical sketch on "Heat".

ALLEN MANUFACTURING CO., Nashville, Tenn.
I am interested in
☐ "Oldtime Fireside Cheer" Model
☐ Gas Burning Model
Name
Street or R. F. D
City State

Mr. Brown and Mr. Jones both ride with ETHYL

but for entirely different reasons!

MR. BROWN is a thrifty soul. He knows exactly what it costs him to run his automobile. He can give you the cost per mile of tires, oil, gas and depreciation.

"I use Ethyl Gasoline for economy," says Mr. Brown. "Ethyl costs me about $1.50 more a month—but I don't have to clean out carbon. And that's a big saving. Ethyl keeps out the knock that wears and tears an engine. Then with Ethyl I get more of the power from every gallon of fuel that I use—and that appeals to me too. Besides getting the advantages of a premium fuel, I find that Ethyl actually saves me money."

EVERY DAY more Mr. Browns and more Mr. Joneses are meeting at Ethyl pumps. (So are their wives.) In fact, at hundreds of gasoline service stations, the sales of Ethyl Gasoline now exceed the sales of ordinary gasoline. For there is nothing else like Ethyl. It is good gasoline plus ETHYL "anti-knock" compound, a product of General Motors Research Laboratories. Try it.

MR. JONES doesn't care so much about costs. He drives for pleasure. He wants power, pick-up, smoothness most of all. "I use Ethyl," says Mr. Jones, "because it makes my car run better than it will on ordinary gasoline. It gives me high compression performance as carbon forms. It keeps me in high when the other fellow has to shift. Give me Ethyl every time! What's a mere $1.50 more a month for gas when I get a hundred dollars' worth of driving satisfaction!"

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification only. It's the tetraethyl lead in Ethyl "that knocks out that 'knock'."

ETHYL GASOLINE

ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION, 25 Broadway, New York City • 36 Church Street, Toronto, Canada • 35, Queen Anne's Gate, London, England

(Continued from Page 175)

the state penitentiary yards at Columbia to be held as reserves and to protect the state dispensary from plunderers and pillagers. Several county dispensaries in various parts of the state had already been broken into and much of their stocks of liquor stolen. When the military reached Darlington the populace had been partially restored to quietude. The constables, who had fled to a near-by forest just after the clash with the mob and had been pursued by the most enraged of the citizens with the avowed purpose of lynching, were later reported as having escaped without further violence.

Meanwhile Governor Tillman had seized the railroads and all the telegraph lines The railroads readily responded to his commandeering, but the telegraph companies resisted any interference by the governor with their business. The Western Union was served with an injunction issued by Judge Watts, and Tillman's wool-hatted volunteers took charge of their offices with orders to let none but strictly business telegrams be sent. The governor later explained this action by saying that the people of the entire state were being inflamed against him by the incendiary messages which were being sent out to defeat him in his efforts to restore law and order. Long after the trouble had subsided and he had dismissed the recalcitrant military commands from the service, he still clung to the belief that the Darlington riot was the culmination of a plot to put the dispensary out of business and make him a governor without power in the state. These were his words in a message to the next General Assembly, November 28, 1894:

"There is every evidence going to show that there was a preconcerted arrangement, or conspiracy, with ramifications in many counties, to precipitate a conflict with the constables and, by butchering them, intimidate others from carrying out the law. The purpose of those directing the conspiracy was to inflame the public mind to such an extent that the militia could not be relied upon to assist the civil authorities, and thus bring the law and state government into contempt. The place selected to precipitate the conflict was Darlington."

Versions and Aversion

The governor gave the lawmakers his version of the trouble between the citizens and the constables. He said that one of the constables stationed at Darlington had reported the bold and open violation of the Dispensary Law and had asked for assistance. Three picked men had been sent to him the last week in March. When these four attempted to execute search warrants they were hooted, jeered at and treated with every indignity, and forced to retire from the streets to prevent a conflict. The governor said that he then telegraphed Chief Constable Gaillard in Charleston to go to Darlington with all available men, which he did. Some few of these were armed with rifles, but most of them had only their private side arms—about eighteen men, making twenty-two in Darlington, with the four already there. He said he called on the sheriff of Darlington County to assist in serving processes and used every possible precaution to prevent a conflict with the citizens, even sending the attorney-general of the state to the scene to advise and direct every movement. The governor claimed that every search warrant had been sworn out in the lawful way and conformed fully to the requirements of the Constitution of the United States in regard to search and seizure.

Needless to say, the people of Darlington and many other citizens of the state who had grown weary of the methods of enforcing the Dispensary Act and had never been in sympathy with it anyhow, took a view of the affairs leading up to the riot widely at variance with the governor's version. There had been a mass meeting held in the courthouse at Darlington, where resolutions were passed denouncing the searching of private residences as an act of tyranny to be resisted at all hazards. Charges of murder were made against several constables and several trials were held, but nobody was ever convicted.

So far from dampening his ardor, the riot stirred Ben Tillman to a heartier zest in the enforcement of his Dispensary Law. He increased the constabulary and kept on extending the local dispensaries to counties hitherto unserved -conforming, of course, to the majority of electors in each locality. The governor was roundly attacked by the city newspapers, which had always opposed him in saddling the dispensary upon South Carolina and assuming the rôle of "the state's big bartender." But newspapers pretty generally in other states, and even in Europe, upheld him in upholding the law with farmers from the fields when the military went back on him. He emerged from the Darlington riot a national figure.

But it wasn't long after that until the courts took a hand. At the next term of the supreme court of South Carolina following the Whisky Rebellion, as Tillman termed it, the Dispensary Act was knocked into something more shabby than the proverbial cocked hat, and for once the cornfield lawyer, as he styled himself, was brought to realize that legal technicalities are of more potential force, though they may not be so desirable as common sense.

A Legal Knot for Legislators

A man named MacCullough at Darlington had brought an action against the county constable, the purpose of which was to test the constitutionality of the Dispensary Law. The case had been argued in the lower courts and had been taken to the state supreme court. As the issues involved carry interest today wherever the question of state control of liquor traffic may be discussed in the United States, and as property rights and legislative power may be governed by laws similar to those then prevailing in South Carolina, it may be well to quote:

STATE SUPREME COURT RULING
(South Carolina Reports, Volume XLI, Page 221)

Property Rights: Under the constitution of the state every person has the inalienable right of acquiring, holding and disposing of property of which right he may not be deprived but by the judgment of his peers or the law of the land; and therefore, liquor being property and the sale of liquor not *malum in se*, it is a lawful subject of commerce and the traffic in this property cannot be taken away from the individual except where the state, in the exercise of its police powers, declares such traffic to be unlawful.

But as the Dispensary Act does not prohibit the sale of liquors—which the state has the clear right to do—and, on the contrary, encourages such sale by providing for purchases and sales by the state alone, not only within the state but also beyond its limits, at a profit to the state and to its governmental agencies, the act is a statute to raise revenue and not a statute of prohibition, and therefore cannot be sustained as an exercise by the state of its police powers.

Legislative Power: The constitution of this state imposes several restrictions in terms upon legislative power, declares that the enumeration therein of rights "shall not be construed to impair or deny others retained by the people and all powers not herein delegated remain with the people" and vests "the legislative power of this state" in the General Assembly. Held, that this power thus vested was limited to the purposes of civil government, which do not include trade in any article of commerce, and therefore the General Assembly is without power to embark the state in the business of buying and selling liquors for profit.

Four days after this ruling by the highest court in the state, Tillman closed every dispensary from the mountains to the sea in South Carolina. His quick and silent action surprised his friends, puzzled his foes. The secret of his seeming submission cropped out at the next session of the legislature. The iron governor knew that one of the judges of the supreme court who had ruled against his pet law would have to be re-elected at this session of the General Assembly. With his grip still firm on the lawmakers, he relied upon the defeat of this judge at their hands and the election of

When profits shrink

"Oh, business is not so bad, but there's not the profit in it there used to be."

That is a frequent response these days to the query, "How's business?"

It means that the rising cost of doing business is cutting deeply into profits.

What can be done about it?

Nothing—until you get a true picture of your cost of doing business—cost of production, distribution, overhead, turn-over—every item of cost, *including office costs*.

Then you will know where and how to retrench.

But how about the expense of getting all this information?

Well, our claim is that the Comptometer and a capable clerk will give you more cost information for less money than any other combination. Such a claim, however, is valid only when proven by test.

And that is why a Comptometer man is always ready, at your service, to test the validity of the claim by measured performance on your own work.

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., 1723 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Illinois

CONTROLLED-KEY
Comptometer
ADDING AND CALCULATING MACHINE

If not made by Felt & Tarrant it's not a Comptometer

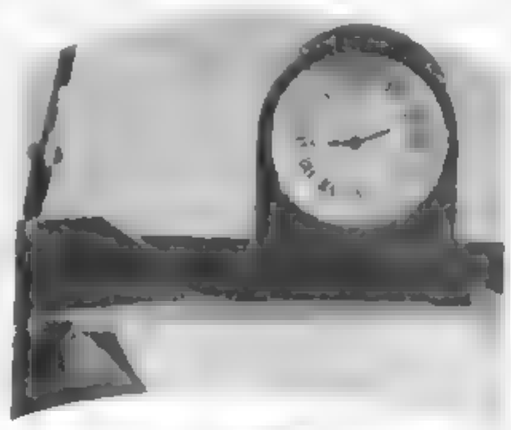
Only the Comptometer has the Controlled-key safeguard

ELECTRIC TIME
in your own home

now costs no more than a clock that's "about right"

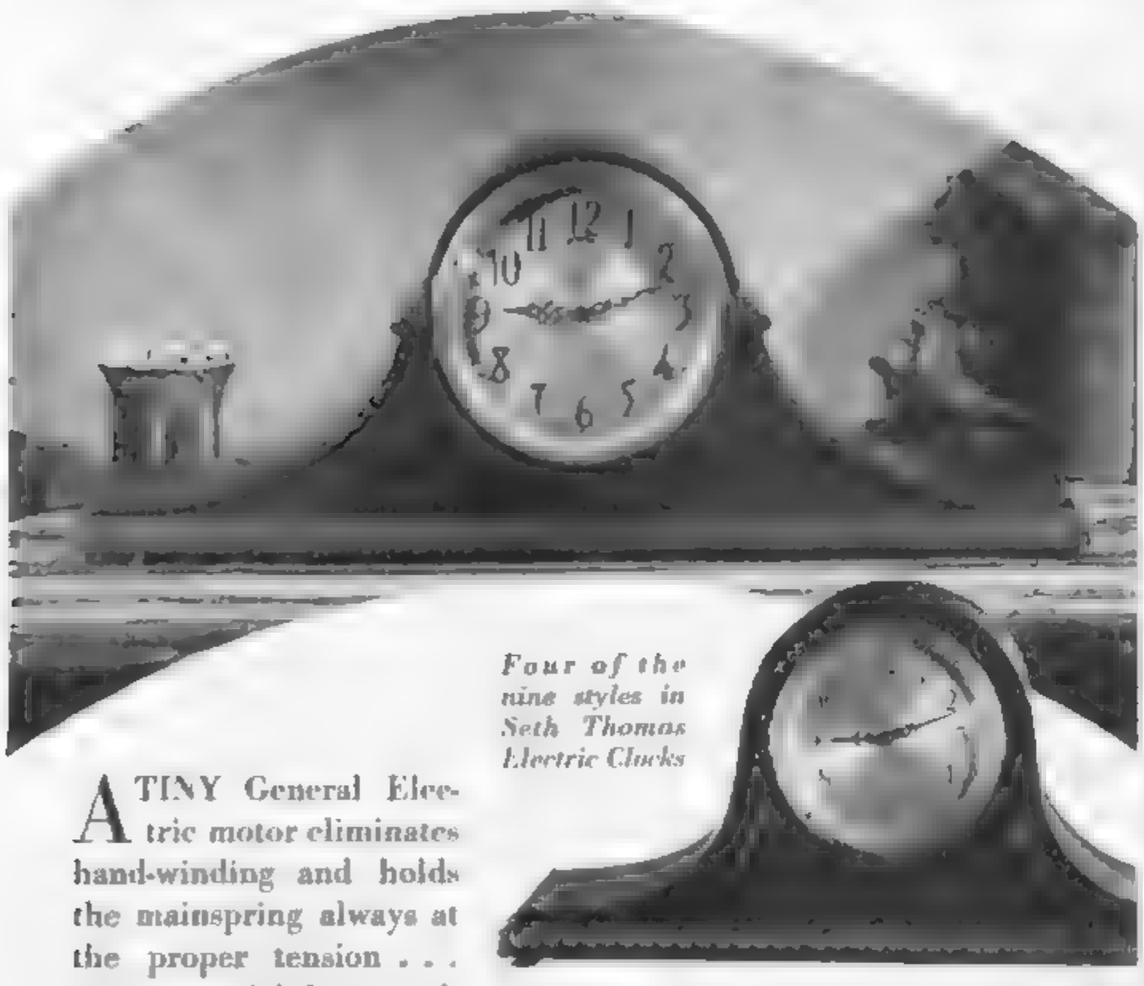
For the electrical home . . . a Seth Thomas Electric Clock that plugs in any A. C. light socket, like a reading lamp or radio. And without further attention, runs for a lifetime . . . supremely accurate.

The cost of these modern marvels is only $20.00 to $50.00—a low price even for hand-wound clocks of such fine design and workmanship. And the running cost is less than 2¢ a week.



Right—Electric No. 20—*A miniature cabinet clock in mahogany, Roman numerals etched on silvered dial. Base 5¼ in. For office or home wherever a small clock is needed. $27.50*

Below—Electric No. 22—*In American walnut. Bronze numerals on 5 inch silvered dial. A graceful shape and convenient size for library, dining room or hall. $37.50*



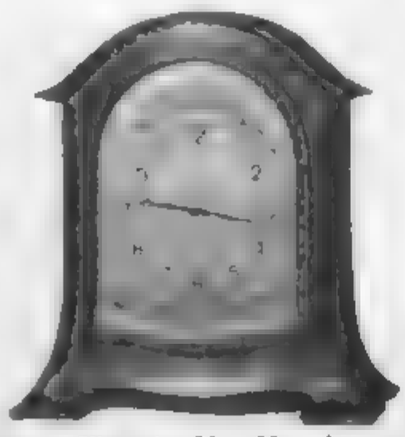
Four of the nine styles in Seth Thomas Electric Clocks

A TINY General Electric motor eliminates hand-winding and holds the mainspring always at the proper tension . . . never too tightly wound, nor too nearly run down to maintain its accuracy. Even if the current fails, the stored energy in the spring will drive the clock for six hours.

The supreme accuracy of this perfect timepiece is further safeguarded by a marine or lever movement . . . which means that the Seth Thomas Electric Clock will give perfect results in any position, just like a watch!

The better jewelry stores, jewelry sections of the finest department stores, and many electric light companies are showing these new clocks. Write for illustrated booklet. The Seth Thomas Clock Company, 20 West 45th Street, New York City.

Above—Electric No. 10—*In polished mahogany with applied panels, carved base 20¼ inches long. Silvered dial. $25.00*



Above—Electric No. 23—*An excellent size and shape for many hard-to-fit-a-clock-to places about the house. Mahogany case, 10 inches high; decorated dial. $50.00*

Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada

SETH THOMAS CLOCKS

another judge who would uphold the Dispensary Act.

You have guessed it. That is exactly what did happen; and Ben Tillman, as promptly as he had closed them, reopened every dispensary in the state after a period of four months, and quenching the thirst of Carolinians went merrily on as before.

It wasn't like Tillman to forget so soon the inflammatory speeches that had been made, the threats to burn the state dispensary, the alarm felt for his own life in certain quarters, which he had officially described to the legislature. He had given his personal note to the Carolina National Bank for $13,898.75 to pay the expenses of putting down the Darlington riot, and he knew that the General Assembly would make that good—which it did. He knew further that this same body would pass a new Dispensary Act, strengthening the powers of the constables—and it did. But during the interim when all the dispensaries had been closed there had been a remarkable revival of activities on the part of bootleggers and persons who relied upon Federal licenses to sell liquor. During the period from July 1, 1893, when the dispensary law took effect, to April 21, 1894, when it was suspended, 277 United States retail liquor licenses had been issued. In the time the dispensaries were closed—April 21, 1894, to August 1, same year—1174 such licenses were issued. Hear Tillman himself tell it to the General Assembly:

"But, alas! All my work of nine months was undone in an instant. The whisky dealers, who had closed their doors or who were preparing to quit and leave the state, opened their bars in grand style.

"Bonfires were kindled in Charleston, and a triumphal procession, headed by a wagon containing a whisky barrel garlanded with flowers, paraded the principal streets of that city."

The opinion of the supreme court he described as illogical and strained and "so muddy that no one knew or could say just what was the status established by it, . . . except the provision prohibiting the issuing of licenses, so we had prohibition rock-ribbed and steel-hooped."

"But in fact," the governor's message continued, "men who had never sold liquor in their lives went into the business, and in every town, hamlet and crossroads almost whisky could be bought with no effort at concealment. Prohibition had come. By judicial enactment, it is true, but nevertheless prohibition. Prohibitionists who had fought the dispensary were flabbergasted."

In Dollars and Cents

But with all this setback, the governor was undismayed. He had reorganized the constabulary, which he had promptly disbanded after the supreme court's decision. Dispensaries were then operating to the number of sixty-nine in various counties, and figuring up for the one year and four months of the entire operation up to date November, 1894—he gave the General Assembly the following figures as to the financial side of the venture:

"Total cost of liquors, $416,853.12; total sales to dispensers, $694,271.69; total expenses, $207,056.15; amount of cash received from dispensers, $553,811; total cash received $564,676.39; net profits $97,694.93; cost of constabulary, $49,853.34; cost of bottles, demijohns and kegs, $53,999.72; cost of freights, $55,791.41."

With this, Ben Tillman vanished from the picture. He went to the United States Senate soon afterward, pitchfork and all. But before he was quite free of his dispensary troubles another blow was dealt by Federal Judge C. H. Simonton in the famous original-package case. This ruling declared that as long as the state of South Carolina had not prohibited liquor outright, it was a lawful subject of commerce, and under the interstate-commerce laws could not be stopped when shipped into the state in original packages and sealed. The language of Judge Simonton's ruling, which did much to cripple the dispensaries and stimulate their competitors, the unofficial dispensers, follows

"If all alcoholic liquors, by whomsoever held, are declared contraband, they cease to belong to commerce and are within the jurisdiction of the police power. But so long as their manufacture, purchase or sale, or their use as a beverage in any form or by any person, is recognized, they belong to commerce and are without the domain of the police power."

The ruling stressed the profit feature of the law and held that the state could not lawfully interfere with sales by outsiders or citizens when the liquors were shipped into the state. But with all this interference by the courts and the consequent increase of blind tigers, the dispensary system kept on expanding. Sales reached $1,000,000 annually, and then $2,000,000, and then the graft charges began, the investigations by legislative committees and special commissions

Compromise Renounced

In 1898, even before the business had grown so vast, Governor W. H. Ellerbe stated in a message to the General Assembly:

"At first my efforts were encouragingly successful, but this success was hindered by disagreements among members of the state board of control. The mismanagement in the state dispensary and the bickerings and dissensions in the state board disgusted some of the warmest supporters of the law and caused a great many to lose faith in the system. But by the reorganization of the force this mismanagement was corrected and the board has since worked in harmony. Had it not been for intervention by the Federal courts, I do not hesitate to say that the dispensary today would have very little opposition and would have already proved both financially and morally a great success."

Governor D. C. Heyward, in 1905, in a message to the General Assembly, said: "Trials by juries have proved ineffectual and the resources of the law have been appealed to time and again, but the illegal sale of liquor continues."

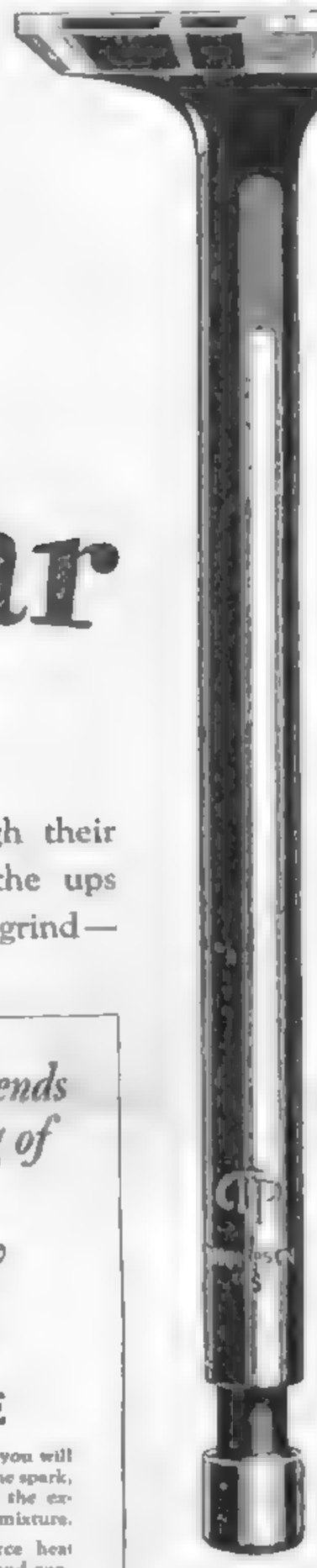
The same governor to the assembly in 1906 went further: "The only cloud which throws a shadow over the state is the unsatisfactory condition of the dispensary. Great dissatisfaction has been manifested by the people in many quarters. It exists, I believe, because of the loss of confidence resulting from abuses in connection with its operation. No one can deny that the present atmosphere surrounding the dispensary is a grave reflection upon South Carolina, for it is a state institution and any odium which attaches to its operation necessarily attaches to the state."

Governor Heyward again told the legislature in 1907 this: "The people will not stand for anything in which they believe graft exists in any form, and a serious trouble with the dispensary law is that it affords too great opportunity for wrongdoing and too little opportunity for detection. It is imperative for the honor of the state that existing conditions should be immediately remedied, either by radical changes in the laws governing the dispensary or by the adoption of a different system for the regulation of the liquor problem."

It was in these years that investigations by legislative committees had shocked the people of the state with their disclosures of graft and mismanagement. Irresponsible clerks had ordered liquor far in excess of requirements, it was charged, because of the rebates the wholesalers offered. One item of $200,000 was revealed as being paid for high-grade liquor for which there might never be sales. The shippers were willing to take this back. It was in 1907 that an election was held, and all but five dispensaries were voted out of existence.

In this demoralized shape, affairs drifted along until the election of September 14, 1915, when South Carolina wiped the last dispensary off the map and voted statewide prohibition, which took effect January 1, 1916

Better valves flatten out the ups and downs of wear—grind—wear—grind—wear

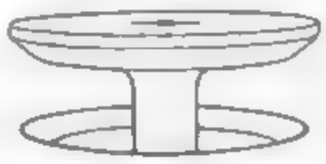


WHEN the pickup, snap and pep that put the kick into driving give way to shuddering starts and a sluggish pull, the easy thing to say is "Grind the valves!" and you're off on the rocky road of wear—grind—wear—grind.

A temporary—and costly—relief, for the next regrind comes all too soon, the next one sooner.

It's good to know there's a permanent cure in *replacement*—replacement with a set of THOMPSON VALVES, the valves which through test and performance have won their way to leadership on the firing line of truck, tractor, airplane and motorcycle service—which have held that place through their ability to flatten out the ups and downs of wear—grind—wear—grind.

Engine power depends on perfect sealing of this VALVE



in this HOLE

If the valves do not seal perfectly, you will not get proper compression before the spark, and will lose part of the *force* of the explosion when the spark ignites the mixture.

Thompson Valves endure the fierce heat and high speed of modern engines and continue to seal perfectly without frequent regrinding and early replacement

LEAKY VALVES MEAN LOST POWER

Fully explained in our booklet, *The Valves at the Heart of Your Motor.* Write for it

THOMPSON PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED

CLEVELAND and DETROIT

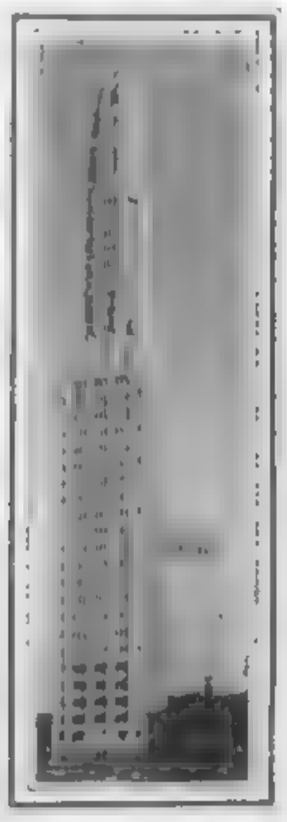
Thompson Valves, King, Shackle and Tie-Rod Bolts, Tappets, Drag Links, Tie Rods, Starting Cranks, and Brake-Rod Assemblies.

Thompson Valves

This Thompson Products trade-mark identifies Thompson Valves, Bolts and Starting Cranks.

These products are sold for replacement by jobbers and garages. Ask your repairman.

Because of its recognized superiorities—true flatness, uniform thickness and strength, exceptional clearness, and brilliant lustre—architects are specifying Libbey-Owens sheet glass for fine buildings everywhere.



To protect its brilliant lustre, each box of Libbey-Owens "A" quality glass is packed with white watermarked paper between the lights—and to identify this superior product, each individual light bears the familiar Libbey-Owens label. Look for it when buying glass.

THE LIBBEY-OWENS SHEET GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

LIBBEY-OWENS

FLAT DRAWN CLEAR SHEET GLASS

MATHER TOWER—CHICAGO
Herbert H. Riddle, Architect
This building glazed with Libbey-Owens Flat-Drawn Clear Sheet Glass

ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS

(Continued from Page 33

And out in the states, across the country, they have happy grins and competent and sizable hands also. All is cheery and chipper, sanguine and jocund. The Democrats are in the important money. The situation is unique and it has dazzled them. More than that, it has dazzled the dazzlers. Listen to Brother Raskob for a time and you will emerge with a distinct feeling of outrage that there are not a few more states than there are for Smith to carry. You will feel that it is a shame that he is not running in Canada and Mexico and Brazil and the British Empire, so he could make a real good race of it. Confined to continental United States, the styles of both the candidate and his managers are cramped.

The executive machinery of the campaign is largely metropolitan. Few but New Yorkers are on guard. To be sure, there is a covey of United States senators hived away in cubicles about the place, and other statesmen, strategists, clerks, and what not, are to be found in vast numbers all around; but when it comes to the big front rooms, where the rugs and overstuffed chairs are, there are found the real Smith managers, and the real Smith managers are mostly New Yorkers, both male and female—the female being Mrs. Muscowitz, who is the smartest person in the Smith entourage.

Thus, we are having a typically New York campaign for a typical New Yorker, with a few concessions for the rural districts above the Harlem River in that state, and for the other hundred million and odd outside the metropolis. Tammany has established an agrarian branch, and farm relief is earnestly discussed by Olvany and the sachems. That eminent agriculturist, Bernard M. Baruch, is handling the farm situation for headquarters. Other pressing matters are similarly distributed and adequately financed.

Wealth is a great begetter of confidence. It can do anything, New York thinks. Wherefore, translating the New York view into politics, and adding Al Smith, how can they lose, they ask you. Venturing a modest surmise that there are two or three—several, in fact—ways that they possibly may lose, one of which is that Hoover may accumulate more electoral votes than Smith—that such a thing is within the range of possibility—you are compassionately, but effectively, herded out of the place as a lunatic or a bigot. Or both.

A Staff of Happy Warriors

Where does the rest of the country get off, to think that dominant New Yorkers cannot dominate everywhere else? Especially when they have money to promote the enterprise. Now, take Pennsylvania. To be sure, Pennsylvania is a Republican state, but things are different this year, with Al Smith running and New Yorkers running him. They know what is needed in Pennsylvania. Some Pennsylvania Democratic politicians have told them. All that is needed in Pennsylvania is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and, presto, Pennsylvania will go to Smith. Therefore, as the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars are available—a mere bagatelle, so to speak—what's the argument about? Pennsylvania will be for Smith, and that is that, they say.

The South? Of course, there is some protest in the South, some things that must be ironed out. For the first time since the Solid South became solid a Democratic National Committee is sending money into the South in considerable amounts. That's the stuff that will hold the South steady.

They are wise lads. None can gainsay that. Tot up the money they have and be convinced if you have doubts. Is it not a prevalent idea that when a man gets rich enough to buy a few pictures he immediately becomes a connoisseur of art? Does not the ability to purchase confer on the purchaser specific and expert knowledge of whatever is purchased? Admittedly. Well, then, doesn't the fact that these men are rich enough to run Governor Smith's political campaign for the presidency make politicians of them? Certainly. There is no denying that. And if they are able to do everything else with their money, why cannot they be just as successful with it in politics as elsewhere? The thing is obvious.

Hence, we find a mingled aroma of capital and confidence permeating Democratic headquarters; the capital being the sire of the confidence. They have it all figured out. Jim Guffey has told them how easy it will be to carry Pennsylvania if things are handled judiciously. The boys in the South have shown them that their situations can be composed if the right sort of composing material is applied. George Peek is going to haul the farmer states into the net for them. All that New England needs is the proper sort of encouragement. Maryland, Oklahoma, Missouri, Tennessee can all be had if the necessities of the situation are adequately recognized.

A Pleasant Bit of News

Can anything be simpler than that? Nothing. In fact, nothing can be so simple as that save at headquarters. There it is a cinch. Think it over for a minute. A campaign for the presidency is a business proposition. Well, put it down in business terms then, and handle it in a business way. We have a central executive organization, with Mr. Raskob at the head of it—a parent organization, so to speak. And the states are merely subsidiary companies operating in their respective fields, but under the direction of the parent organization. Now, the business of the parent organization is to elect Al Smith President, and to do that all that is required is good, efficient, adequately financed cooperation from the subsidiaries. Well, there you are.

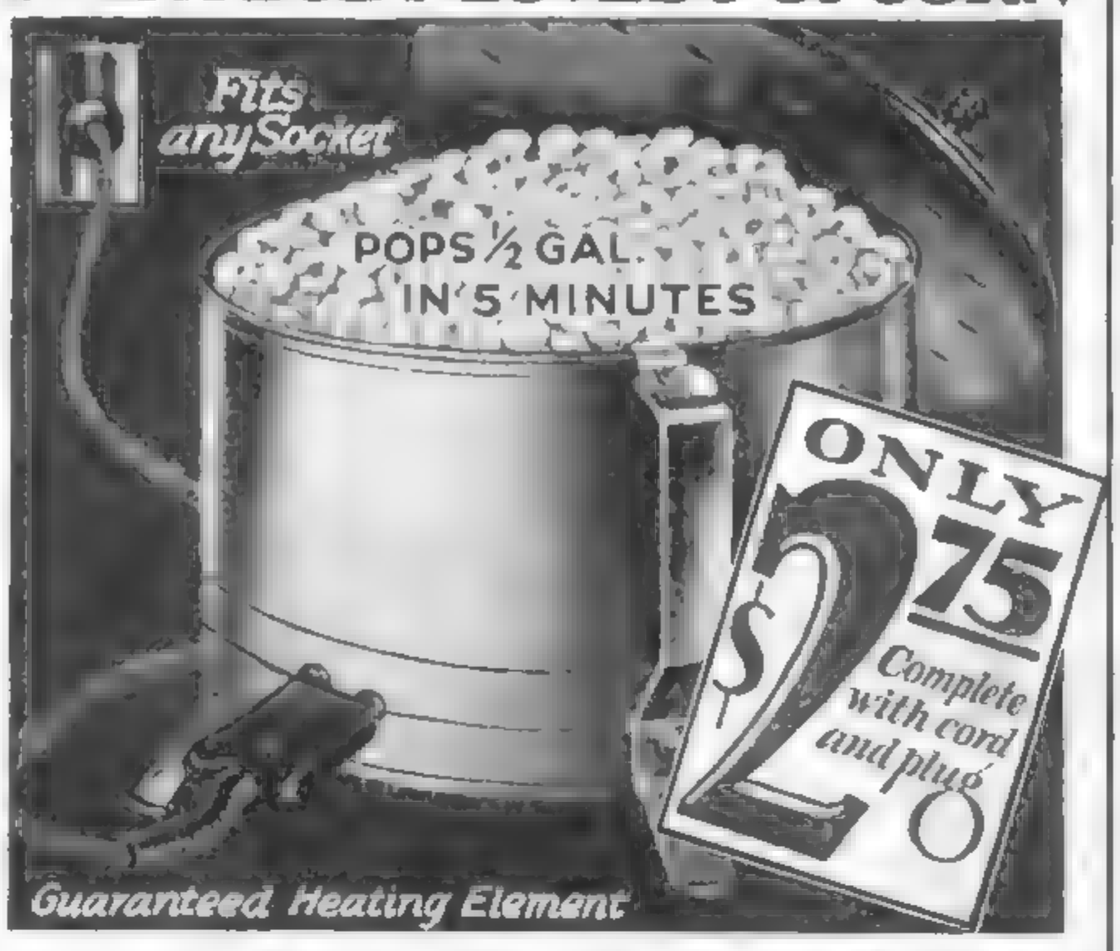
And doing business? Even so. Never was so much business done at a national political headquarters since politics began to be a business. Reaching out everywhere. For example, take the vote cast for La Follette four years ago. Some bright lad drifted in a time back and explained to Mr. Raskob and his associates that if the La Follette vote in various states is added to the Davis, or Democratic, vote, the figures show that in these various states the added La Follette and Davis vote exceeds the Coolidge vote.

Hence, as can plainly be seen, if all the La Follette men and women in these states had voted for Davis or if all the Davis men and women had voted for La Follette, President Coolidge would not have been elected.

Well, there you are. All that is necessary, as this bright lad pointed out, is to shift the La Follette vote of 1924 to the Smith vote of 1928 and Mr. Smith walks right into the White House. He worked it out, this bright lad, with ascending and descending curves, a couple of charts, a package of cigarettes and the World Almanac. Figures positively will not lie, you know, and he had a lot of impeccable figures. Truthful as all get out.

The associated Smith managers were much impressed. There was great excitement. They carefully verified every statement made to them and listened attentively and appreciatively to the bright lad who assured them that it is a cinch that the entire La Follette vote will go to Smith if properly handled. The affair was arranged and since then the La Follette vote has been set down in the Smith column. Merely a question of organization, you understand, and administration, coupled with a few charts and the voting statistics of 1924. Probably the five million or so men and women who voted for La Follette in 1924 will be surprised to know they are all going to vote for Smith in 1928.

EVERYBODY LOVES POPCORN



NOW!
Hot Fresh Pop Corn
Popped Electrically!

Get ready for a rare treat—all the fun and flavor of home-made pop corn! For here's an *electric* corn popper, the first one ever designed in America—for only $2.75! Never before such a delightful electric convenience for such a low price!

Both young and old like to use the Excel. Just snap the plug into any light socket and pop half a gallon in five minutes. Everybody wants to do the popping. And everybody loves home-made pop corn, eaten hot from the popper, salted and buttered.

Excel is made and guaranteed by the originators and largest makers of domestic electric corn poppers. Beautifully finished in gleaming nickel. Lifting handles. Fully guaranteed Nichrome heating element. A mighty big value for only $2.75.

Try These Tasty Pop Corn Dishes

Pop Corn Fudge Bars: Mix 2 cups White Sugar, 1 cup Milk, 2 tablespoons Butter, pinch of Salt. Boil until soft ball forms when dropped in cold water. Add ½ teaspoon Almond Extract. Stir in 1 cup chopped Pop Corn. Pour on buttered pan. When cool, cut with sharp knife.

Pop Corn Balls: Mix 2 cups Granulated Sugar, ½ cup water, ¼ teaspoonful Cream of Tartar. Boil until hard ball forms when dropped in water. Put 2 qts. Pop Corn in bowl. Pour syrup over and stir until well mixed. While still warm, form corn into balls with hands and roll in powdered sugar.

First Aid to Hostess

Pop corn is an ideal fill-in for light refreshments after the game, theatre or even for unexpected callers. The recipes shown here are only a few of the many tempting appetizers you can make with pop corn. It adds a distinctive dish to your menu—something out of the ordinary.

See Your Dealer

If he can't supply you, order direct with coupon below. Return if not satisfied—money refunded in full. You can make many tasty pop corn dishes. Feed pop corn to children and grownups—it's a strength-building food, and a whole meal. Get an Excel now for real Hallowe'en fun. The Excel Electric Co., Dept. M-22, Muncie, Indiana, originators and largest makers.

Excel Electric Corn Popper

DEALERS!

Did you get in on the big Christmas cleanup on Excels last year? Many dealers sold several thousand Excels within a few weeks. Compare its novelty, popularity and low price with any electric appliance. Write today for liberal discounts, and unique Christmas campaign.

Get One for Hallowe'en!

The Excel Electric Co., Dept. M-22, Muncie, Ind.
Ship me one Excel Electric Corn Popper on five days' trial. Price $2.75 postpaid ($3.00 west of Rockies). Enclosed find one dollar. I will pay postman $1.75 upon delivery. If not satisfied after five days' use, I will return it and you are to refund my money in full.

Name

Address

City State

"for those who don't go south"

A wild, cold night outside —home comfort *in the car!*

JUST ahead are the long, cold months of winter! Make your car comfortable for sub-zero driving, with a Tropic-Aire Hot Water Heater.

This new, advanced car heater gives comforts never before provided in automobiles. The moment you "warm up" the engine, hot water reaches the Tropic-Aire radiator and a quiet electric fan *circulates* the heat throughout the car. Uses no more current than a tail-light.

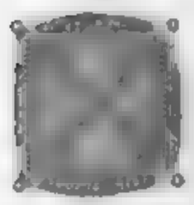
Right on the instrument board is a switch that provides positive control of the heat, from none at all to home temperature, regardless of weather or speed of car.

No Odors—No Carbon-Monoxide Gas

Tropic-Aire has no connection with the exhaust pipe or manifold. You breathe only the fresh, outdoor air that filters into any car and changes rapidly as you drive along.

Installed just back of the instrument board, entirely out of the way. Your car dealer can supply you. Write us for full information, giving make and model of your car.

TROPIC-AIRE INC.
1086 Ramsey St. N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.



The Fan is the Thing

TROPIC-AIRE
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Hot Water Heater *for* Automobiles, Buses and Taxicabs

Pat. Numbers 1581761—1668490—1668491

If anything more is needed to keep Mr. Raskob and his associates at their constant high pitch of satisfaction and excitement over their politico-business prospects, they find that added incentive to certainty of the outcome in the wet and dry question. It is conceded by them that every voter in this country who is not fanatically a prohibitionist will vote for Smith because of - as they phrase it—"his manly and courageous and engaging position as a wet."

Practical and Emotional Wets

That seems to be all settled and the entire wet vote, of whatever shade of wetness, from dewy to dripping, as good as in the ballot boxes already. This is a great joy to them, for Mr. Raskob is a wet also, and so are many of his most influential and wealthy associates. On this question, as in other matters, Mr. Raskob and Governor Smith stand shoulder to shoulder, and it pleases Mr. Raskob to find what he believes as to ales, wines, liquors and the vending and drinking of them, especially light wines and beers, so notably exemplified in his candidate.

It is indubitable that Governor Smith is a wet. He has said so many times boldly and defiantly. So all wets should be for him, as his headquarters views it and as his headquarters claims they are. Being an ardent wet himself, Mr. Raskob views this wet affiliation to Governor Smith emotionally. Underneath his stern business exterior Mr. Raskob is emotional, especially about this wet and dry business. His candidate is wet. Wherefore, what more is to be asked? Is it not clear that wetness in a candidate, regardless of whatever degree of wetness there may be in platform or in public speeches or whatever degree of wetness may be possible of attainment, is sufficient to attract and hold all but the fanatical drys?

That is the belief of Mr. Raskob and his associates. And it is sufficient for the emotional wet, for that considerable portion of the wets who are even more fanatical in their wetness than the extreme drys are in their dryness. However, not all wets are emotional wets. A large number of them are pretty practical about the whole question and ask precisely where does Governor Smith stand, presidentially and politically, on the matter.

It is very disagreeable to ask certain questions of the Democratic leaders; one being this: If Governor Smith's indictment of the Eighteenth Amendment in his speech of acceptance is true, why doesn't Governor Smith go all the way and demand the repeal of that amendment? Mr. Raskob shudders at the intimation that the governor may be political before he is wet. It seems inconsiderate to mention such a matter. But these are stern times and the question is asked.

The information derived is rather vague and sketchy. It seems that it is a very difficult matter to repeal a constitutional amendment. It requires a lot of voting in the Senate and the House of Representatives and then must go before the states and be adopted by three-quarters (¾) of them. A very difficult matter indeed. And rarely, if ever, done. In as much as Governor Smith appreciates these difficulties and as his party platform is against repeal, he, naturally, did not go into that phase of the matter. Not that he deemed it politically expedient to say nothing about repeal, you understand, because the South is against repeal and all that sort of thing, but merely because the situation did not seem to demand any discussion of repeal.

Furthermore, he has a remedy, as is pointed out, which is as follows: "An amendment in the Eighteenth Amendment which will give each individual state itself, only after approval by a referendum popular vote of its people, the right wholly within its borders to import, manufacture, or cause to be manufactured, and sell alcoholic beverages, the sale to be made only by the state itself, and not for consumption in any public place."

But how could this be brought about?

Insistent fellows, these practical wets who want to know just what the governor has in mind and how soon he thinks it could happen. So they ask: "How could this be brought about?"

Untactful Inquiries

Well, of course, that proposition could only be established into law by the same procedure needed and prescribed for an amendment to the Constitution. It must be adopted by a two-thirds vote of both the Senate and the House of Representatives and, after that, must be ratified by three-fourths of the states. Reasonably difficult to do, also.

"And where do we get any nourishment, or any liquor, out of that?" the practical wets inquire. Is it possible that it has escaped the notice of the governor and his friends, as well as the notice of the emotional wets, that to pass such an amendment in the Congress, should the governor be President and Mr. Raskob his Secretary of the Treasury, as may well be if the first event comes off—a contingency, so to speak—the appeal for support, as a Democratic policy, must be made to the South, and there are a considerable number of Southern States that are irrevocably dry for social and economic reasons? This Democratic President, in case Mr. Raskob's

(Continued on Page 185)

Householder: "But Don't You See? On the Other Hand, if the Democrats Get In, What's to Become of Unfinished Foreign Business That's in the Works?"

Flawlessly smooth! . . . The oily dust that filters indoors everywhere today cannot permanently soil walls and woodwork painted with BARRELED SUNLIGHT. *It washes like tile—without wearing away!*

You can easily tint Barreled Sunlight exactly the shade of any color you want—to match any scheme of interior decoration. This intensely white, "all-oil" product blends readily with any good oil color, producing beautifully clear, lasting tints.

Dealers carry handy tubes of Barreled Sunlight Tinting Colors for use on the smaller tinting jobs. Quantities of five gallons or more are tinted to order at the factory, without extra charge.

Defies Dirt!

. . . Whether in lustrous white or in beautiful tints you blend yourself

CLOSE a house up tight today—still the dirt gets in! Carbon specks in coal smoke . . . oily particles from motor exhausts . . . greasy road dust stirred up by ceaseless traffic . . . Seeping, sifting indoors, day and night . . .

Every square inch of painted walls and woodwork is under attack—*and ordinary paint can't defend itself.* Its porous surface holds the dirt. White is soon grey—tints lose their beauty—*permanently, hopelessly soiled!*

Barreled Sunlight meets this problem squarely. It *defies* dirt because its surface has no pores to hold dirt embedded. Smooth as satin—washable as tile and so durable that repeated washing will not wear it away.

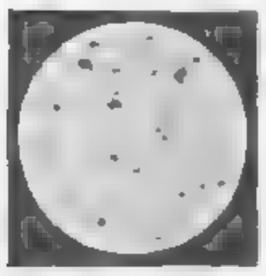
Enduringly clean in the white and equally so in the beautiful tints obtained by adding oil colors.

Distinguished from all other interior finishes in the rich depth of its soft lustre.

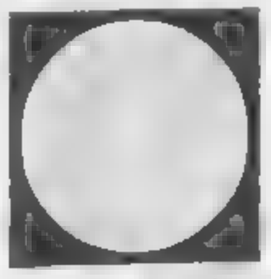
Flows freely, spreads evenly, and has remarkable opacity.

For equally fine exterior painting, use Outside Barreled Sunlight. Ask your dealer about this superior new paint.

U. S. Gutta Percha Paint Co., 25-F Dudley Street, Providence, R. I. Branches: New York—Chicago—Philadelphia—San Francisco. Distributors in all principal cities. Retailed by more than 7000 dealers.



Ordinary Flat Finish White Paint



Barreled Sunlight Gloss Finish

These photographs of paint surfaces were made through a powerful microscope. The astonishing contrast shows why Barreled Sunlight is so easy to keep clean. Smooth, unbroken and nonporous, it resists dirt and washes like tile.

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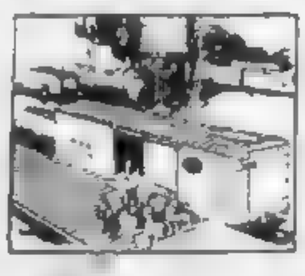

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(Continued from Page 182)

hopes come true, would not be able to get the support of his own party for his plan. More than that, most men running for the House and Senate in the South are pledged to oppose such a change.

It really seems that Governor Smith holds out small hope for either the practical or the emotional wets. There wouldn't be a legalized drink of whisky obtainable under that promise in twenty years. Or forty.

Once again the practical wet: Suppose this amendment to the amendment were adopted—Governor Smith's plan—would not the present Eighteenth Amendment remain? We would have Federal prohibition in all states that did not go into the whisky business, and that would require Federal enforcement. What price the continuance of the graft and corruption of the present situation in these states that decide to stay out of the whisky business? And in addition to Federal enforcing agents, there would be state enforcing agents in the whisky-selling states to see that no private person made or sold liquor and that the monopoly remained with the states. They tried that plan once in South Carolina and graft and corruption killed it.

How is the present restriction of personal liberty removed by the setting up of state bureaus to supervise and cater to drinkers in addition to the Federal agencies that now exist? Or, to go a bit further with the practical wet, what about the proposition that a great many voters are opposed to prohibition not because they favor liquor drinking or drink it themselves, but because of the flagrancies of illegal liquor traffic and the effect of illegal drinking and illegal distribution of liquor on the young people? The governor bears down hard on that, but he fails to state how his plan will keep young people from drinking if the states provide liquor for them and make it more easily obtainable and cheaper.

Campaign Panic Periods

A wave of the associated hands. The governor is "courageous" in his wet stand. Let that suffice. With this amendment: Also expedient. No bars will be open legally in this country, whether state owned or Federally condoned, nor liquor legally sold, whether Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith is elected President or not nor for many years after he quits running, whenever that may be. And no person in the United States of America knows that better than Governor Alfred Emanuel Smith.

Recapitulating—a favorite occupation in Mr. Raskob's headquarters—we arrive at the deduction, which is correct, that the Al Smith candidacy is thoroughly and affluently industrialized with one emotional annex, namely, the heart throbs concerning liquor. Although Mr. Hoover has headquarters in Washington, in New York, in Chicago, in San Francisco and, mayhap, elsewhere, no such decentralization is within the Democratic purview or practice.

Every presidential campaign has its panic period. After the preliminary ten weeks or so, when things are getting shaped up and the prominent citizens have done their bolting from one side to the other, reaped their little paragraphs of publicity and subsided into a satisfactory consciousness of a duty to themselves and their country well performed, unless they get on the pay roll of whichever party they bolted to, as many do—after these preliminaries and other essentials—there comes a time when the certainty of winning gives way to the conviction of losing, and all hands begin running around in circles and exhorting all other hands to do something. They keep up an outside appearance of optimistic certainty, but inside they are depressed and discouraged.

This is as inevitable as measles in an orphans' home, and no more serious. The panic period is on in both camps as this is written, but it will be over before printing day, and needs no comment save this: One of those two camps is bally well justified in being panicky. Which one? Not yet, dear readers—not yet. As I write, this campaign has some weeks to go. And though it no doubt will go the way it is heading now there will be a lot of noise, turbulence, excitement, hullabaloo and ballyhoo before it comes to an end on November sixth.

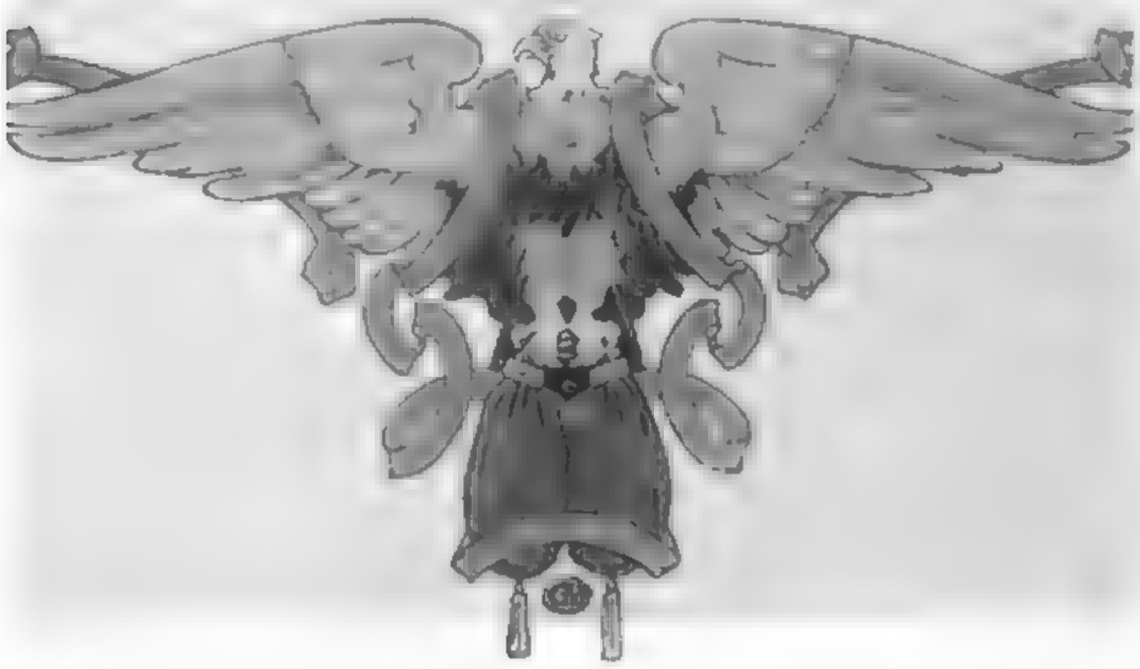
Psychological Moments

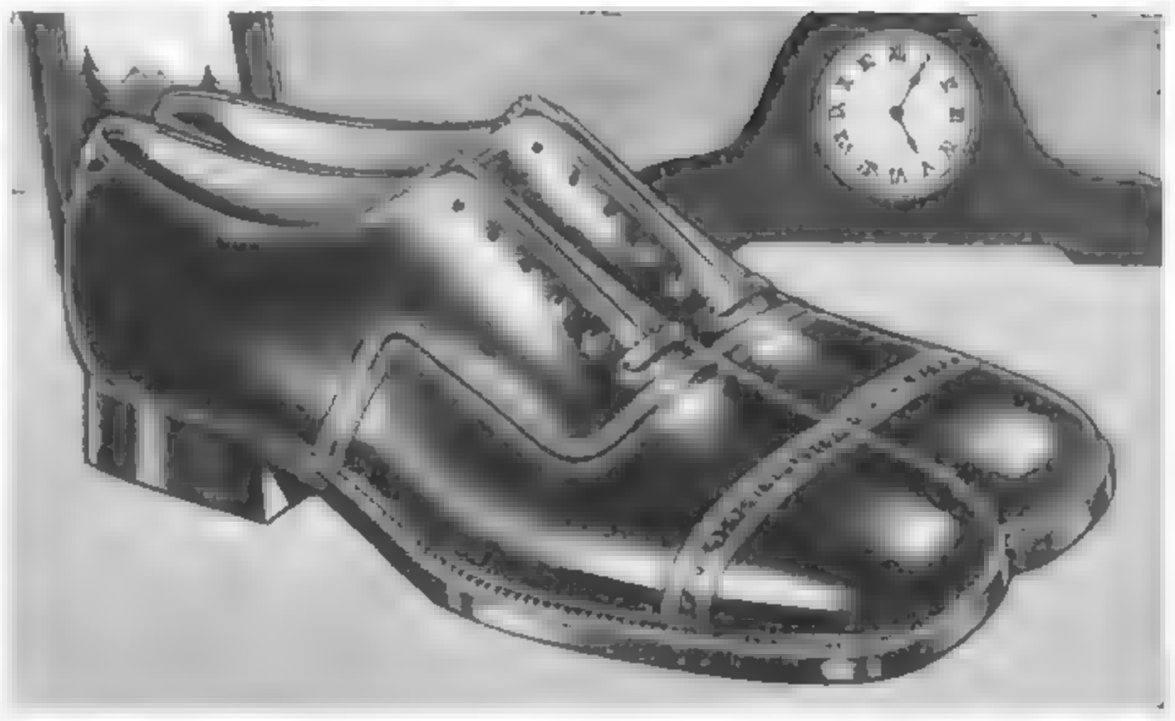
Consider: Smith will have gone into his final fortnight of action; Mr. Raskob's liberal lubricants will have been applied; the Republicans will be radioing and reverberating from coast to coast; Mr. Coolidge may have made a few remarks; Mr. Hoover will not have been silent; the boys and girls out in the states will be rushing hither and yon, and all the organized and scheduled furor will be furoring all over the place.

Nor is that all. Although both parties straddled on the wet and dry question, and the candidates have expressed themselves after their manners, there is no straddling among the proletariat.

The people seem to have taken over a good portion of this campaign as their own affair. Most of it, in fact. That is regrettable from a managerial viewpoint, but it ought to make for a widespread political discomposure before we go to the polls. It probably will. It has been years since the people had what the politicians call "a belly issue." They had it back in 1896 with Mark Hanna's skillfully promoted full dinner pail. Now they have it, having made it themselves, in this wet and dry turmoil. The politicians would have ducked that if they had been able, for even the dullest of them knew it would develop into an acute and acrimonious subject for discussion by the people. So it has.

Wherefore, there should be some interesting features to the wind-up of this campaign, and exciting, not the least of which will be the New York foray on the betting odds. At the time of writing, these odds are two and two and a half on Hoover to one on Smith. However, the New York idea is that a vast number of people are enormously impressed by betting odds and, at one of those psychological moments which will be carefully selected from all moments in stock, the New Yorkers will see to it that these betting odds are reduced.





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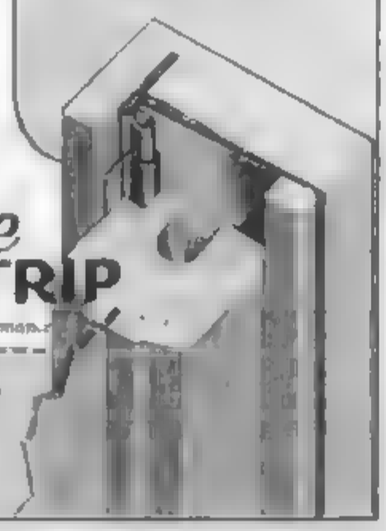

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THE MORALE ARTIST

(Continued from Page 31)

just a matter of finding out where they happen to be at the moment. You can see for yourself that it's all eaten off here."

P A gazed dubiously at the parched landscape. "It's different from what I thought," was all he said. The effervescent P. A. had gone quite flat—too much eager preconception to be disappointed. His mental picture had been quite different, but in his business he was accustomed to disillusionment. Just another of those bunk things, like a new real-estate addition. He grunted.

"What's the plan?" Maclyn asked Forrester, as the latter returned from this unprofitable interview.

"We're here now and we've got to stick," said Forrester. "We'll make camp and send out scouts. We can't take this lot on a wild-goose chase—that's certain."

He explained this to the others with an assumption of hearty confidence.

"It may take a few days' time," said he. "We'll make camp comfortably over near the river. Then I'll send out boys to scout for the herds. It won't take them long to find them. And I'll send over to inquire of the Masai. First thing is to make camp."

"The river!" cried Velda. "With its great trees and the fling of its ropelike vines and the coolness and mystery of its shadows!"

"Well," Forrester informed her dubiously, "of course we can't get very near the river itself. Fever, mosquitoes, leopards, you know. But we'll pick a good place."

They descended the pass and crossed the valley. The good place of Forrester's selection proved to be a brown rounded hilltop crowned by a few scattered flat-topped trees. It was open to the breeze, but quite bare and parched. The river jungle lay a quarter of a mile below. Velda looked disappointedly toward its tropical allure.

"My dear lush-growing things!" she mourned.

Kits tried to console her. "You can't camp in thickets in this country, you know," she said. "It's really dangerous—snakes as well as other things." Velda turned her large eyes on Kits. "She wants her private puff-adder preserve," Kits confided to Maclyn. "But she'll get over it. She'll write a poem on the world's evil and it will be all right."

V

THE boys came in duly and Forrester had camp pitched with some reference to permanence. The following day he sent out three pairs of scouts, up and down river, and to the Masai *manyattas*. With the idle time on his hands, he and M'ganga, the headman, superintended the construction of two *bandas*—ingenious thatched sheds of poles and palm leaves, open at both ends for the breeze. One, the smaller, was for Velda; the other, much larger, was intended as a dining room and general loafing place. The men worked skilfully and rapidly, producing these very substantial-looking structures in a few hours' time. Such others of the men as were not busy cutting firewood gave their time to the erection of small round huts with conical tops, which they thatched with coarse grass from near the river. They preferred these to the small cotton tents. By late afternoon the camp had begun to look quite like a village.

In the interest of these strange and picturesque activities the day passed quickly. Just before sundown, when, after the refreshing hot bath of the tropics, they had gathered in the large *banda*, the first pair of scouts returned. They made a brief report in Swahili, answered Forrester's questions, saluted and retired.

"Nothing down river as far as the second bend," said Forrester briefly. "It's pretty dry; the game might be anywhere."

A second pair of scouts appeared within ten minutes, made the same report of the conditions up river. The news did not particularly disturb Forrester, though it annoyed him. It might even be necessary to move the base camp, if further scouting showed the herds had wandered much farther than usual.

"We'll hear what Mavrouki has to say," he told the others. "He went to see the Masai. They move about, pasturing their beasts, and generally have a good idea of the movements of game." Forrester glanced at the sun, which was all but touching the western rim. "He'll be here inside of another ten minutes," he predicted; for he knew crafty old Mavrouki would never be caught out after dark.

The prediction was accurate. Mavrouki glided to the *banda* opening and stood placidly blinking his one good eye, awaiting the summons to speak.

"What say the Masai?" Forrester asked him.

"There are no Masai, *bwana*," replied Mavrouki.

VI

SCOUTING parties were equipped and sent out. Maclyn and Forrester, with three or four men, rattled off in one of the flivvers toward the distant hills and the possibility of *impalla* on their slopes. The rest of the camp settled down to wait.

At first the waiting was patient and confident. The river jungle was alluring and proved to be interesting, and the river's

(Continued on Page 189)

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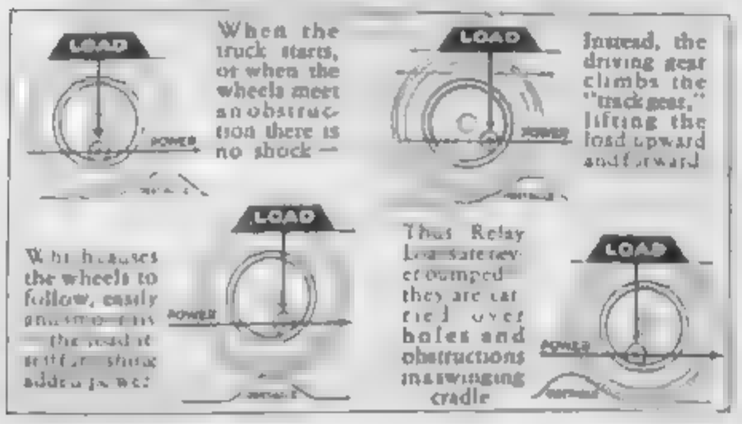
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(Continued from Page 186)

rolling muddy waters and all sorts of little people—monkeys, mongooses, bright birds, parrots. The skies were big and cloud-strewn, the spaces uplifting and soul-stretching. But none of it was photographical. The jungle differed little from that which had been often so well used by other motion-picture companies at the Kedong: the river, after all, was just a river, and Kits' assurance that there were crocodiles beneath its brown surface resulted only in a psychological thrill and a stern command to Fidelo, the dog, to keep away from there. The little peoples could not have been caught on the film save by the exercise of an infinite patience and a telephoto lens. The bright skies resulted in the choking heat of midday.

The latter would not have been so bad—at least, it was tropical, and tropics were what they had come for but the early mornings were bitterly cold. That was an affront of the unexpected. And when the warmth came it thawed out a plague of flies which had clustered torpid in thick ropes, but which now swarmed everywhere. One had to stay beneath nettings to read or doze, and to keep food close covered until it was actually at the lips. And the boiled muddy water with lime juice to drink! One by one, romantic illusions dissipated, leaving behind them a dull dreariness. Certain insistent elements of the situation forced themselves, by reiteration, on the consciousness until they threatened to become the typical—a red-clay smell, heat and flying dust and dirt, a sensation of offended comfort and disillusionment. Behind these, as behind veils, Africa withdrew into commonplace.

For a few days Roy, aroused probably by some obscure sense of the picturesque, insisted on going forth as a mighty hunter. It was pointed out to him that he could fill the rôle much better when they had found the game herds and there was something to hunt, but without avail. The sight of Forrester and Maclyn in hunting equipment had stirred him. So, dogged by Mavrouki, he went forth laden with bandoliers of cartridges and leathered breeches, and field glasses on his chest and all the rest, and had quite a good time as long as thinking how he looked lasted. But the expeditions were barren of results.

"Take him by the edge of the river jungle," Forrester advised Mavrouki. "There might be a stray water buck or bush buck. Even a dik-dik would do."

On the third day Kits saw that Mavrouki was carrying something; also that he hung behind in a shamefaced sort of fashion and made an attempt at escape when near camp. Kits pounced upon him. She could hardly wait for the return of the *impalla* hunters from the hills—empty-handed as usual.

"He got a jackal," she gurgled at them, drawing them aside—"a wretched mangy little jackal. I think it was the last one left on a deserted veldt."

Forrester groaned. "Virtue is gone forever!" he mourned. "I'll never after this be able as a white hunter to hold up my head with honest men and women!"

"You should have seen Mavrouki's face," chuckled Kits, "and the other boys!"

"Can you beat it?" said Maclyn.

"Don't take the degradation so hard, darlings," advised Kits. "He's as proud as proud! He had his picture taken with it. The *fundi* is fixing the skin."

A dullness, an apathy, was settling down on them like a cloud. Even the natives, disappointed of meat and reduced to straight *potio*, were infected by it. Velda had no more inspirations for the poems she habitually wrote on all occasions; she was uncomfortable and did not care who knew it. There were no bowls of golden fruit. Kits tried to substitute leaves and blossoms from the jungle, and dried prunes. The offerings were allowed to stand, but their acceptance was half-hearted.

"I told her it wasn't really the fruit—it was the life-giving symbol to refresh her spirit as well as her body," Kits reported. "If this is a bagpipe affair, I might as well do a little skirling myself. She just said, 'Really,' like a stage duchess."

There developed rapidly a dull lack of response to the well-meant efforts of the cheerio squad, as Kits named themselves. Even P. A. became disconcertingly polite. Africa was proving no different from the rest of the world. He ought to be used to fakes by now. No more than to be expected, he supposed. It was merely another of those things, like a wet-flop tourist season in California, when it rains on their sun-kissed tickets. He listened aloofly to Forrester's description of how it used to be when he was here before. Good-old-days stuff again. And Forrester's honestly bewildered speculations on where the animals had gone—bunk!

Forrester, unknowing, put on the final touch one evening by remarking, "It's the most unusual season I ever saw."

That settled it. P. A. was from California. He knew that word and could evaluate it. Unusual, eh? Where had he heard that remark before—especially as applied to climate?

"'We're having the usual unusual weather,'" he quoted to himself bitterly. Which was a very low and unusual state of mind for P. A. to get into, but quite in line with his psychology.

"The morale seems to be fading, Kits," Forrester told her.

"I've got to have some material to work on," she pointed out.

"I'm dashed if I know what to do next," confessed her brother. "The boys can't get trace of anything. I don't want to go back. We'll just have to wait a while. If it would only rain!"

VII

IT DID not rain and there were no signs of rain. Forrester roused himself.

"We've got to do something," he said to Kits and Maclyn. "If this were an ordinary hunting party, I'd just head south. But I've never been below the Second Bend and I don't know anybody who has. I couldn't attempt to take this lot into any unknown country. It's impossible, there's no two ways about it. Mac, you and I must make *safari*. We'll have to do some exploring. We'd better strike out in two different directions and arrange to return here at a given time. We can leave Kits in charge here." Kits made a wry face. "You'll have to do your best, old girl—I'm sorry."

"You don't need to be," said Kits stoutly. "Of course I'll run the camp."

So Forrester and Maclyn made up two *safaris* in the extreme of light marching order and disappeared, leaving the camp nothing to do but wait in the middle of arid solitude.

P. A. had by now sunk to the perigee of disillusionment. There had never been, in all the world's history, a more disconsolate-looking creature. The very surface of his eyes turned dull, failed to reflect light, as though frosted over. Kits became really alarmed. Keegan, however, did not share her alarm.

"Nothing," he answered her appeal as to what was to be done. "Leave him lay."

"But if he goes on like this, he'll make himself ill," expostulated Kits.

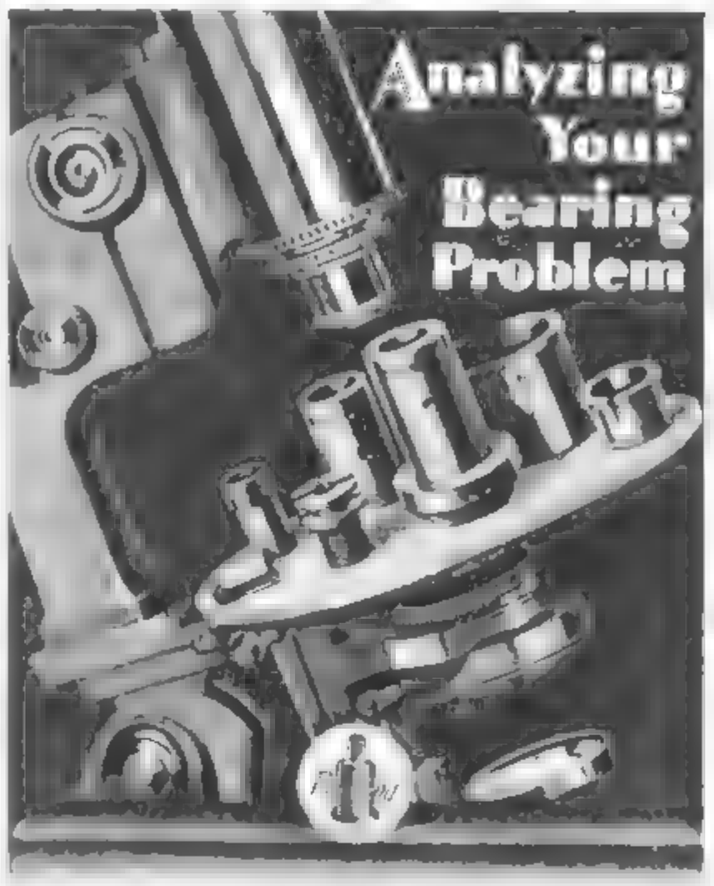
"He won't go on like this," said Keegan. "Listen, missus, P. A. rolls his own." Kits expressed mystification. "What I mean is this: P. A. never stays put. It ain't in his make-up. He'll hit rock bottom and then he'll bounce up again. He always does."

"But ——"

"You'll see," said Keegan. "Some little thing'll happen and that will start him off. He'll get an idea, then up he'll bounce, high as ever."

"I don't see what can happen," objected Kits despairingly. "That's what bothers me."

"Then he'll get an idea on his own hook. That's what I meant when I said he'd roll his own. P. A.," observed Keegan with unexpected insight, "is like one of these diseases you read about that develops its own cure."



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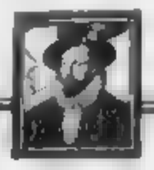
It's  *milder*

"If I could only think of something!" reflected Kits.

"You don't need to, missus," said Keegan.

Kits tried to believe he was right, but she found it difficult in the face of P. A.'s gloomy apathy.

She seized therefore with eager hope on a bit of news brought her one day by M'ganga. The headman appeared before her at noon.

"The Masai are here, *mem-sahib*," he reported. "Maji Moto, who looked for honey, has seen them near the hills."

Maji Moto, being summoned, corroborated thus. "It is a small *manyatta*, *mem-sahib*," said he, "of young men, and one *n'ymparo*. They have goats."

Kits hunted out P. A. and told him the news. "I must look them up," she said, "and get what news they can give us. And these are the real savage people. You must come. There might be something there—for the picture."

P. A. showed no enthusiasm, but he consented to accompany Kits and M'ganga in the flivver. Nor was his interest aroused by what they found. In fact the whole excursion was at first a disheartening failure. The Masai proved to be young men, as Maji Moto had said, in charge of a large herd of the small native goats, and under command of an older chief—a villainous-looking old pirate with a cast in his eye. The savages were uncommunicative. They stood about with sullen and hostile eyes and answered questions grudgingly. Kits was unable to find out from them where their people were, to what point the green of the rains extended. They knew nothing about the game. They seemed to carry their resentment at the drought over to everything in the world, including the presence in their country of these white aliens.

Kits did not fancy their attitude. She knew natives, and she realized the impenetrability of their reticence when they were minded to assume it, and the practical reality of their resentments, however baseless. Nor did P. A., as she had hoped, react to their presence. Their *manyatta*, being but a temporary affair, was not inspiring. It consisted merely of rough brush shelters and a heap of thorn thrown together in a circle to form a *boma* for the flocks at night. There were swarms of flies. The place stank. The Masai, beyond the fact that they carried spears, had no elements of picturesqueness, for this goat-herding job had been forced on them by the exigencies of the season. It was ordinarily, when near the main camp, a woman's and boy's task. Therefore, in humiliation, they had divested themselves of all their gaudy trappings. P. A. evidently considered them worthless pictorially. Altogether, Kits was much disappointed and she began her drive back to camp with a heavy heart.

Nevertheless the little excursion, it seemed, was not doomed to total failure. In their route home, at that moment, stood the small first cause of regeneration. It was, quite simply, a goat—a stray goat.

P. A.'s listless eye fell upon it. And slowly in the depths of his consciousness recollection stirred, and the beginning of an idea. He seized Kits by the arm.

"Wait a minute!" requested P. A. Kits, wondering, brought the car to a stop. P. A. stared at the stray goat. "The vultures!" he croaked at last, in a voice as though long disused.

Kits looked puzzled, but only for a moment. "Catch that goat," she ordered. "We'll kill him and use him for the vulture picture," she explained briefly to P. A

The boy's eyes brightened and he hopped to the ground with alacrity, for he thought the command meant *nyama*—meat. It is not given to the short-haired African goat to get away from a long-legged Wakamba who has been some time without meat; so shortly the goat, bound, reposed in the box body behind the driver's seat and the flivver resumed its thumping way toward camp.

And the results were already gratifying beyond all measure. As soon as P. A. understood Kits' intention and his mind had begun busily to marshal the necessary details, the very fact of its activity roused all his other numbed faculties. Keegan had been right—"bounce" was the word. By the time they had reached camp, he was talking fourteen to the dozen. By fire time—for it was too late to do the picture that day—he had soared far beyond the immediate sequence of the vultures and was winging out into the blue, farther even than the highest flyer of these estimable fowls had ever dared. If Kits had for a weak instant regretted the abduction of that small stray goat, she must have forgotten the fact in the glory of this miraculous regeneration.

With a wave of his hand, P. A. dismissed the absence of game as unimportant for the moment.

"That can come later," said he. "It is the typical, the usual, that can be supplied almost anywhere, at any time. It is part of Africa, to be sure, but only a part. We must avoid the banal. These stupendous pictures will be acclaimed by thousands. We must remember that fact; we must remember our duty to them; we must remember that only through our efforts are they to abandon their old false ideas and come to an understanding of the new and the true."

He was pacing up and down, and now came to a stop in front of Roy Capello, who immediately looked uneasy. P. A. leveled his arm at his leading man.

"What's the public idea of Africa?" he demanded. "I'll tell you," he immediately added, to Roy's relief. "It's jungle." He folded down one finger. "It's savages." He folded down another. "It's animals." He folded down yet a third. "And—not—one thing—else!" He glared at Roy, who cringed slightly, as though it might be his fault. P. A. swiftly abandoned Roy and turned to the company at large. "Now those things are Africa—nobody can deny that. They are here; they must be pictured. But they are not the all of Africa. There are other things, and they, too, must be pictured. We must seize them as they offer.

"There are the open plains, the dust, the heat, the thorn—a thousand things. And"—he paused impressively and then shot the word at them—"the emptiness!"

P. A.'s gaze traveled triumphantly from one to the other of his listeners, who, it must be confessed, were somewhat gaga.

"We must screen the emptiness," continued P. A., "for that is one of the great elements of our portrait. This great baked barren dry country—that is part of it," went on P. A. "Hardship—the dogged, thirsty, long searching journeys to find whither the teeming life has withdrawn—that is part of it. Futility, the thwarting of effort, failure—that is part of it. The self-sacrifice of science, the glorious persistence in face of discouragement and trial—that is part of it. These things are the prelude, the long roll of drums preparing the expectation of the empty stage for the great entrance. Am I right, Keegan?" He turned to the camera man.

"Sure!" agreed the latter comfortably.

"We must film these things, the spirit and essence of them, while here, and now this unparalleled opportunity is vouchsafed us." He ruminated a moment. "Migration—that is the title—following elusive life into the reaches of the great unknown. Movement—that in itself is life. The movement of evolution, as the face of Nature shifts and changes, compelling her myriad creatures to seek self-preservation in hitherto unknown, unpenetrated parts."

Kits chuckled quietly to herself as she reflected that P. A. had for the moment forgotten that the immediate objective comprehended mainly the companionship of Nature's myriad vultures with that goat. But far be it from her to throw any monkey wrenches into the rapidly revolving machinery. Movement, as P. A. so justly observed, meant life—and heaven knew lately there had been little enough of either. *(Continued on Page 193)*

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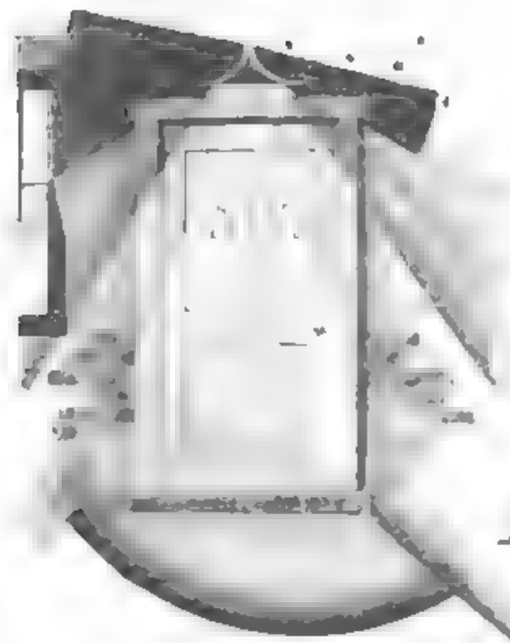

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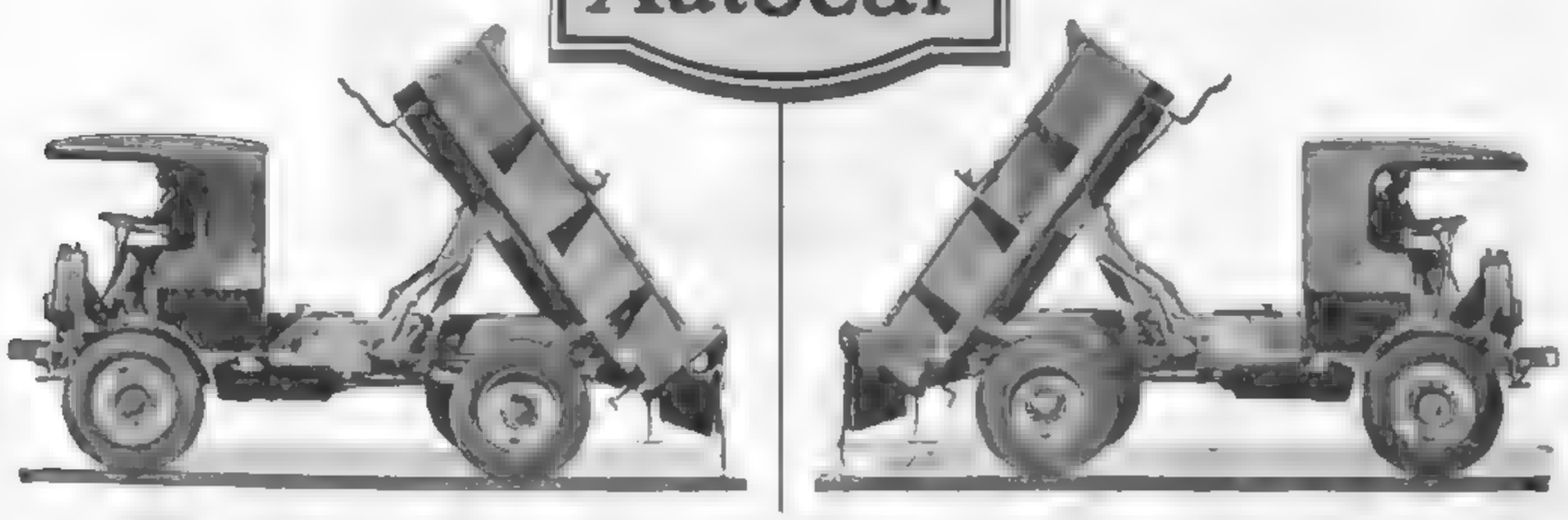

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LOUISVILLE

CENTER OF AMERICAN MARKETS

(Continued from Page 190)

And now, all at once, what a difference. The glow of P. A.'s revivification actually warmed the whole camp. Roy tuned up his neglected mandolin. Keegan smoked his pipe with obvious satisfaction, not omitting a sort of I-told-you-so glance in Kits' direction. Roberts hunted out boots to polish belonging to Maclyn and Forrester, whereas hitherto he had disdained to touch any but those of his master. Fidelo resumed his histrionic low growls at the darkness in general, which he had of late intermitted. Even the *safari* boys, after the mysterious fashion of primitive people, caught psychically the new spirit, as evidenced by an upspurt of chattering and singing.

As for Velda, she quite came to. She had started the evening somewhat disgruntled and resentful because of the untropical chill that followed sunset at this altitude. Now she began to formulate a poem suggested by the fire. It leaped and glowed against the invading chill, just as her own spirit leaped and glowed against the chill of

"What price the life of one small goat!" exulted Kits as she prepared for her cot. "And what price me as a morale artist!"

VIII

FORRESTER and Maclyn, having made successful rendezvous at the agreed point, returned to camp in company two days later. They found it full of excitement and considerable natural drama, which, however, no one was taking the trouble to film. The center of the drama seemed to consist of one bloated dead goat, somewhat advanced in decomposition, which had been thoughtfully deposited directly before Velda Vollmer's tent. This rendered that pavilion for the moment undesirable, save perhaps to one suffering from acute coryza. Nevertheless, all the white members of the party were there gathered—huddled would be the more accurate expression. The immediate occasion was the presence—just across the goat—of a body of Masai spearmen, headed by a truculent individual with a cast in his eye. He was talking vehemently at Roy Capello, whom apparently he had selected as the responsible head, and scornfully ignoring Kits, who was trying to talk back. Naturally, Roy could not understand. Naturally, Kits became more and more insistent to be heard. The spearmen, increasingly infected with the growing excitement, swayed slightly, leaned forward. At the precise moment Maclyn and Forrester came into sight and hearing, the chief reached forward to thrust Kits impatiently one side; Kits spiritedly struck back at him with her *kiboko*. The Masai grasped their spears, half raised them, rolling their eyes toward their outraged chief, expecting his order.

At that instant Forrester burst through their circle, and followed by Maclyn and old Mavrouki, turned to face the savages. Kits gave a little sob of relief.

"*Bassi!*" commanded Forrester sharply. His eye roved deliberately from one to another. Under its calm scrutiny the excitement perceptibly drained away. Forrester allowed just the right pause. Then: "M'ganga," he called the headman curtly, "send two men. Take away this *m'buzi*."

"The goat is mine," spoke the Masai chieftain for the first time.

Forrester looked him coldly in the eye. "This place is mine," he countered. "I am no jackal; I like not carrion." The chief drew himself up and started to speak. "*Bassi!*" Forrester cut him short. "I hold no *shauri* until matters are as I wish them here. Let this carrion be removed. Let these men stand back from my presence. Then you will say what is to be said and I will listen to you."

The chief hesitated for a moment. But his sense of the changed situation was sound. There was no bewilderment and uneasiness about these newcomers. Maclyn was grinning happily, a dancing light of anticipation in his eye. Next his elbow old one-eyed Mavrouki stood grim and calm. By a singular chance both the light rifle Maclyn carried with apparent carelessness across his forearm and the double elephant gun Mavrouki bore under his elbow happened to be pointing directly at the chieftain's stomach.

"It is well, *papa*," said he to Forrester. "We will hold *shauri*, for it is evident now I may deal with a man and not with women."

His dark scornful glance swept past Kits to rest on Capello and the others. Without turning, he swept his arm backward and the crowding Masai withdrew a dozen paces to stand leaning on their spears. The chieftain then rather ostentatiously laid his own spear on the ground and stood erect, folding his arms.

Forrester passed his rifle back to Maclyn, but without turning his head.

"Take the lot over to my tent, Mac," said he. "Give my rifle to Malolo. Don't start anything. Keep your eye on the other Masai and if they make any false moves drop old stick-in-the-mud here first."

M'ganga came up with the other men to remove the offending goat. Forrester and the Masai headman were left alone and face to face.

The discussion between the two was long. Forrester remained calm and collected throughout. On several occasions the Masai rose to the point of excitement and started vociferations, which, however, subsided at Forrester's low-voiced comment. Once Forrester raised his voice to address the other in English, but without turning his head.

"He says this was his goat and that you brought it to camp and killed it," he called. "Is that correct?"

"It was a stray," answered Kits. "We found it wandering on the veldt and brought it in because we ——"

"Never mind why," Forrester cut her short and resumed the discussion.

After a long and, to the onlookers, an anxious period, they appeared to come to some sort of agreement. They shook hands, native fashion, and walked over to the waiting group.

"Well," said Forrester, "I've fixed it. But it wasn't easy. I've had to promise him he could have anything in camp he fancies—except a gun, of course. Best I could do." He seemed a trifle weary as well as disgusted. "I told him he could take anything he wanted, at his own choice, but he must then go immediately."

Keegan had been watching with his usual stolid imperturbability. "Don't these fellows know money?" he asked Maclyn aside.

"It isn't that," Maclyn answered in the same tones. "Masai won't sell livestock at any price—never have. This is by way of indemnity, I imagine."

The chief's eye was roving about from one object to another. Suddenly he made up his mind. He stretched his arm out toward the fair Velda.

"I will take this one, *papa*," he said simply.

Kits and Maclyn gasped. The others were mercifully unconscious of what it was all about.

"That may not be," denied Forrester firmly. "These are my women."

"That was my goat," retorted the chief. His brows were again bent, black and sullen.

The discussion began all over again. At last Forrester caused to be brought out his own and Maclyn's folding chairs and the collapsible table. On these he stood pat. The chief hesitated. Kits, on inspiration, produced two green-and-orange-striped cushions belonging to Velda and placed them in the chairs. That decided the matter. The Masai signified his acceptance.

"I think I prefer that one," he, however, suggested, referring to Kits.

Maclyn laughed unaffectedly. "I do myself, old boy," said he in English.

For a moment there threatened to be another hitch. It was a folding table, and the chief was very disgusted when it came

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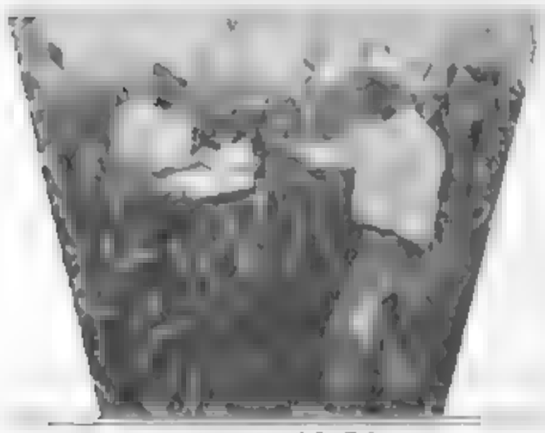

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½ cup cream or milk
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper

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apart. His disgust was, however, changed to a childish pleasure when he was shown how it went. Threatening looks were replaced by wreathed smiles. The savages now showed an inclination to linger among the white man's wonders, but Forrester insisted they adhere to their bargain of immediate departure. They disappeared across the veldt in single file, three of the younger men bearing the indemnifying table and chairs atop their heads.

Forrester watched them go reflectively. "Well, we'll use chop boxes for a table—it won't be the first time," he remarked. "Now I'd like to know what it was all about."

IX

KITS told him, very subdued and shamefaced.

"I see," said Forrester dryly when she had finished. "And of course there were no vultures." He contemplated the situation and a slight smile twisted his lips. "There wouldn't be, you know," said he. "Why should there be vultures when there is no game and no herds? Hadn't thought of that, had you?"

"No," said Kits, subdued.

"Well, it's come out all right. But it's lucky we got back when we did."

"I think we could have taken care of ourselves," objected Kits. "You see, we were armed; and when I saw them coming I gave M'ganga the extra rifle and ——"

"Possibly," Forrester interrupted her, "though it strikes me there was material for a very pretty row. But this little lot is not the whole of it. We're in Masai country, you know. And they're pretty restless just now. Even if we came out all right, I doubt if government would look with great favor on our remaining. Hadn't thought of that, either?" he suggested.

"No," agreed Kits.

Forrester sighed resignedly. "You ought to know them better," said he. "I thought you knew how touchy they are about their confounded livestock."

"I—I know," acknowledged Kits in a small voice. "But"—she glanced doubtfully toward P. A.—"I'll tell you about it later. I was desperate and everything sort of slipped my mind."

"All right, all right," Forrester shrugged. He started away toward his tent; then turned back with a sudden flash of whimsical humor in his eye. "But please remember this—all of you—the next person in this camp who has a bright idea without consulting me about it is going to take my place and I'm going home! Come on, Mac, let's have a bath."

"Any luck?" she whispered.

"We found the game—and a perfectly gorgeous new country," replied Maclyn, "but I don't know whether we can go down there now or not. You see," he added with a rueful grin, "you've got the Masai's goat."

ELK STEAKS

(Continued from Page 45)

and took up his trail, but he kept on moving and darkness caught us some three or four miles from our horses.

Fortunate it was for me that it was a downhill pull. Even so, before reaching the horses my legs seemed to be fashioned of rubber that was incapable of bearing my weight, and they buckled under me at every step as I floundered through the snow that was hip-deep in some spots on the steeper slopes. Repeated falls must have made me resemble a snowman. Prior to that occasion it had remained somewhat of a mystery to me why men fresh from their offices should find the easiest sort of mountain travel such tremendous labor. Now, after nearly two years of inactivity, the mystery was solved. Even now, that sensation of blank exhaustion and India-rubber legs comes back to me as that night of floundering is recalled.

Low Visibility

Several days thereafter we rode into a section that we had not hunted previously. It was to be my last day. Some ten miles out we struck the tracks of a bull moose, then the trail of two elk. The tracks crossed our route at right angles and disappeared in a strip of dense timber some three hundred yards wide by a mile long. The bench that flanked its far side was bare of trees. My counselor and guide suggested that I should take up the track of the elk while he took both horses on to a point a mile or more beyond; that if I did not join him there within an hour or so he would conclude that the tracks led back the other way and he would cruise back along the open bench beyond the timber until he intersected my trail.

Once inside the timber, the tracks turned back to the right under the bench. The limbs of the trees were so low that passage was difficult and a view ahead was to be procured only by kneeling and peering beneath them. It was an odd experience to peer in all directions across the white surface for a distance of fifty to seventy-five yards and yet be unable to see objects at a height greater than two or three feet above the snow.

Within a quarter of a mile of the start, while kneeling and peering round, I discovered the legs of an elk some forty yards away, only a narrow strip of his underparts showing, the rest of him being obscured by the low-hanging limbs. I shifted to the right, then to the left, but no view of his head and body was obtainable. Neither would any movement on his part serve to remedy the situation unless some freakish impulse should induce him to turn back on his tracks and come to me. This was something of an impasse. Presently, however, the animal moved off and I followed, with frequent periods of kneeling to peer after him.

Nothing could have been more fortunate, for it seemed certain that at some point not far ahead the trees would thin out or the limbs grow higher. Within a hundred yards there was a narrow stretch where the limbs were not so low, but he had gained on me and though I saw the greater part of his body, not one glimpse of his antlers was afforded. He moved on steadily and soon even his legs were lost to view. The wind, of course, was right, else that elk would have been gone from there long before giving me the sight of his legs. The same condition that prevented my seeing him also made it impossible for him to see me, so wind and visibility were both in my favor; but the density of the low-hanging limbs rendered silent progress almost out of the question. Sliding under or between their drooping tips, I traveled as quietly as possible and was soon rewarded by another glimpse of moving legs about sixty yards ahead. Twenty yards to the right of them, the legs and the lower half of the body of another elk were revealed to my eager gaze. Neither elk changed position for a considerable period save for an occasional slow step. It seemed that the next move was up to me.

Two Bulls in the Bush

The fact that it would be impossible to take the meat with me had prevented my becoming very much concerned about getting an elk up to that time. By way of a tentative excuse for hunting, I had decided either to procure an animal with a head worthy of mounting or to hold my fire. The pleasure of hunting is altogether relative, so though I had not been particularly keen to get an elk up to the moment of sighting those legs, that peculiar type of hunting was most fascinating.

There, within easy range, were two bulls, yet it was impossible to determine whether either of them was desirable. It would

(Continued on Page 197)

How to succeed with your CANARY

FREE: *Write for a copy of new, 43-page illustrated book, the Canary — Its Care and Treatment" Helpful to the amateur, authoritative, interesting*

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To keep him happy, healthy and in song, feed him French's Bird Seed—with a French's Bird Biscuit to give him the "toning-up" that he needs.

French's Bird Seed is different—a mixture of choicest, selected seeds, in just the right proportion. Air-washed to remove dust, chaff and impurities—laboratory tested for quality. And there's a French's Bird Biscuit, *free*, in every package.

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Here's the ONLY Toaster *in the World* You Needn't Watch

Works *Automatically*— CAN'T Burn Toast

IF you've ever seen one of these *automatic* toasters work, you know, without telling, why it's already supplanted old-type toasters in over 200,000 homes.

With no more bother than setting a little indicator for the EXACT KIND OF TOAST YOU WANT, you get your toast just that way—*automatically*.

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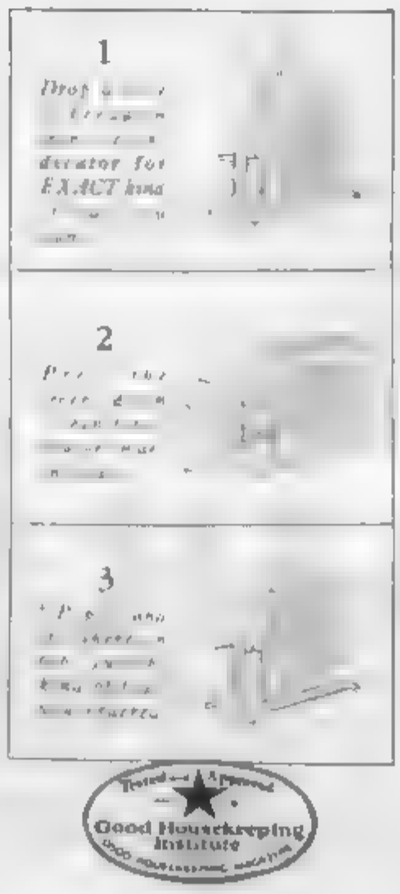
All you do is slip in a piece of bread and set the indicator. That's all. No watching, no burning, no turning.

Can't Burn Toast!

It can't burn toast. And it never goes wrong. You can leave the room while it's operating. It toasts both sides at once. And thus gives you toast of superlative excellence. Wherever you go, people are discarding their old toasters for it. For it banishes the grief from toastmaking. There is no other like it.

U. S. Patented

It is called the Toastmaster. And it is protected under rigid U. S. patents. No other maker can offer one like it.



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Electric Light Companies, Department Stores, and Electric Shops everywhere have the Toastmaster on display. Buying an old-type toaster without seeing this unique invention is a mistake.

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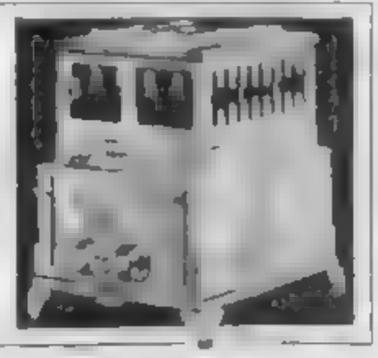
Proved to be a big profit maker for Hotels, Restaurants, Hospitals, Cafeterias, Coffee and Sandwich shops. Over 25,000 now in daily use. Made in four sizes—3-slice, 4-slice, 8-slice and a new 2-slice. A post card will bring full details without obligation.



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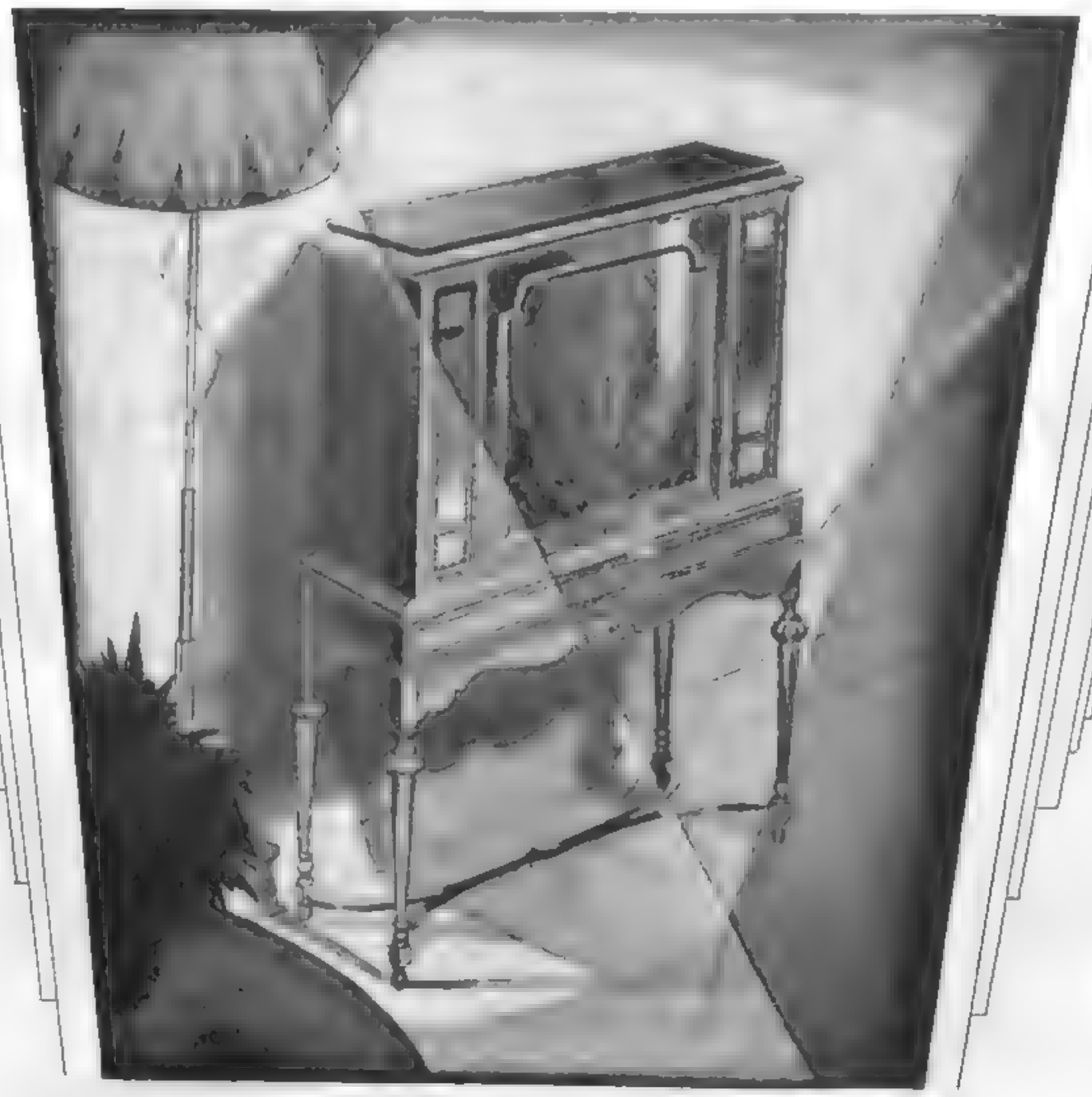


THE AMRAD SONATA GLORIFIES THE AMERICAN HOME

AMRAD, with the idea of *home entertainment* in view, presents these electrical radio receivers entirely different from previous conceptions.

Emphasis has been placed on *tone* rather than any other feature. These are HOME radios, not laboratory devices.

These Amrad receivers are purely electrical—the American Home has passed the point of cluttering up the living room with batteries, chargers, multiple wires.

Simplicity in operation is featured throughout. There is perfect control with a *single dial!* Dial setting is *illuminated*—and calibrated in wave lengths, which means that when you want a station you simply turn to its metre number.

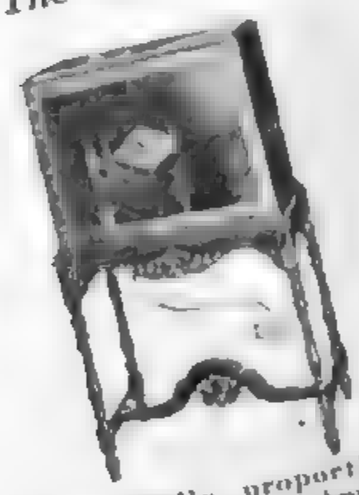
And, like other Amrad models, the Sonata Console, illustrated above, is designed as *living-room furniture*, rather than a box with sundry mechanical attachments. Exquisite walnut veneers, inlays of satinwood, graceful proportions, emphasize its rich beauty. Priced at $475.

All Amrad models use 8 tubes.

Select any radio you like—but we urge you to *hear* these new Amrad models of the Symphonic Series. The deep, rich, bell-like tone will give you a vivid standard of comparison.

Prices slightly higher West of the Rockies

The Concerto

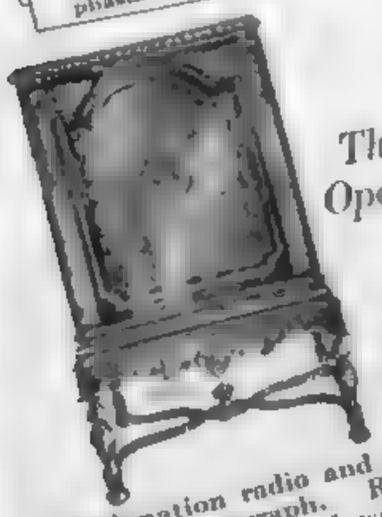


Beautifully proportioned modern cabinet of American and oriental walnut. Electric dynamic power speaker built into cabinet. Purely electrical, single dial control.

Price $320
(without tubes)

Each AMRAD model has special tone control, enabling you to emphasize high or low notes.

The Opera



Combination radio and electrical phonograph. Richly figured, hand-carved walnut. Both radio and phonograph are purely electrical, with built-in Dynamic power speaker and illuminated single dial.

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The Nocturne

Console model in walnut, built-in Dynamic speaker. Purely electrical. Illuminated single dial control and bronze escutcheon plate enameled in color. Double shielded.

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Each model is equipped with electric pick-up attachment.

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A WORD from you and we will send you a richly illustrated booklet describing the newest tendencies in modern radio, with complete descriptions of all of the Symphonic Series models. With it, we will give you the name of a nearby dealer who will gladly give you a demonstration, in your own home if you wish. There is, of course, no obligation on your part.

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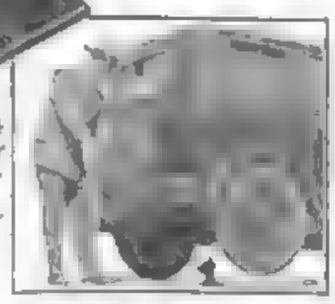
YOU'VE wanted a jack that would always work. And here it is—a Walker Jack. With its four-foot handle that clears bumpers and fenders, it takes only a few seconds to slide it under and make a lift. No getting down on your knees—no exertion—really a joy to use. Get a Walker Jack and put an end to tire-changing grief.

No. 525 for large cars $6.85. Nos. 520 and 515 for lighter cars $5 and $4. Slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada.



He makes no work of tire-changing. He uses a Walker Jack.

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Walker Jacks
DEPENDABLE IN EMERGENCIES

SAMPLE OFFER
send $1.00 for 2 dozen

American Lead Pencil Co.
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Makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

(Continued from Page 194)

have been a relatively simple matter to shoot one of them at the point where the forelegs joined the body and thus topple him to the snow, where a quick body shot would have finished him. Most of my hunting has been done for meat, and had meat been the object on that occasion, one of those bulls most certainly would have been brought to bag.

Uncertainty as to what sort of crowns were worn by these monarchs transformed apathy into keen anticipation. Advancing a few yards, I knelt to peer again. The legs were stationary as before. Another advance and there was a sudden crashing of branches ahead. Undoubtedly the sound of a limb scraping upon my clothing had roused the suspicion of my quarry. That is one reason why I never wear a canvas jacket when hunting big game in the timber. It gives off too harsh a sound when scraping contacts with limbs or brush are unavoidable. Had I been attired in a canvas coat while treading my way through all that maze of low-hanging branches, the sound would have roused the whole countryside long since. Even my soft wool-and-buckskin jacket had been too noisy, it seemed.

I could see no legs whatever for a second, both bulls having shifted position, and it appeared certain that they had raced beyond my restricted range of view, though there was no sound of their further progress. Then I saw four legs. No sooner had they been sighted than they went into swift action, a second set likewise, and both sets disappeared to the accompaniment of threshing branches. I followed on, though without much hope of sighting them again, nor would they have tarried if it had been my scent that startled them. Evidently they decided that the sound had been a false alarm.

Within two hundred yards they waited for further developments. They were alert, however, and fled without waiting for me to sight their legs again. This time they moved toward the rise that led to the bare edge of the upper bench. Moving hastily in that direction, I obtained the first complete view of them as they topped out. Both were six-pointers, but the antlers were straggling and of small value as trophies. Instead of streaking for safety, they foolishly plodded along that open edge of the bench above, affording intermittent glimpses of themselves between the trees, so that it would not have been too difficult to plant a bullet in either of them had he sported a desirable set of antlers. However, they could not have provided a more thrilling half hour if they had worn record heads.

Making the Last Day Last

There was nothing for it now but to call it a day and face the long cold ride back home, and this was the last day out. My friend, however, could not see it that way. There was a trap-line cabin some three or four miles beyond and he suggested that we ride on there for the night and hunt back the following day. We arrived just after dark, in time to partake of a hot meal and to admire several nice foxes and martens that the trapper had brought in from his rounds.

Shortly after daylight the following morning, we set out for home by a different route. We had been riding through a heavy patch of aspens, the snow well tracked up by a band of elk that had meandered through a few days before. The trees thinned out somewhat. Off to the right and ahead, there was an open space some seventy-five yards across, while to the left and ahead the scattering quakers were graced by a small compact knot of spruce.

Riding in the lead, I saw the head and neck of a bull elk protruding from behind that clump of spruce. Slipping from my horse and drawing the rifle from its scabbard, it was only to discover that my feet sank so deeply into the soft snow that a small patch of low bush just ahead obscured the view. Swiftly stamping a few times to pack the snow behind a quaker, I elevated myself upon tiptoe and wrapped my left arm about the slender trunk of the aspen for support.

"Bust him!" my friend hissed sharply. "He's a good one."

The one brief glance at the protruding head had not led me to believe that the animal sported any very good set of antlers. Peering over the top of the brush, it was to discover not one bull but two, another having walked out into sight beyond the protruding head of the first, his antlers much larger and heavier than those of the bull originally sighted. He stood facing me. Resting my rifle across the crooked forearm that was wrapped round the tree for support, I fixed the front bead on the point where the neck joined the body and pressed the trigger.

Right on the Nose

The jar of the heavy rifle, lacking the grip of a left hand to hold it down, not only jolted my cheekbone solidly but rammed the heel of my trigger hand against my nose with such force as to bring the tears, dislodging me from my precarious perch so that it was impossible to see over that strip of brush in front. My companion had been in the act of dismounting when his horse jumped at the shot. He joined me a few seconds after. I had rounded the brush for a better view. Although that compact knot of spruce was less than ten yards across, there was not an elk in sight. Then the two bulls, one with a big spread of horns, the other with indifferent antlers, moved from behind the knot of spruce trees and moved off to the right at a slow walk.

"Let him have it!" my companion instructed.

My left hand was engaged in nursing the injured nose. In the background of my mind was a distinct impression of dark hair on all sides of the front bead as the trigger had been squeezed, a sudden upward toss of antlers coincident with the report, coupled with a feeling that I should not shoot at the big bull that was crossing through the scattered aspens ahead of us.

"No, I hit the other one," I informed him through my fingers.

Just then the two bulls broke into a trot and moved springily across the open expanse ahead and to the right.

"There's no other—they're both there! Shoot! Quick! What's the matter with you?" my friend jerked out. "Shoot, I tell you!" The bulls entered the timber on the far side of the opening. The big fellow stopped, a section of him showing between the trunks. "Flank him! It's your last chance!" sounded in my ear.

Under the urge of that last admonition, the rifle came to shoulder. The animal was standing so that a ball placed in that narrow strip of flank that showed would range forward quarteringly through the body, so I placed one there and in the resulting fall his shoulder showed and another bullet was planted behind it before he could rise again. Then my left hand resumed the careful exploration of my battered nose.

"What's the matter?" my friend inquired.

I explained that my nose had been bruised by the first shot and had been giving off numerous stars and pin wheels ever since.

"That accounts for it," he said. "You stood there frozen stiff while those bulls were getting away, and I thought you had an attack of buck fever."

It was not the nose that had deterred me, I explained, so much as the fact that the first bull fired at had been drilled in his chest.

"No, he wasn't hit. Perched up there on tiptoe and hanging onto a quaker with one arm, it's likely you wabbled off," my companion diagnosed. "Creased him, maybe, but he wasn't hurt."

It did seem that way. Two bulls had showed themselves on the left side of that spruce clump and after my shot they had moved behind it and appeared on the right side. While leading our horses quarteringly toward the dead bull a glimpse of the rear edge of that spruce clump was afforded, and

One of life's darkest moments

THERE is a muss of loose chips and broken leads around the waste-basket: they'll have to be cleaned up. Your fingers have a smudged, sloppy look; you've got to wash them. Your temper has suffered in the process too. And with all your lathering-about, you've a point that's nothing to brag of.

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Large window openings are covered with transparent celluloid, in white, blue, green, yellow, pink or red.
Two sizes, 1 inch wide and 2 inches wide
Prices are less than for any other removable metal guides with insertable celluloid protected labels.
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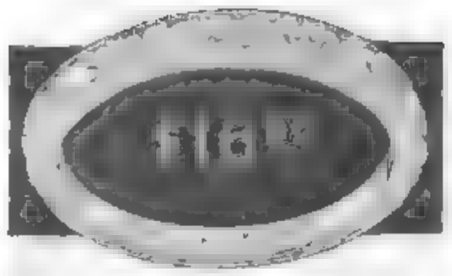

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At no greater cost than solid gold!

This ring is made of 18K white gold *encased* in a genuine shell of pure platinum covering the entire surface of the ring inside and out, by the famous Bek process.

Insist on seeing this beautiful new ring, now offered for the first time, at your favorite jeweler's. Price only $16.

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the snow, though somewhat trampled, seemed otherwise unmarred.

It seemed odd that the big bull should have traveled so far and in such leisurely fashion when shot through from end to end. Upon examining him, it was to discover that no frontal wound showed clear evidence to my companion, despite my protestations to the opposite effect, that the first shot had resulted in a clean miss. Nevertheless, it was my firm conviction that that shot had found its mark.

As we dressed out the elk a certain incident that had occurred during a hunt some years before kept recurring to my mind and I headed for the spruce trees, my companion following. There, in a deep depression in the snow, invisible at a distance of more than twenty yards, was another big six-point bull. He had dropped dead practically in his tracks in that depression. Our quick move to the right to round the intervening patch of brush had been just sufficient so that a few low limbs that brushed the snow had cut him off from our angle of view. My friend took the extra bull on his own license.

Out for Elk Meat

The incident that had persisted in my thoughts until it led to a closer investigation and the discovery of the other bull had occurred some years before. Two of us rode to the camp of a friend to try to get an elk apiece. It was well below zero when we left his tent the next morning and hunted upcountry. There was some eighteen inches of snow in the bottoms, well tracked up, but there was no game in evidence. The winds had scoured the higher ridges free of snow after the preceding storm and the game had mounted again to this exposed feed.

Our glasses revealed many trails high up, and in mid-afternoon we located a band of elk. There were perhaps a dozen animals in the bunch. After a conference, we agreed that the distance was too great and that it should not prove difficult to procure our meat closer to camp. However, this prediction was wrong and we returned to camp meatless, to wake the next morning with a new storm blowing up. It snowed throughout the day and cleared just at nightfall, leaving another six inches or more of new snow.

The proprietor of the camp had venison on hand, but had not yet killed his elk. He decided that it was time to stock up with elk meat, so he put pack saddles on some extra horses and accompanied us, requesting that one of us shoot an elk for him as he was not carrying a gun. We started along a bottom, my two companions flanking one side of it while I took to the benches on the other side.

Five mountain sheep stood on the top of a rocky knoll some distance back on my side. A bunch of a dozen or more mule deer that the storm had driven down from above showed on the white slope on the far side, and my companions passed below them without shooting, as it was elk meat that we wanted.

Half a mile beyond that point four elk tracks crossed out of the bottoms on my side and led up across the bare treeless hills. The landscape ahead revealed the fact that a deep gulch broke into the bottoms a few hundred yards ahead and it seemed likely that the elk would angle down into it after mounting the bench above me, so I turned off to follow their trail.

The tracks did turn instead of mounting the face of the next bench above. After following them for perhaps a quarter of a mile, they led out on the edge of the gulch. Its far side was graced by an intermediate bench some twenty or thirty yards wide. Just about on a level with me but farther up the course of the gulch, perhaps a hundred and fifty yards away, grew one lone gnarled limber pine, its writhing branches growing well down to the surface of the snow and all trailing in one direction from the trunk, trained in that fashion by the winds.

There was not another tree in sight up the course of that barren gulch, but what was of far greater interest to me, a big barren cow elk was walking slowly along the bench toward the tree. One swift glance had revealed the fact that the bottom of that deep, narrow gulch and the slope on its far side had been literally tracked up by a big band of elk that had moved up its course from the timbered bottoms below. Above and beyond the lone cow elk on the bench, they were streaming up the country.

Just before the elk moved behind that tree, I shot at her and knew that the shot had scored. She moved round the tree and started down the steep fifty-yard slope to the bottoms; a shot at her shoulder and she came down. Without according her further notice, my attention was turned to the big band of elk beyond. There were some thirty or forty head of them, and the nearest about two hundred and fifty yards away, while the farthest were already topping out on a ridge that carried them out of sight. Picking the rearmost elk, a spike bull, I fired three shots at him before he followed his fellows over the hump and out of sight. It was quite evident that all three shots had missed, as he would have wavered and turned from his course up the steep slope against deep snow if a heavy ball had found its mark.

When the last elk had disappeared over the ridge, I turned for a survey of the main bottoms to determine the whereabouts of my companions. They were not in sight; but eight or ten head of elk had moved out of the timber and were mounting the bare slope on the far side of the bottoms half a mile away. They mounted steadily until they had ascended almost two hundred yards. Another hundred yards would take them out of sight in the edge of the timber that covered the hills above that bare slope.

Surely the two men in the bottoms would sight those elk. For a space of two minutes the animals remained motionless, looking across in my direction as if to determine the source of the shooting that had startled them. Then they resumed their climb toward the timber. Suddenly the shooting began, steady and evenly spaced—three shots. It was long-range work, but the man behind the gun was more successful than I had been with my three long-range shots at the spike bull. Just before the elk moved into the timber, one of them dropped and plunged headlong down the steep slope.

From a Different Viewpoint

Then I turned to have a look at the elk that my first two shots had knocked down. The pitch to the bottom of the gulch was so abrupt that it seemed certain that the elk must have rolled to the floor of it before stopping. But the bottom revealed naught save trampled snow where the herd had passed through.

The bare slope where she had fallen, though sparsely adorned with snow-covered sagebrush, seemed to afford no place of concealment. It was apparent that while I had been watching the occurrences on the far side of the bottoms the animal had rounded the bend in the gulch some two hundred yards beyond. She might have to be tracked some little distance.

My hunting companions, both expert packers and adepts at dressing game, would make short work of butchering and packing the elk they had killed. It seemed advisable for me to join them first and inform them that there was a wounded elk to be collected. Then, instead of returning to camp, they would follow me with a packhorse.

This plan was put into execution. An hour later they returned with me. The ridge on the far side of the gulch afforded a good route out of the bottoms and we followed it. Looking down from that side, the view was far better. No tracking job was necessary. Two dead elk reposed there in the snow. They were the only dark objects in all that white expanse. The two men insisted that I must be blind in both eyes to have overlooked such conspicuous objects. There seemed some justification for their gibes. Certainly, from our present point of vantage, nothing could seem more conspicuous

(Continued on Page 201)

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Stretched across the Hudson at West Point in 1778

PART of the plan of Benedict Arnold to betray West Point contemplated severing one of the links of General Putnam's famous iron chain across the Hudson. The failure of his plan is historic. So the chain remained, and, after the war, settled to the bottom of the river, where most of it still lies. Parts of it have, however, been recovered after one hundred and fifty years. From the photograph it will be seen that it has suffered little from age and rust. The fact is that but for slight surface corrosion, these honest links are as sound as when they left the ancient forge.

Good wrought iron has always been like that. Down through the ages, though made from different ores and by different methods, it has always had these two vital things in common: (1) High base purity, and (2) Inclusion of silicate slag, uniformly distributed. To these two factors, its extreme rust-resisting qualities and its toughness are due. The experience gained with new metals during the past fifty years has only served to lend greater emphasis to the great value of these peculiar qualities which are found only in good wrought iron.

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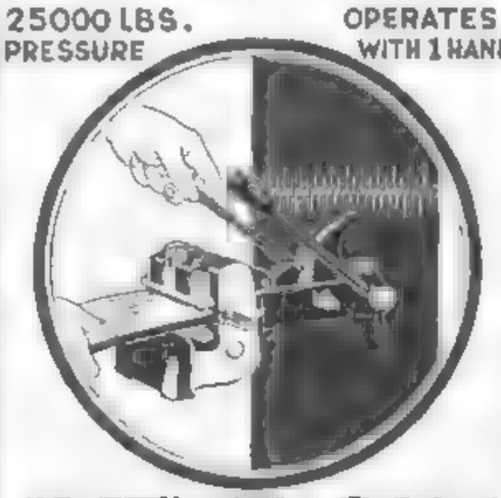

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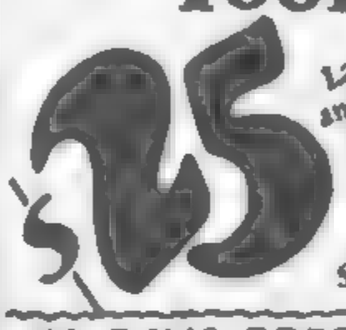

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(Continued from Page 198)

than those two dead elk. Also, I had informed them that there had been but a single elk a hundred yards or more behind the main drove; that I had shot that one elk twice. It was now obvious that I had shot two elk. It seemed incredible to them that anyone with fair vision should have failed to sight the two objects from anywhere within half a mile.

Nevertheless, from the point where I had stood to do the shooting, neither of the elk could be seen. The first one had moved on some eight or ten yards before it dropped in a direct line behind the low limbs of the tree. The second, which had been standing behind the tree, had started down the slope. She was exactly where I had seen her fall at my second shot. Instead of rolling to the bottom, she had collapsed behind a patch of stunted, snow-covered sage that had obscured her from my view. Until the moment when we came out above them, the thought that there might have been more than one elk behind the main bunch had not even occurred to me.

Everyone to His Taste

Elk meat, to my notion, is the best of all wild meat. At one time or another, I have sampled practically every kind of American big-game meat except musk ox. The same thing that applies to domestic animals applies equally well to wild game—namely, that the meat of each species has its own distinctive flavor. Beef is probably the least highly flavored of all domestic meats, and as a consequence it is perhaps the most suitable for a sustained diet when a change of fare is impossible. That is, one probably could eat beef more steadily without tiring of it than would be the case with any other domestic meat. One might be very fond of pork or mutton, yet to eat either of them steadily, day after day, for a period of months, would be apt to sicken one of pork or mutton, whereas with beef one might have no other meat for a considerable period and still retain a measure of relish for a tenderloin steak or a good cut of roast beef.

Elk meat might be termed the beef of wild meats. The meat of moose or buffalo is not so highly flavored as that of most other game animals, but either is far coarser than elk. A venison chop or steak, properly aged, is a delicious morsel, but when one eats no meat other than venison for a month or more, as I have done on occasion, the high flavor not only loses its savor but soon causes a mild aversion.

The meat of the mountain sheep is perhaps the most delicately flavored of all game. Nevertheless, at one period during my stay in Alaska I had no other meat for three weeks and it was beginning to pall. I have never been addicted to bear meat, but on that occasion, upon killing a young bear that had been feasting on berries for a month or more, it was to find that bear steak was a welcome change after a three-week diet of sheep meat.

Caribou has a slightly sweetish taste. Perhaps one could live on moose meat indefinitely, coarse as it is, without tiring of it. I have never subsisted upon it for a sufficient period to pass upon the matter from first-hand knowledge. However, I have partaken of elk meat day after day for months without being in the least conscious of any desire for a change of meat.

All this, of course, applies only to meat of any variety after it has been properly aged. The meat of any big animal is scarcely fit to eat when freshly killed. The casual hunter, therefore, who goes afield and kills his elk or deer and eats the meat during his few days in camp has not really tasted good meat, even though he may rave about it.

The steak of a freshly killed elk is some better than India rubber, but not much. That same meat a few weeks later is a morsel to tempt the palate of the most discriminating. A half-inch steak from a freshly killed beef, fried to the consistency of shoe leather and served in a cheap restaurant, is quite a different proposition from the inch-and-a-half fillet mignon, properly aged, as served in the better-class restaurants and hotels.

The storing and proper aging of meat are more expensive than delivering freshly killed meat to the butcher. Therefore most of the beef consumed in the nation is tough and unpalatable. For somewhat similar reasons—the difficulty of keeping meat during the early fall months when hunters go afield—a relatively small percentage of sportsmen are afforded the opportunity to savor the really delightful qualities of various big-game meats after they have been properly aged. The India-rubber steaks of freshly killed elk, moose or deer compare favorably with the shoe-leather domestic steak of the beaneries.

But despite the fact that an elk steak is a highly desirable morsel, not always is it so easy to obtain as the foregoing chronicle might imply. Even in a good game country there are more days spent afield without result than may be chalked up among the successes—that is, if one considers a hunt successful only if it results in a kill. That, of course, must remain the chief gauge of most hunting expeditions, yet I have put in much time in the hills and derived solid enjoyment from it, whereas if measured only by the amount or variety of the kill, it must be classified as sheer waste of time.

Also there have been days that not only brought blank disappointment but which ushered in occurrences that were the reverse of pleasant, that still linger in the recollection not as time wasted but as time misspent, to be recalled with no pleasure even after a lapse of time.

To have experienced hardship, no matter how tough it may have seemed at the time, to have missed one's quarry at point-blank range after stalking it carefully, to have had some creature outwit one at the psychological moment, or to experience some other such technical failure—all such occurrences viewed in retrospect, mellowed by time, serve to add to one's store of pleasant recollections rather than to detract from them. But to kill one's game and lose it, too—well, one feels that the time had been better spent if he had remained at home.

Five Seconds Too Late

It has always been difficult to understand the relish with which a certain type of hunter returns from a trip and relates the number of animals that he has crippled and that escaped him to die in the hills. Fortunately, such occurrences have been relatively rare with me. I have, of course, missed many a head of game, but in the great majority of cases I have managed in one way or another to salvage such animals as have been punctured by my shots.

There have been many instances when, through poor stalking, miscalculation of the wind, missing a snap shot or through some unforeseen occurrence, my quarry has escaped at the psychological moment. On one occasion, when two of us had tracked a bull for some distance, I was in the lead by a half dozen yards when I suddenly spotted the elk some fifty yards ahead of us. The wind was right and he was facing in the opposite direction, partially obscured from view by intervening branches and apparently unaware of our very existence.

Instead of shooting, I turned to signal to my companion. When my eyes again sought the bull after an interval of but a few seconds, he had vanished completely and he remained out of sight for the balance of the day. Just how he became apprised of our presence and fled so precipitately down the slope just beyond him in the span of five seconds is not clear to me even now. In any event, that was our first and last glimpse of him, and it was four days later before either of us sighted another elk of any description.

The incidents related earlier might lead one to believe that elk hunting consisted merely of going out and casually knocking down such animals as were required. Far from it. It happens that I have killed a fair number of elk and could recite a fair percentage of successful terminations. It

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It fits the pocket smoothly; keeps tobacco right. It's quick to open or close for the Hookless Talon Fastener always works.

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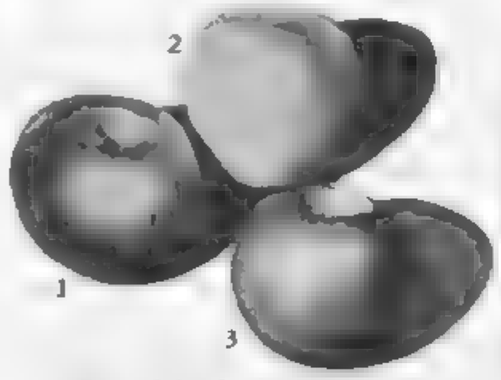
Market-wise women *know* these Fruit Facts

Do you know what apples are best for eating . . . for cooking . . . for baking? Do you know how to select the best pears and grapes for your table?

FOLLOW the simple buying suggestions pictured here and you'll get the most for your market money . . . and for scores of other equally important shopping secrets, write for the "Blue Goose Buying Guide." This is the first book of its kind that tells the housewife how to buy fruits and vegetables, how to get the utmost in quality when she shops. It has been compiled for you by a noted authority, Colonel L. Brown, formerly of the United States Department of Agriculture. Every point photographically illustrated. Sent free. To get your copy just use the coupon below.

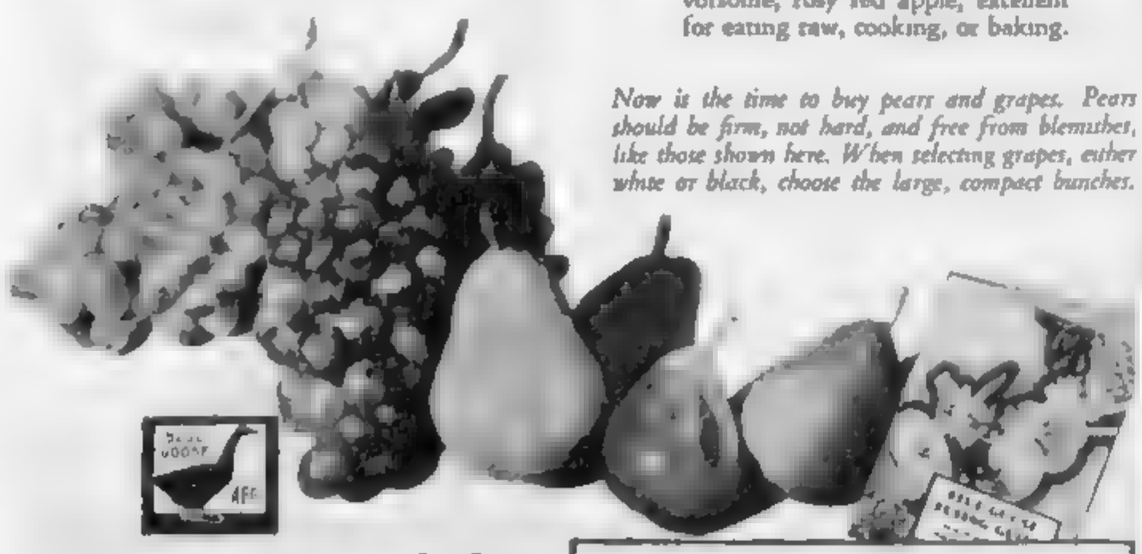


1. One of the finest eating apples right now is the *McIntosh*, a medium-sized red striped apple of delicate aroma and flavor.

2. A good general-purpose apple now in season is the *Grimes Golden*. You will know it by its bright yellow skin.

3. Buy *Jonathans* if you want a flavorsome, rosy red apple, excellent for eating raw, cooking, or baking.

Now is the time to buy pears and grapes. Pears should be firm, not hard, and free from blemishes, like those shown here. When selecting grapes, either white or black, choose the large, compact bunches.



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is also true that it would not be difficult to chronicle an equal number of meatless excursions.

One prize fiasco in which I engaged no doubt would have been well worth the price of admission to any spectators. Topping out one morning on the mountain where I intended to hunt for the day, almost the first welcome sight to greet my eager gaze was a line of tracks crossing a bald ridge a mile or more to the west. I followed on north round the rims to a point where a better view could be obtained over the top of the intervening timber. The tracks led down the bare slope to a scattered patch of trees perhaps forty yards in extent, but did not end there. Instead they angled down toward the bottoms and disappeared in the heavy timber that flanked the north edge of the opening, perhaps halfway down the slope.

A Cross-Country Tour

It seemed probable that the tracks had been made by a band of deer and that by holding on to the north for a mile or more, to a point where the bottoms rose to merge into a bench covered with scattered timber, I would come upon them bedded there, or would cut their trail higher up.

Working on this theory, I did not turn to the west for some distance, then veered down and out across the bench. Everything worked out according to schedule. The tracks of six or eight deer led up through the bottoms and across the bench. But they led entirely across the bench in a northerly direction and dropped into a great canyon into which I was averse to tracking game, largely for the reason that it was a frightful chore to pack meat out of it, and for the further reason that most of the deer that entered it were travelers passing through the country and seldom loitered there.

It was a three-to-one shot that one would fail to overtake any deer that he might track into that gorge. Why, I do not know; but after trying it out on several occasions, the canyon rim was the end of the trail for me thereafter. According to custom, I quit the deer tracks there and cast on to the north and west, keeping well upcountry, but without success. Though deer hunting was my object, needless to say, an elk would have been far more satisfactory. However, elk were few and far between in that particular locality.

Eventually I dropped down the course of a creek, then started hunting back across ridges. Late in the afternoon I mounted the far side of the ridge upon which the tracks had been sighted early in the morning; but, of course, I was satisfied that they had been made by the band of deer whose trail I had intersected just beyond and followed north to the canyon rim.

The wind had been whipping the new snow all day, scouring it from the crest of the ridge and piling it on the eastern slope on top of the heavy drifts of old snow that already reposed there. While heading down across the open slope, I noticed, some little distance to my right, the tracks that had first caught my eye in the morning. They angled for that scattered patch of timber that graced the central area of the open sidehill.

Still with the fixed idea that they had been left by that band of traveling deer, I paid no heed to them until my route converged with the trail. Then, badly blown over as they were, it was instantly apparent that they were elk tracks. The whole equation was quite clear. The elk had come over the ridge from the west, crossed down through that patch of scattering timber below, then had angled to the north and bedded in the timber on the slope without descending to the bottoms at all. The deer, traveling north up the bottoms, had left a trail which I had believed to be the continuation of these tracks. It was certain then that five elk were bedded on the heavily timbered slope within half a mile of me.

My first thought was to take advantage of the cover afforded by the scattering patch of trees a few yards below and from there to scan the edge of the timber to the north before crossing to it through the open. Acting on this impulse, I started down the slope at a good pace. The new snow had been blown from the ridge above to a depth of more than two feet, but below this loose surface accretion the old drifts were solidly crusted and afforded good footing.

Just before I reached the upper edge of the trees a bull elk lurched to his feet squarely in my path and not a dozen yards away. He was partially obscured by the branches of the uppermost trees, but not sufficiently shielded to prevent my shooting him. Furthermore, even had he been shielded by them, he could not have moved two yards in any direction without presenting his full body.

Hide and Seek

He was my elk! My feet were planted to halt my downward progress and the rifle already brought to shoulder when the thing happened. Perhaps my halt had been too abrupt, the planting of my feet too purposeful. In any event, the crust of the old drifts beneath the layer of new suddenly caved and I was precipitated into a pit of snow well over my ears. Frantically I sought to climb out, but the edge of the old crust continued to break off and the new fluffy snow showered down.

When at last I emerged from the trap, after perhaps two minutes of frenzied effort, the bull had vanished. His trail showed that he had moved over an intermediate sloping ridge a hundred yards to the south, so I skipped over there. Under its cover he had mounted to the main ridge to the west, over which he had come in the morning, and crossed it through a little saddle. Up

(Continued on Page 205)

Winter in Rainier National Forest, Washington

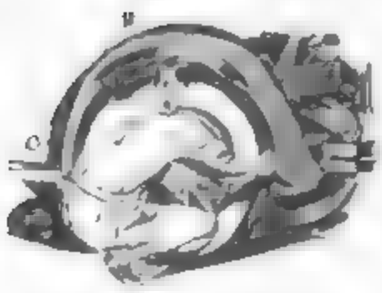
ON August 16th tire manufacturers extended the former warranty against defects to cover the life of the tire; your dealer's service will extend *tire life* to the *maximum mileage.*

Director General
THE RUBBER INSTITUTE, INC.

THE revised Standard Warranty, supported by the manufacturers of over 95% of the tires produced in America, guarantees to the careful driver maximum mileage and greatest economy. The more care you give your tires, the longer will be their life.

The manufacturers place no limit on their responsibility for defects. The nationwide network of dealers who handle these tires adds a further value to your purchase in the services they render locally for your immediate convenience

Mounting and Dismounting



Thousands of tire miles are wasted because tires are not applied properly Rims must run true or treads are ground off fast. Your dealer adds to tire mileage and eliminates tire troubles by correct application. Tire changing is a hard job at best; the expert service of your dealer is both a convenience and a safeguard.

Standard Warranty
for Pneumatic Casings *and* Tubes

"Every pneumatic tire of our manufacture bearing our name and serial number is warranted by us against defects in material and workmanship *during the life of the tire* to the extent that if any tire fails because of such defect, we will either repair the tire or make a reasonable allowance on the purchase of a new tire."

The Tire Manufacturer Members of
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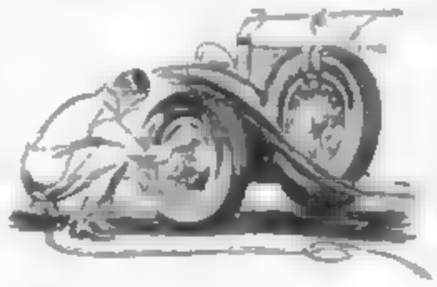
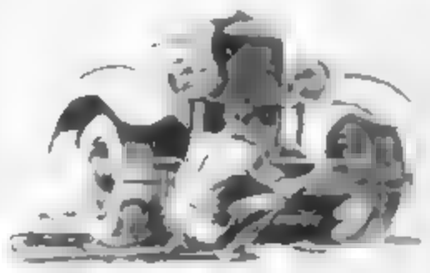
Checking Inflation

Too low inflation in balloon tires causes rapid tire wear and deterioration. Too high inflation subjects the tire to undue punishment and possible damage. Your dealer knows the right pressure for each size of tire. Use his service of inflation frequently to prolong tire life.



Checking Wheel Alignment



Wheels out of line cause rapid tread wear. Few drivers are conscious of this fault when it exists. The experienced dealer is equipped to test for this condition and to recommend the remedy for it

Maintaining Repair Service

Expert repair shops in every community are responsible, in part, for long mileage records, as well as for the economy and comfort of present-day motoring.

The workmanship of the tire builder and the services of the tire dealer are thus linked together in support of the manufacturer's warranty.

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Brunswick	**Falls**	**Goodrich**	**Leviathan**	**Murray**	**Samson**
Columbus	**Federal**	**Goodyear**	**Mansfield**	**Northern**	**Selberling**
Cooper	**Fidelity**	**Hartford**	**Marathon**	**Norwalk**	**Standard Four**
Corduroy	**Firestone**	**Hood**	**McClaren**	**Overman**	**United States**
Denman	**Fisk**	**India**	**Michelin**	**Racine**	**Victor-Springfield**
					Viking

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—an association of manufacturers organized "to promote in the industry a mutual confidence and a high standard of business ethics; to eliminate trade abuses; to promote sound economic business customs and practices; to foster wholesome competition . . . and thus generally to promote the service of the industry to public welfare."

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WHY drive in frigid discomfort all during cold weather? It's against every law of common sense when for so small an investment you can be absolutely assured that the interior of your car will be as pleasantly warm in sub-zero January as it is in sparkling June. There's nothing complicated about securing cold weather driving comfort. Just ask any auto supply dealer for

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER

America's Standard

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If your dealer cannot furnish the *genuine* FRANCISCO, write direct to us.

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The Francisco Auto Heater Co. Dept. 26
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Only the patented FRANCISCO heater can completely cover both manifolds. Fresh outdoor air, unpolluted by oil or engine odors, is taken from directly back of the fan and heated over the exhaust manifold. From here it is led back through a control shutter in the dash and delivered to the body of the car. The FRANCISCO is guaranteed to deliver heat in greater volume than any other heater. It will comfortably warm even open model cars equipped with side curtains. The heat delivery may be regulated as desired and with it comes fresh pure air to give perfect ventilation. A FRANCISCO heated car is never stuffy.

The patented enclosure of both manifolds acts as an intake shield and pre-heater, actually giving summer efficiency to the motor. FRANCISCO equipped cars show surprising gas savings in cold weather—not to mention smoother running and easier starting.

Simple and easy to install, the FRANCISCO Heater is never in the way. It interferes with no other function of the motor, requires no attention and will outlast the car itself.

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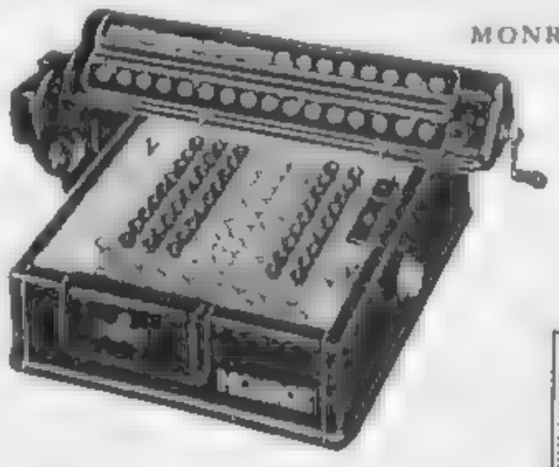

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(Continued from Page 202)

I went on his tracks. Once across the ridge, he had veered back to the north beneath its crest, then had headed down country to the west on his old up trail of the morning. He was nowhere in sight.

The bull had bedded among those scattering trees while his four cows had held on to the heavier timber. Even if he had escaped, the cows still remained on the far slope. With this pleasant thought in mind, the return trip was started. The route by which I had followed the bull recommended itself for two reasons—it was easy to travel, and it would bring me out onto the open slope at a point where the scattering trees in its center would serve as a screen while I worked toward the timbered sidehill where the cows were bedded. So that route was used for the return trip. When I emerged on the south edge of that open sidehill, about halfway down, it was only to discover a fresh trail angling from the timber of its north edge to the top.

While I was following the bull, the four cows had come from the timber and mounted across that open stretch to the crest of the ridge, topping out where I had started down fifteen minutes earlier. If I had returned by the direct route we would have met face to face. Had I remained for two minutes longer at the point where I had quit the tracks of the fleeing bull, the four cows would have run over me. If only, without following the bull at all, I had sat down in despair after emerging from the drift, the cows would have crossed within fifty yards of me. In fact, it seemed impossible that a man and five elk could have dodged about through such open country for ten minutes with such negative results. There was no possible way for me to have avoided getting a shot at elk in the open at close range save by doing exactly as I did. The least possible variation of route, a single minute's difference in timing, or merely to have remained motionless at any given point in that whole area instead of scurrying round over the landscape, and that trip, too, would have been catalogued among successful hunts.

It has been cited previously that the pleasure of hunting is purely relative, which probably applies equally to most acts of life. It is said that the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Perhaps one reason I am addicted to elk steaks is because they are not always so easily brought to the pan.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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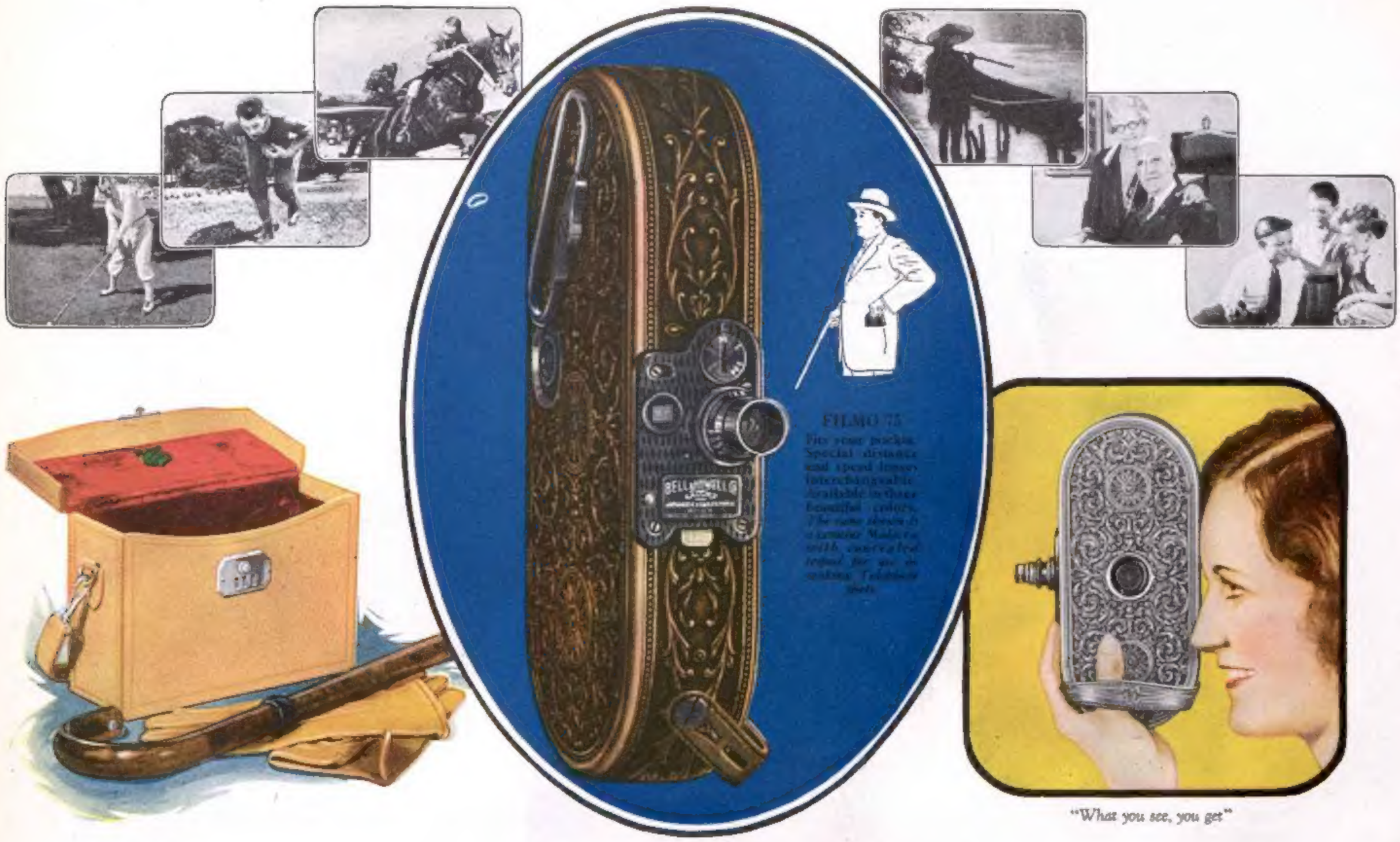
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